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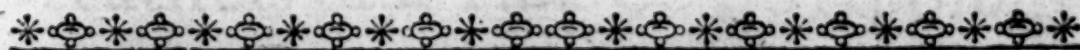
OF

VIRGIL,

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ENGLISHED

By ROBERT ANDREWS.



BIRMINGHAM;

Printed by JOHN BASKERVILLE for the Author.

MDCCLXVI.



To the HONOURABLE

B O O T H G R E Y, Esq;

S I R,

The Diffidence that long withheld me from attempting a Version of the inimitable Virgil, I feel returns, and with greater Oppression, on my presenting it to you, Sir; whose early Taste has been already form'd to that just Delicacy, which I rather wish than hope to satisfy. But I trust in the distinguish'd Candour and Condescension, that endears you to such as have the Honour to know you; that tho' the Greatness of a Task be no Apology for a voluntary and inadequate Performance, yet you'll pardon the Undertaking out of regard to my Motive; Veneration for the Poet;

DEDICATION.

In which Veneration Sir, you'll strongly sympathize with me. For while your Fancy regaled on his various Landfchapes clearly drawn like Nature to your view, and your Ear was enraptured with his flowing Numbers and all the Graces of his Eloquence: You were still more delighted, I doubt not, and transported with those Sentiments of Honour and Virtue; which his divine Poems ever inflame in the young and generous Breast: And which if retained in Maturity make the Father to smile in Triumph, and the Mother weep for Joy. And however his political Character may have been asperst by your Quack-Philosophers; who can easily prescribe in all Times and Cases

DEDICATION.

what are the proper Measures of Conduct, having one Rule for all: Yet I appeal to you Sir, he never inspires in his intelligent and unaffected Admirers any other than the Spirit of Liberty; and of universal Justice, which tho' founded originally in the natural Equality between Man and Man, cannot be executed without the civil Subordination of Ranks and Offices under the inviolable Authority of a British King and Parliament: That our happy Constitution! which exceeds in Fact any Plan of Government, either reduced into Practice by the ancient Lawgivers, or even imagin'd by the ablest Philosophers of the finest Fancy. Thus Sir, the Love of your King and

DEDICATION.

Country justifies your Veneration for Virgil. Nor will you find him to be merely an Amusement in your Leisure-Hours, after you've entered the busy World, and are invited to serve your Country. That you may then by God's Assistance fully answer those high Hopes of your Country, that reflect a heightening Glory on your illustrious Birth; and inspir'd ever with just Ideas of the British Constitution, may long be happy in your hereditary Principles of Loyal Patriotism and every private Virtue, is the hearty Prayer of

Sir,

Your most obedient

Humble Servant

Rob^t Andrews.

Bridgnorth,
March 4. 1766.



The A U T H O R ' s

P R E F A C E .

THE design of this version is to recommend Virgil to the English Ear, by rendering clearly his full sense, and as far as necessary, both in the same disposition of Ideas and choice of words whether simple or figurative. What encouraged me to the undertaking was, that my ingenious predecessors had convinced me it was practicable: and that if they were not more successful, it was not for any want of strength or conciseness in the English tongue, but to infelicities easy to avoid. The best of 'em had not doft their Gothic shackles, when they dared to the race the most rapid of the Poets; how then should they save their distance? Nor did any even think either of giving in each line the full quantity of sense in the original, tho' that be never more than is necessary to an heroic verse in any language; or of preserving his harmony of ideas, tho' this be one of his capital beauties; as it is also of every good writer. Perhaps they were discouraged from the attempt by the difference of the Latin and English Idioms, which they all complain of; but those it is remarkable have ever most complain'd, who have most adopted Latin Barbarisms, banishing such sterling words and phrases, as were
a
shorter,

shorter, more expressive, nor had ever offended Apollo's ear.

Our Rhyming Translators have a ready apology with such as hold the periodical reiteration of the same sound to be an essential grace in poetry; or rather need no apology with those, to whom they confessedly sacrificed their judgment, and whose taste and capacity they have fully satisfied. But how forgive the blank writers their retaining all the errors of those they affect to despise, and worse? their lines being more defective in sense and more preposterously divided. For Rhyme besides obliging you to end the line with a good sound, serves also as a barrier between each in a couplet: and owes to this effect probably all its popularity: just as the contempt of blank verse is owing to the unsuccessful essays of such as could only follow Milton in his inaccuracies.

Mr. Rice after complimenting Mr. Garrick upon making a judicious pause, tho' in violation of grammar is less indulgent to the poets, and offers an expedient flattering indeed to our vulgar Critics, but clearly subversive of whatever was understood for poetic harmony either by Milton or his Greek Masters. But why should Mr. Garrick more than those from whom he caught the fire, have the privilege of holding the ear suspended in a rapture of attention? To do this by a proper division in the sense of the lines is perhaps the hardest part of a Poet's task whether translator or original. Art has its rules; but Poetry, like Nature
its

its architype, submits itself to none. Yet would I offer as the result of my researches into Virgil's inimitable versification: that the sense and meter should ever conspire to elucidate and strengthen each other: that an heroic line should ever have sense enough to justify a pause, even tho' grammatically incomplete and hanging on the next: and that the simple and dispassionate seldomer admit the lines running into one another than that sublime and rapturous, which naturally slides into such seeming irregularities, like a flaming comet that breaking into the orbit of some inferior planets, threatens a return of Chaos; yet really keeping its fixt and destined course, diversifies but not disturbs the harmony of the Spheres.

Agreeably to these rules I advise to read only according to the sense yet making at each line's end if unpointed, a moment's pause, at every comma double that pause, at a semicolon triple, &c. If in so reading the ear be offended, the poet not the reader is to blame. Some to humour the verse as they call it, are apt by reading according to their preconceptions, to disturb both the sense and the harmony. Thus because in our heroic the Iambic is the most common foot, they ever dwell on the even syllables, to the prejudice often of that intended variety; which is so necessary, that any measure tho' in itself musical, tires if exactly continued for lines together.

The Latin heroic, I own, has a great advantage over the English in the rapidity of its numbers, and

in ringing more changes both of the feet and the *cæsuras* or breaks, and in ending always with a dactyl and spondee, which certainly prevents the confused running of the lines into one another. Yet need we not despair of harmony; since our language abounds with those feet, *viz.* the Iambic, Troche, Spondee, and Perrhichius, into which all prosody may be resolved. Or if the fewness of our terminations, too often scotch us, at least it contributes to conciseness, and helps to copy Virgil in a more important point. For his lines are much better ascertain'd than by the artificial length and number of syllables. And whoever is familiarly enough acquainted with the language, would for the sake of the sense only make the same pause, as the mere scanning school-boy does for the sake of prosody.

As to choice of words we are no more inferiour to the Romans than in the number of our Ideas. For Language is not a thing adventitious, nor an arbitrary invention; but flows spontaneously out of the occasions of life, the connections of states, and the progress of arts and sciences: in which we having clearly the advantage, nought hinders to aspire after what is justly esteem'd the prærogative of Virgil, his force and delicacy of expression. Yet how often is he injured by his Translators? For they instead of his own word, often translate one substituted for it by some Latin Commentator. Thus Virgil writes, Art *mus'ing* on thy slender straw the rural song; expressing the play of imagination, and im-

plying

plying only in the use of the instrument the act of the body, tuning. They give only the word implied. Virgil says, This will force its way, ascribing a kind of activity to the distilling drops. They render it in plain prose, will be squeez'd out. Virgil says, whirl'd the prow to shore, expressing the fury of the young hero. They coolly render it, turned the prow. Thus they give us Commentators for the Poet, dregs for spirit: injuring him no less than when they give us the literal for his metaphorical expressions, or than when they misplace the emphasis, omit some pregnant particle, violate plain grammar, or than when for want of strongly enough conceiving his dramatic scenery, and entering into the ideas and character of his speakers, they cannot therefore supply such defects of speech as they hear daily in common conversation; the style of which I recommend both to the Critick and Composer for their only test, and only guide. Hence Virgil becomes obscure and flat. But the fault is theirs, either in not understanding the language, or in thinking it beneath the Poets to use words in their strict and proper sense: whereas their delicacy in style lifts 'em as much more above the Profaiists than their meter, as the spirit of poetry is superiour to the art of musick, or the sense to sound.

Boileau seriously advances, that the Poets have an exclusive right to the use of certain words. True if they have so to the ideas express'd by them. But what are these? Or who excluded? Poetry, I

rather think converses familiarly with every art faculty and science, with every rank from the king to the cobbler, every stage and condition of life, learns the language of all, and finding out the resemblances and contrarieties of things, expresses a thought either itself simply, or by another that involves it, or bears to it some resemblance or contrast, as may serve to elucidate, heighten, depress, ridicule, or any other purpose; but always uses words in their strict and proper sense.

Boileau's admirers have been confirmed in that mistake by another still more dangerous, yet common in the learned world, and strange to me, most common with our Poets, who resting wholly on what helps to imagination they can get by reflection from the Ancients, seem themselves to have lived no where. Whereas we ought to read 'em, not that as mere school-men and translators we may borrow their very scenes, images and manners, but to learn, (and no where better than in Virgil's improved epitome of all the Grecian Muses can we learn) their art of composition, or catch that divine spirit, with which they so wonderfully improved on Nature, by collecting her scattered beauties into a narrow and judicious landscape, and pouring on it as the Focus their blaze of poetic fire.

To our not thus applying 'em, and to other causes not far to seek, were this the place, is owing the general contempt of learning and its present low state: for the lesser degrees of it indeed, such as are immediately necessary to trade and commerce

merce and political caballing, seem like property to be more generally diffused among the commonality: but hardly can it boast of such eminent masters as in preceding centuries; nor while we improve in all the other gainful arts, tho' less in these I fear, than in their gainful use and foreign accomplishments, do we yet equally improve in Poetry and all those kinds of composition, which in the history of nations have ever followed her at a distance. The blind zeal of some for the Ancients naturally creates dislike in such as had rather indolently pass a Verdict upon their authority than upon the evidence of their own eyes. Thus they have heard this great man say, Virgil wants simplicity, and another he wants sublimity, and a third, as Mr. Pope, that his speeches would as well become any other character as the Speaker's. All such Criticks clearly with me stand self convicted either that they never understood Virgil, or that like some forward school-boys, they use without Ideas the pompous sounds Simplicity, Sublimity and Propriety of Character. For no Poet ever so judiciously timed, or so happily executed the simple and sublime, the grave and the sententious, the gay and humorous and every other of the poetic Graces. And as to his speeches, these are as much better than the rest of his works, as in the whole compass of Poetry that dramatic part excels every other. And were they well english'd, Mr. Garrick in reading 'em would feel himself as much transported in imagination into the very person

person and passion of the speaker, as in the most favourite of Shakespear's speeches.

But on the ignorant all words are lost, nor is one man's opinion more convincing than anothers. Other vulgar calumnies therefore I shall not even mention, equally unjust and as easily accounted for: but desire such of my readers of either sex as have any pretence to a genteel education, to judge for 'emselves; and particularly such of our youth who are bred to learning, for whose use this version is equally calculated: nor in the course of the work did I find these ends to be incompatible as may be thought, but greatly helpful to each other. My reader may therefore expect more help both in the grammatical construction and in his investigation of the difference between the Latin and English Idioms, than in the Learned Commentators, or those who follow 'em in their versions or dictionaries. For they could not explain him for want of plainer words exactly of the same meaning, or so much to his purpose: such is Virgil's well known accuracy: whence it happens, that they often tho' inadvertently obscure him, and the translators from 'em of course deceive whom they ought to teach. But if the same language have seldom if ever two words exactly of the same meaning; yet those of different Nations, where all the arts and sciences have equally flourish'd, as seldom has either of 'em a word to which the other has not one synonymous. Whence a faithful translation is not impossible: which I was willing to offer

fer without any notes, because the Learned will easily see the reasons of my construction; yet the authority of those from whom I have departed has obliged me to a few; and as to younger scholars, they ought not to hear controversy, but had better implicitly follow some one guide throughout. For their use yet I may hereafter write notes on any other passages, where either the Latin Idiom or poetic style shall appear to be left unexplained. And were I even happy enough to leave no difficulties, yet I must warn 'em not to think, that because they can construe, they therefore perfectly understand Virgil.

This I say not on account of any uses to be made of him other than the poetical: such as belong to Botany or any branch of Agriculture, Astronomy and the globes, Farriery and Medicine, Geography, Philosophy Natural or Moral, the founding of a state, civil Policy or national Negotiation, the fabulous or ancient history or of his own times, or what are to be expected in a mere political writer. The Adepts in these several ways are as apt to mistake their author as the mere Grammarian, and for the same reason, *viz.* because what with them is primary, is with him but secondary. Hence no wonder if like him they also discover beauties never intended; nor can forgive any deviations, tho' ever so elegant, from their favourite science. For such deviations there are in many, perhaps in all: and while to the knowing he fully approves himself an universal scholar, yet he always appears

appears the Gentleman and the Poet; and with easy dignity commands as volunteers into the service of his Muse all the improvements of human art and genius as far as they either themselves immediately furnish'd objects worthy his inimitable Pencil, or as they could lend a grace or heightening to those his individual pourtraits or wider landfhips taken originally from the visible creation: for with a scope of Fancy equal to its unbounded Concave, he had also an eye to admire its minutest Beauties.

Yet he was not a trifling Virtuoso, or mere idle Spectator of the world. Tho' of mean parentage on least on the Father's side, he had early removed from his native Mantua, to Cremona, afterwards to Milan, which were not far from the Greek Colony Marseils, and had there studied with great application: so as not only by his skill in farriery to recommend himself to his Master of Horse, but soon after to Octavius himself still more by other superior talents appearing at length in a political character.

Before this time the divisions between the Nobles and the Commons, that constitutional fever in the body politic of Rome, after many checks and still more dangerous relapses, at last being fed with the humours of Asiatic Luxury, and the inflammations of ambition in its greater Limbs now striking to its heart, had brought on the fatal Crisis in a raging delirium with those strong convulsions; which the enormous monster of the Empire, now above the controul of all human wisdom, exerted on itself to its own destruction. And Liberty which like the
nightingale

nightingale ever sings the sweetest in its dying agonies, had with the murder'd and immortal Cicero breathed her last, and left the world to Augustus now settled on a Tyrant's throne. In such a situation what did Virgil do? What could he do, more than the virtuous Messala? Those high Ideas of national Independency and civil liberty, which he had suck'd with his Mother's milk, and which to me seem clearly in his writings to have been heighten'd in him by the philosophy of Plato, these were really become visionary: for Rome was falln, and his Country now no more. In this, the severest trial to a generous soul, he yet proved himself superiour: did not, like Cato, to shew his courage, prove his madness: nor yet chose to sleep life away, dissolved to annihilation in the dreams and pleasures of the gay philosophy in vogue. Neither was he like those who because they cannot do all the good they wish, will therefore do none: nor again like those who because they cannot be absolute, will therefore have no influence, except that of a fly and virulent opposition to the public wisdom, in order to multiply the public calamities, and thereby prove the bad consequence of any measures but their own. He had other views of patriotism: saw that now the world had arrived to its full measure of iniquity, nothing more remained for man to do, than if possible to soften the rigours of divine justice to be apprehended in a line of despotic Princes: at least himself certainly could do nothing but by the inspiration of the gentle Muses,

Muses. And since now no place was left for the exercise of Liberty and the noblest virtues of human nature, he embraced the next best: or rather exercised, tho' in a different manner, the same public spirit, as they who in the service of their country fell on the field of battle: for the principle of virtue is the same in all circumstances and modes of action.

Accordingly he yielded himself to the influence of gratitude, accepted court-favours, won the Imperial Ear, and now in the habit of some seniour Swain and as their common representative paid his grateful tribute, or now with all the majesty of an immortal Poet sung the oracles of political Wisdom, charming the Savage into Clemency, and the else invincible spirits of the Romans into Loyalty. Thus he retired with dignity, and while in a brave contempt of power and riches, he courted the consolations of rural innocence and contemplation, he maintained his parents; and served his friends, his prince, and his country which now was all mankind. And whoever to this day can spend an hour in his poems without feeling the warm motion and constraining impulse of the finest sentiments of honour and virtue, ought to suspect himself of a spirit more incorrigible and desperate than even His, who spilt and waded thro' a sea of blood to enslave his country. So sweet are they! So delicate! So fraught with the principles of the best philosophy, and animated with all the generous feelings of divine humanity: at the same time delineating

lineating as in a Dido, or a Juno, the nature, the progress, the self-tormenting and baneful effects of impotent passion of any kind whether in the highest characters of life or vaunting of a more than mortal power. In a word Virgil avails himself of all the arts and sciences and always in proportion to their respective importance to the good of mankind: as he does also of all the graces of poetry in proportion to their respective Subserviency to its universal spirit; has thereby taught us that these ends and these proportions are invariably the same, and is worthy therefore to be recommended to those of every rank and profession, the Statesman, the Orator and Divine, the private Gentleman and the Christian. Yet none can fully comprehend his merit, who have not amass'd his unbounded learning, and caught his accuracy of judgment and modest fire. Nor is this owing to any obscurity in him as I hope to make appear in my notes on the Pastorals and Georgics; but to his perfection in the art, the analogy of nature and the consanguinity of the sciences.

With Virgil therefore let such begin as are bred to learning, and end with Virgil, but not confining to him their ambition, study also daily the other best transcripts of Nature ancient and modern, and especially their common model herself, whose scenes are infinitely various, nor can ever be exhausted by the human pencil. So may they hope to attain the full perception of Truth and Beauty necessary to their excelling in any of the
ingenious

ingenious arts. That full perception of Truth and Beauty: which fixes the Painter's eye, enlivens his fancy and emboldens his pencil: which informs the Statue into life and action: which varies, governs and impassionates the Composer's harmony, and impowers him now to becalm the soul into an Elysium: now to rouse all its finer faculties into that pleasing perturbation, which as exceeding the common felicity of mortals, may be justly termed Enthusiasm. That full perception of Truth and Beauty: which abstracting the enlarged Theorist from this material world, and even from the body, charms and refines him into pure intelligence. That full perception: which dictates to the modest Orator, and conducts him imperceptibly to himself and audience, along the easy scale of soft persuasion up to an absolute authority and force o'er the mind fixt as a statue in deep attention; and which lastly invests the Poet with all his essential majesty and simplicity, impregnates and instructs him to communicate from his own heart those divine principles of true Patriotism Virtue and Piety, in which Poetry however she may otherwise at times amuse herself, always places her principal delight; with which she ever was, and ever will be spirited when she rises to her fullest glory, and with which is wing'd when she makes her boldest excursions into the invisible and eternal worlds.

I conclude therefore for the encouragement of some better Genius, who may hereafter execute what I have but here attempted: that the excellence
of

of Virgil's versification results far less from any advantages of the Latin Sound above ours, than from the other innumerable graces of poetry, with which those adventitious ones will bear no comparison, but appear as nothing in the balance of the Muses; and which being independent on sounds and syllables, admit a just expression in any language, to which as ours the circle of arts and sciences has been long familiar. For to use the words of my late noble Friend, at whose death Brittania wept as for an only son, all Languages are but different dialects of the same; and if not the numbers, at least the spirit of poetry which is the voice of nature speaking in perfection, is the same in every age and nation of the world. Of this we shall be the more convinced as we enlarge our view of its constituent graces and of their mutual dependence and respective importance, that is, the better we understand Virgil, the flowing sweetness and energy of his varied numbers, his universal learning yet chaste subordination of it invariably to the poetic character, his rich variety of images industriously cull'd out of the Athenian Gardens and the wilderness of Nature, his accurate painting and true arrangement of Ideas; his pregnant style, such that a single word, taken in its strict and proper sense, contains often the whole beauty of some lines in Homer; his gracing and animating the lowest objects and superadding grandeur to the highest, his easy and insensible transitions, his artful contrasts, his judicious mixture of the simple, delicate,

delicate, tender, wonderful, terrible and sublime: and his perfection in each kind; his exquisite drawings of the soft or furious passions single or in conflict; his equal flow of the Poetic Spirit, for even in those parts which seem hardly to admit embellishment, (for such will happen in a Poem, as a catalogue of trees or ships, or little actions and adventures incidental in a voyage;) these the poetic drapery, he conducts ever as if he only introduced 'em for variety, or to relieve his enraptured Muse, but how soon forgets himself, and insensibly relapses, skimming 'em over so lightly and agreeably, and in the rapidity of his motion as by instinct striking poetic fire out of the very crags and waste of nature: and lastly the propriety of his digressions, where leaving the strait and beaten track and fetching a compass o'er the variegated lawns, he catches the quintessence of each surrounding flower: or if he expatiate more freely and with a careless air, keeps yet on the goal a steady eye; and arrives notwithstanding before his Masters on the Olympic Course, gently riding in the honours of a modest Conqueror.

VIRGIL'S PASTORALS.

TITYRO. I PASTORAL.

MELIBOEË, TITYRO.

M. You, Tityro! lolling 'neath the spreading beech,
Muse on your slender straw the sylvan song.

We leave our country; our sweet meadows quit;
Our country fly. You, Tityro! soft imbower'd,
Prompt fair Amarilla to the echoing woods. 5

T. A God, Melibœe! gave us these calm hours.
For He my God shall be: His altar still
Shall oft a lambkin from my fold imbrue.
He gave my heifers, as you see, to rove;
And me, what likes me, on my reed to play. 10

M. Nor envy I, but wonder; such alarms
Still o'er the country. See! Hence I my goats
Just fainting drive on; this I scarce can lead.
'Mid yon thick hawes yeanning this her twins,
Hope of my flock, ah! left on barren crags. 15
This loss how near me, had I not been blind,
Oft, I remember, boded blasted oaks;
Oft the dire raven from the hollow holm.

But Tityro! tell me, who that God of yours.

T. Rome's famous city for a fool I thought, 20
 Like this of ours; where oft we shepherds wont
 Our lambs to market, Melibee! to bring.

So kidlings like their dams, so whelps to dogs,
 Conceiv'd I; still so liken'd great with small.
 But this o'er other cities rears its head, 25
 As wont the cypress mid the creeping shrubs.

M. What mighty cause cou'd lead your steps to Rome?

T. Freedom: which cheer'd, tho' late, my drooping soul,
 When gray hairs checker'd first my turning beard:
 Cheer'd yet at length; ere clos'd a wretched life,
 When Galea left me, Amarilla won. 31

For I confess, while Galea ruled my heart,
 Despair of freedom tempted wasteful sloth.
 Tho' many a victim from my fold I brought,
 Many a rich cheese; yet this returning hand, 35
 Ungrateful town! ne'er felt the weight of Gold.

M. I wonder'd, why Amarilla wept and vow'd;
 For whom still hung on every tree its fruits.

Tityro was gone. Tityro! for you these pines,
 You these low shrubs, these vocal fountains sigh'd.

T. What cou'd I? How my servile state redeem? 41
 Where else a God cou'd so propitious find?
 Him here first saw I, on whose altar smokes
 My twelve days' grateful offering annual paid:

Here

Here I the god-like Youth's mild answer heard, 45
 Boys! tend, as wont, your kine and lab'ring herds.
M. Happy old Man! Then you've your farm secure:
 For you sufficient, stony tho' the soil,
 And pastures rushy drown'd in slimy pools.
 No foreign meads, no taint of neighbouring folds,
 Your flocks shall injure, or your breeding kine. 51
 You mid these well-known streams, and sacred springs
 Blest fire! still catch the shade's refreshing airs.
 From this your ever-safe partition-fence
 Where your Hyblæan bees sip willow-flowers, 55
 Oft their soft murmurs lull your slumbering soul:
 The pruner's whistle rings your shady vale:
 Coo from the forest hoarse your gentle doves:
 Still moans the turtle from your lofty elm.
T. First shall the stags then graze above the sky, 60
 And tides shall leave the naked fish on shore;
 First shall in exile from their farthest bounds
 Germans drink Tigris, and the Parthians Saone:
 Ere his dear image perish from my breast.
M. But we, poor exiles, take our various rout 65
 To Scythia, Crete, scorch't Afric's thirsty plains,
 Or sea-girt Britain's new sequester'd world.
 Ah ne'er returning to my native clime,
 More must I view yon turf-built humble thatch,

Scarce rising o'er the corn, my happy realm! 70
 Shall impious soldiers these my fallows claim?
 These crops Barbarians? See how Discord drives
 Rome's Sons on ruin? See for whom we sow'd?
 Graft I for this my pear-trees? Plan my vines?
 Hence, hence away my Goats! once happy flock! 75
 Ne'er must I more, stretch't in my mossy grot,
 Far spy you hanging from the bushy cliffs:
 No more shall sing; nor tend, while you, my goats!
 Nip bitter fallows and the trefoil-flowers.
 T. This night at least here, Melibœe! stay. 80
 Share my green leafy couch; our mellow fruits,
 Our luscious chefnuts, and abundant curds.
 Far round see rolling smoke of evening fires;
 Hills' lengthen'd shadows thrown across the vale.

ALEXY. II PASTORAL.

Swain Corydon for fair Alexy sigh'd,
 His master's flame; nor dar'd indulge a hope.
 Still in th' intangled beeches' lofty shade,
 He lonely wand'ring thus in artless strains,
 Pour'd to the hills and woods his fond despair: 5
 Cruel Alexy! thou not mindst my song:
 Nought pitiest Coryd; but wilt force to die.
 Now flocks and herds resort to cooling shades;

Now

Now the green lizards hide beneath the brakes;
 Now for the reapers faint with midday heats, 10
 Thestyl her favoury thyme and garlick pounds.
 But I still scorch't, and tracing here thy steps,
 With croaking locusts mix my echoing plaint.
 Were it not best to bear Menalca's pride?
 Or cruel Amarilla's peevish airs? 15
 Black tho' were he, thou, my Alexy! fair,
 Blooming, yet oh trust not too far thy bloom.
 White privets fall: black hyacinths are stord.
 Me you despise, unknowing who I am:
 How rich in snow-white cattle, blest with milk. 20
 My thousand lambs stray the Sicilian hills.
 Winter nor summer fail my newmilch kine,
 Blest, as Amphion on the Aracynth,
 I play as he, when listening herds obey'd.
 Nor sure so mean my person. For from Shore 25
 In a smooth sea myself I lately saw:
 Nor Daphny fear I, if that mirrour true,
 Tho' you the judge. Wou'd you but with me dwell,
 Here in this humble cottage; shoot the deer; 29
 Draw with your tender'd shrubs the crowding flock!
 Your rural strains with mine shou'd rival Pan's,
 Pan's the prime art, to join the waxen reeds.
 Pan over shepherds, and their flocks presides.

Nor blush your lips to fill the rustic pipe.
 These arts to learn, how much Amynta wish't! 35
 Mine is a pipe of seven unequal canes,
 Friendship's dear pledge; erst my Damæta gave,
 And dying said, Be thou its second Lord:
 While vex't Amynta heard him, envious fool!
 The two whitespangled kids I lately found 40
 Deep in a vale, nor fear'd to risk my life;
 Twice daily suckled, these for you I keep.
 Oft these in vain kind Thestyl thought to win:
 But shall; since you, Alexy! scorn my gifts. 44
 Nay come, thou beauteous youth! For thee see!
 Bring lilies in full baskets! See, fair Nais, (Nymphs
 Plucking pale violets with poppies' heads,
 For thee sweet anise and narcissus joins:
 And weaving casia, and all fragrant herbs,
 Paints on soft hyacinth bright marigold. 50
 Myself will get you downy quinces white;
 And chestnuts, such as Amarilla lov'd.
 Plumbs of deep crimson shall the honour share.
 You, Laurels! too I'll pluck, thee, Myrtle! next:
 For so dispos'd, you mix your odours best. 55
 Poor rustic Swain! Alexy flights thy gifts:
 Or gifts availing, rich Iola wins.
 Ah! Ah! What mean I, wretch! to let the boar
 Into

PASTORALS.

9

To my clear springs ; the south-blast on my flow'rs?
 Fool! Why hence fly'st thou? Gods have dwelt in woods:
 Dwelt Paris. Pallas rule her own built towers! 61
 My sole delight be fountains, hills and woods!
 Wolves the grim lion seeks, and goats the wolf.
 Lascivious goats seek the delicious shrubs.
 Thee Corydon, my Alexy! Each his flame. 65
 Lo! Steers returning trail the sliding share;
 And low sun doubles the increasing shades:
 Here love still burns; for love is never quench't.
 Ah Corydon! Corydon! fond frantic fool!
 Half prun'd thy vine hangs in the leafy elm. 70
 Why not far rather for thy future use
 Some work of osiers, and soft rushes weave?
 Thou'lt find some other and more kind Alexy.

PALAEEMON. III PASTORAL.

MENALCA, DEMOETA, PALAEEMON.

M. **W**hose cattle these, Damœta? Melibee's?
 D. No, AEgon's: lately to my care consign'd.
 M. Poor sheep! unhappy ever! This, while he
 Woos my Necœra envying every smile,
 Milks 'em for other master twice an hour; 5
 And drains the suckling ewes, and starves the lambs.
 D. Such language friend! were best for cowards sav'd.

I

I know who you—askance the he-goat saw;
And in what cave—the Nymphs too easy smiled.

M. Then mean you, when they saw my spiteful knife
Bark Mycon's trees, and cut the tender vines? 11

D. Or here by these old beeches, where you brake
Fair Daphny's bow and quiver, fly Menalca!

Enrag'd to see 'em given the beauteous boy,
When thy swol'n heart with envy else had burst. 15

ME. What may not Lords, when so audacious slaves?
Thee varlet saw I, snaring Damon's goat,

Spite of the faithful Lycis' furious bark.

Where flies the villain? Tityro! Count your flock;
I cried: and you, close in the thicket, sculkt. 20

D. The piper vanquisht, ought he not resign
The goat my tuneful lute had fairly won?

That goat was mine to tell you. So confess
Damon himself, but sware he cou'd not pay. 24

M. Thou rival him? Thou breathe the tuneful lute?
Thou? Strolling scraper! who to gaping crowds
Grat'st on harsh screeching straw rude murder'd
rhymes?

D. Dare you then with me wage responsive song?
I lay this heifer. Twins her udder rears, 29

(To tempt your skill,) and twice to milk she comes.
Name you your stake; and let the match begin.

M. How dare of these my cattle name a stake?

So strict a father and hard stepdame watch:
 Twice daily count the herd; and he the flock.
 But what yourself will own a nobler prize; 35
 Since you will play the fool; these beechen cups
 I lay, Alcimedon's carv'd work divine:
 Where by his easy touch the tender vine
 Bears ivy berries, with pale foliage clad;
 Each side a figure, Cone, and who is he? 40
 Whose conjuring staff describ'd the quarter'd world;
 Taught when to reap, when drive the crooked share.
 Ne'er yet have kist my lips the sacred store.
 D. Two bowls for me too carv'd his art divine,
 And downy bearsfoot round the handles weav'd. 45
 Each side sings Orpheus to his following woods.
 Ne'er yet have kist my lips the sacred store.
 But for my cow in vain you boast your bowls.
 M. Come! No escape! I fear not any terms.
 Judge but yon swain a coming. See Paleme! 50
 Ne'er shall you henceforth dare give challenge more,
 D. Lead what you please. In me is no delay;
 Nor fly I any. Only give, Paleme!
 Our strife, (no trivial,) deep attention due.
 P. Play: since we here on downy bank are fate. 55
 And now each fruit-tree, now all nature teems:
 Now bloom the groves: now year's prime beauty
 smiles. Lead

Lead you, Damæta! You, Menalca! breathe
Responsive airs. Responsive please the Nine.

D. From Jove begin, ye Nine! Jove fills the whole:
Jove rules the seasons: Jove regards my lays. 61

M. And I of Phœbus lov'd: still Phœbus pay
Sweet-blushing hyacinth, and laurel due.

D. Pears at my pate arch Galea softly flings;
Flies to the bower, nor hopes to fly unseen. 65

M. Into my arms my Amynta freely comes;
Scarce Delia's self so known to faithful Tray.

D. Yon for my Venus is my victim fared.
For yon I mark't th' aspiring stockdoves build.

M. Ten choice gold apples, what I cou'd, I sent 70
To my dear boy: will ten tomorrow send.

D. What thousand tender things my Galea sigh'd!
Waft some, ye Winds! up to the Immortal Ears.

M. Amynta! What avail I, tho' not scorn'd?
If chasing you the boars; I watch the toils. 75

D. Send me here Philly. This my birth-day. Come!
Thyself, Iola! to the vintage-feast.

M. Philly my dearest girl. She parting wept:
Iola! (crying) ah! long long adieu!

D. Fatal to flocks the wolf, to vintage rains; 80
Lightning to trees, to me Amarylla's frown. (kids;

M. Sweet to green furrows dews; shrubs to wean'd
To

To big ewes fallows ; me Amynta's smile.

D. Pollio our Muse, tho' she be rustic, loves. 84

Kind Nine ! a heifer for your Pollio feed. (bull,

M. Rhyme Pollio's self too builds. Feed some young
Whose vigour butting spurns the cloudy fand.

D. Who Pollio loves, rise to Pollio's fame!

For him flow honey ; fragrance breathe on thorns !

M. Who Bavio's hates not, love he Mævio's rhymes !

Milk he the he-goat, and with asses plow ! 61

D. Boys gath'ring there low strawberries and flowers,

Hence ! for beneath you lurks the chilling snake.

M. Ah ! Not too far my sheep ! The faithless bank

Beware. Scarce yet your leader's fleece is dry. 95

D. Turn, Tityro ! from the stream my feeding goats.

I'll in the well wash each at season due.

M. Boys ! Fold the sheep. If heat forestall the milk,

As once ; in vain we tug the wrinkled teat.

D. In my rich meadow, ah ! how lank my bull ! 100

Love to the swain and herd alike the bane. (bones.

M. From love tho' free, these shew the number'd

Some witch's eye glares on my tender lambs.

D. Say, In what lands, (and heir great Phœbus' praise)

Three ells, no more, wide firmament extends. 105

M. Say you the lands, (and Philly blefs your arms,)

Where blow the flowers inscrib'd with royal names.

P. Not

P. Not mine to judge such noble strife. For you,
 And he, deserve the heifer ; and whoe'er
 Pant love's sweet anxious hope, or sigh despair. 110
 Boys! turn the rills : now quench't the thirsty meads.

POLLIO. IV PASTORAL.

Sicilian Muses! Deign some higher strains.
 Not all in groves delight, and humble shrubs.
 Woods if we sing, win woods a Consul's ear.
 Now dawns the latter age bold Sibyl sung.
 Now rising rolls a nobler scene of Things. 5
 Returns the Virgin. Saturn's reign returns.
 Lo! A new race descending from the skies!
 Come! Aid the birth ; in whom the iron age
 Dies, and the golden springs throughout the world ;
 Oh chaste Lucina! Now thy Phœbus reigns. 10
 So shall thy *Fasces* with the æra gilt,
 Thine, Pollio! bid the mighty months revolve.
 Thy ushering sway, purging each trace of guilt,
 For ever shall redeem the earth from fear.
 He shall with Gods, and Heroes mix't with Gods,
 In free communion taste the life divine; 16
 And peaceful world rule with his father's grace.
 First at thy birth, Boy! shall her off'rings Earth,
 Wild ivy, colocasia, acanthus fair,

With

With bacchar sweet, spontaneous bear around : 20
Home willing goats their milkswol'n udder bring,
Proffering : herds fearless with the lion graze :
Thy cradle shoot obsequious fragrant down :
The serpent die : die herb's fallacious bane :
Assyrian odours blow in every vale. 25
When all the Heroes' and thy father's deeds
Thy genius reading, learns fair Virtue's Form,
Shall the lawns shoot soft whitening golden ears :
From savage brambles hang the blushing grape :
And hony-dews flow from the knotted oak. 30
Some hidden traces yet of ancient guile,
Will urge to dare the ocean ; towns immure,
And earth's fair surface into furrows rend.
Another Argos then with Heroes fraught
Tiphys again will steer : old wars revive : 35
Again be great Achilles sent to Troy.
But soon as thou to complete manhood form'd ;
Shall billows awe the merchant : wares no more
Ride in the oak : each clime with all abound :
Nor harrow force the glebe, nor hook the vine : 40
For ever now the swain unyoke his bulls :
And wool no more imbibe affected hues ;
For sheep then browsing shall his milkwhite fleece
To saffron turn, and sweetly blushing rose :

And

And the spontaneous purple clothe his lambs. 45
 Such times you, Parcæ! bade your spindle, Wind!
 Whose will consenting fixt the law of fate.
 Now, now, O enter thy own glory thou!
 Dear offspring of the Gods! Jove's mighty heir!
 See! Lowly bows the universal sphere, 50
 Wide earth, vast ocean, æther's blue immense!
 How smiling all the dawning æra hail!
 Oh! May my life be lengthen'd, genius flow;
 Enough to celebrate thine early deeds!
 Nor Line, nor Orpheus, shall outswell my strains:
 With him tho' mother present, this the fire; 56
 Phœbus with Line, Orpheus Calliope.
 Pan, if he dare me in Arcadia's vales;
 Pan's self shall yield me his Arcadian palm.
 Come Infant! Bless thy Mother's smile confest. 60
 Full nine long months her qualms have now return'd.
 Come, Boy! for who not bless the parent's smile;
 Nor God a table deigns, nor Goddess bed.

DAPHNY. V PASTORAL.

MENALCA, MOPSY.

ME. **W**ellmet! Then why not here, since both excel
 You Mopsy! breathing lute, I vocal airs;
 Enjoy the mingled elm and hawthorn grove.

MO. As

MO. As you the elder, fit my steps obey,
 Or to where zephyrs wave the trembling shades, 5
 Or grot, Menalca! leading. See the grot!
 How thinly with the vine's wild branches clad!

ME. None here with you but our Amynta vies.

MO. He, like Apollo, fill the tuneful lute?

ME. Lead Mopsy! a ditty: Philly's frantic airs; 10
 Or Alcon's praise, or Codry's fray disguis'd.

Lead; while kind Tityro tends your feeding kids.

MO. Rather what lines on the green beech's bark
 I lately chalk'd, alternate play'd and grav'd;
 Hear first, and then your great Amynta vaunt. 15

ME. As yields tough willow to the olive pale;

As humble cowslip to the crimson rose;

So much to you, I own, Amynta yields.

MO. Silence young swain! we are arriv'd the grot.
 Whom Death remorseless stab'd, their Daphny Nymphs
 Here wept. The weeping Nymphs you Hastes! saw; 21
 You Rills! Saw, how embrac'd her son's cold corse,
 And cursing Gods and stars, the Mother rav'd.

In those black days none their fed oxen, Daphny!
 Drave to the cooling rills: nor wou'd the steeds 25
 Then taste the brook, or touch the tender grass.

Daphny! How Libya's Lions groan'd thy death,
 Her mountains witness and re-echoing woods.

B

Daphny

Daphny th' Armenian tigers taught to draw
 The sacred coach : Daphny the Bacchian Dance, 30
 And with soft leaves to wreathe the bending spears.
 As vaunt the trees their vine, as vines their grapes ;
 As herds their bull, their crops the fruitful vale :
 So thee thy shepherds vaunt. Thou hence remov'd,
 Pales and Phœbus with thee left the fields. 35
 Oft in our furrows with plump barley sown,
 Nought but wild oats and filthy darnel spread.
 For gay Narcissus and soft violet,
 Thistles and thorny paliurus grow. 39
 Shade o'er the fountains, strew the earth with flowers.
 These rites, ye swains ! your Daphny's self demands.
 And raise a tomb : and on the tomb inscribe ;
 I, the swain Daphny, hence to heaven renown'd,
 Fair flocks here tended : fairer Daphny's self.
ME. Such divine poet ! to my ear thy strains ; 45
 As slumbers on the grass to reapers tired,
 Or the sweet bubbling fountains to the scorch't.
 Skill'd as thy Lord in lute and vocal airs,
 Thee shepherd ! now the swains their Daphny boast.
 We what we can, will yet to thine repay. 50
 Our song shall raise your Daphny to the skies :
 Mine proclaim Daphny. Me too Daphny lov'd.
MO. How could you else so much oblige my soul ?
 He

He too a worthy theme: and Stimick oft
 Commends your numbers to my longing ear. 55
ME. Bright Daphny enter'd views the court of heaven;
 Pleas'd, yet looks downward on our clouds and stars.
 Hence reigns blith pleasure thro' the woods and
 plains, (Nymphs.
 Thro' Pan's glad heart, the swains and sylvan
 Toils no more wait the deer, nor wolves the flock.
 Mild Daphny's star leads on the smiling hours. 61
 Their joyful voice, wide ringing thro' the skies,
 Lift th' unshorn mountains. Hark the rocks and
 Echo, The God, the God, Menalca! hail. (groves
 Still O be gracious! See two altars here! 65
 Two for thee Daphny; see for Phœbus two.
 Two frothing bowls of new milk every year;
 Two of pure oil to thee I'll hence devote:
 And crowning the rich feast with Bacchus' chear,
 Round winter-fires, or in the summer-bowers, 70
 Pour from wide flagons Chios' nectar pure.
 True to Damæte and AEgon's chaunting airs,
 Shall Alphefibœe spring the fatyr-dance.
 These ever be thy rites; when solemn vows
 We pay the Nymphs, or walk the holy bounds. 75
 While loves the boar high mountains, fish the brooks;
 While locusts sip the dew, blith bees the thyme,

Still shall thine honours, fame and praises live:
 To Bacchus erst and Ceres, hence to thee
 Swains annual vow: and thou exact the vow. 80
MO. How for such numbers, how my friend repay?
 For less the whispers of the meeting breeze;
 Less please the shores' white billows, less the streams,
 That stray here murm'ring thro' the craggy rocks.
ME. Accept you first this slender reed; that erst, 85
Swain Corydon for fair Alexy sigh'd,
 And lately sung, *Whose cattle? Melibees?*
MO. Take you this crook kind Antigee often ask'd;
 Yet cou'd not win, tho' worthy then my love.
 The regular knots, fine brazen ferrel see. 90

SILENUS. VI PASTORAL.

First deign'd to wanton in Sicilian airs (woods.
 My jocund Muse; nor blush't to roam the
 Heroes and wars once singing, Phœbus touch't
 My ear commanding, Swains ambitious feed
 Tityro! their flocks, and love the humble rhyme.
 Now I, yet others shall not fail thy praise, 6
 Varus! to sing aspiring and dire wars;
 Muse on my slender reed the rural lay,
 Obedient. Yet if this too haply win
 Any ear delighted, Varus! thee our shrubs, 10
 Thee

Thee every grove shall echo. Phœbus' self
 Reads not more pleas'd a name than Varus ! thine
 Proceed ye Nine ! Young Chrome and Mnafyl once
 Stretcht sleeping in his grotto found Silene, 14
 With last night's Bacchus swol'n, as wont, his veins.
 Fal'n from his head not far his garland lay,
 And huge his can by the worn handle hung.
 Him; for he oft had mock't 'em of a song,
 Surprizing they in his own ribbands bound :
 Yet trembling, till comes AEglè to their aid ; 20
 The fair Nymph AEglè ; and his eyes half oped,
 Paints on his front and temples bloody grapes.
 He smiling, Why, why tying thus my chains ?
 Loose me, brave boys ! Suffice my face unveil'd.
 A song d'ye want ? Then take it. Song for You.
 For Her another meed. This said begins, 46
 While beasts and fawns danc'd to his airs around,
 And the strong oaks low waved their lofty heads,
 Nor so in Phœbus joys Parnassus' height :
 Nor so their Orpheus love the Thracian hills. 30
 So sweetly sung he, how thro' th' immense void
 Convolving clash't the seeds of liquid fire,
 Earth, sea and air : from hence how first arose
 All principles : how th' infant world upgrew :
 How the firm Earth first to their bed the seas 35

Confin'd : how gradual sprung her various forms :
 How she the Sun's first beaming light admir'd,
 And dropping showers from lofty hovering clouds :
 When first the woods shot their aspiring heads,
 Thin scatter'd animals wander'd first the hills. 40
 Pyrra's whirl'd stones he sings, and Saturn's reign;
 Caucasian Vultures, and Prometheus' theft :
 The fount, where sailors their dear Hyla lost ;
 When Hyla ! Hyla ! echoes o'er the shore :
 Then sooths, who happy were, had herds not graz'd,
 Pasiphae raging for the snow-white bull. 26
 Ah ! wretched maid ! What racks thy troubled brain ?
 Proetus' proud daughters ne'er such lust conceiv'd :
 Tho' their imagin'd lowings rung the meads :
 Tho' trembled they with fear of galling yoke : 50
 Oft their smooth forehead felt for dreaded horns.
 Ah ! hapless maid ! Thou roaming now the hills !
 While on soft hyacinth in oaken shade
 He his fair chest leans, chewing wither'd herbs :
 Or woos some madding heifer. Close ye Nymphs !
 Ye Nymphs Dictæan ! Close now up the glades : 56
 If haply to our longing eye appear
 Trace of the straying bull : or with fresh herbs
 Allur'd prehaps, or some enamouring herd,
 He here may pass tow'rd the Gorgonian stalls. 60
 Then sung the maid Hesperian fruit decoy'd.

Then he the Heliads binds with mossy bark :
 Shoots deep their roots, and high their poplar heads.
 Then sings, how Gallus stray'd Permessus' bank :
 How Thalia leads him up Parnassus' height : 65
 How Phœbus' choir all rising hail the youth :
 How shepherd Line, with flow'rs and partly crown'd,
 A lute presenting, thus in lofty strains :
 This now to thee, (here take!) the Muses give,
 Erst to the Ascræan Sage ; whose tuneful airs 70
 Charm'd down the dancing mountain-woods around.
 Sing thou, how rose th' AEolian sacred grove.
 No other grove shall so win Phœbus' ear.
 Why Nisus ! add thy Scylla's fame ? How she
 'Neath her fair waist her barking monsters hid : 75
 How vex'd Ulysses' fleet ; drag'd to the gulf,
 To their wide maw, ah ! whirl'd the trembling crew,
 Or how he sung the Thracian king's new form :
 To him what feast, what boon gave Philomel :
 How to the woods he wing'd his flight, long first
 Unhappy fluttering his own palace round. 81
 Whatever strains once Phœbus musing, blest
 Eurota list'ning, and her laurel banks ;
 He sang ; the vales wide echoing to the stars :
 Till warning swains to fold the counted flocks, 85
 Rose hated Vesper on the enchanted sky.

MELIBŒUS. VII PASTORAL.

MEIBŒE, CORYDON, THYRSY.

M. **A**s Daphny fat beneath a whisp'ring holm,
 Where Thyrsē and Corydon had join'd
 their flocks;

Corydon his milk-fwol'n goats, and Thyrsē his sheep,
 Both blooming Nature's prime, Arcadians both,
 Equal in chaunting, for response prepar'd: 5

Here my young myrtles fencing from the cold,
 E'en my flock's fire had stray'd, when I saw Daphny.
 He seeing me as soon cries, Hither! Quick!

See Melibœe! safe thy goat and kids:

And, time permitting, rest beneath the shade. 10

Here thro' the meads thy thirsty herd will come,
 Unfought. Here the still Menzo's tender reeds

Clothe her green banks. Here hums the sacred oak.

What shou'd I? Philly nor Alcippe at home,

Our new wean'd kids to sever from the dam. 15

Yet Thyrsē and Corydon a noble match.

My work at length to their amusement yields.

Alternate both then their contending lays

Begin. Th' alternate still the Muses prompt.

First Corydon his part, then Thyrsy play'd. 20

C. Dear Nymphs Libethrian! or my Muse inspire,

As

As oft my Codry's; next to Phœbus' self
 Lifts he his rhyme; or on yon sacred pine,
 Your power denied, shall this harsh whistle hang.

T. Arcadian Shepherds! Crown your rising bard 25
 With envied laurel, bursting Codry's spleen:

Or from dire blast of his applauding tongue
 With bacchar shield your bard's immortal brow.

C. This bristly boar's head my young Mycon hangs,
 Delia! to thee with the old stag's branching horns:
 Still on me smile; and in smooth marble thou 31
 Complete shalt stand, with purple buskins deckt.

T. My pail of milk, Priapus! with these cakes
 Yearly accept for this poor garden due.

Now thou, as fit, a marble statue breath'st. 35
 Bless my recruited flock, and breathe in gold.

C. Galea! my Nymph! more sweet than Hybla's thyme,
 Fair than the swan, beauteous than ivy's white.

Soon as the well fed steers shall home return,
 Come! if thy Corydon may hope to live. 40

T. My sight to thee be deadly as Sardos' herbs:
 More vile than rotting seaweed, rough than gorze:
 If seem not this dull heavy day a year.

Now fed go home, for shame go home my steers!

C. Herbs soft as easy slumbers! mossy founts! 45

And you, green shrubs! that form a slender shade,
 Skreen

Skreen my scorcht cattle. Now fierce summer comes.
 Now the blith tendrils swell their opening gems.
T. Hearth here with oily fuel, plenteous fire,
 Still roaring rolls the lintels all in smoke. 50
 Here we as much dread Boreas' freezing blast;
 As torrent dreads the bank, or wolf the sheep.
C. Here husky chesnuts; here grow junipers;
 Beneath each tree lie scatter'd here its fruits;
 Now all things smile: but shou'd Alexy's bloom 55
 Desert these mountains, see the rivers drain'd.
T. Earth burns: air sickens: thirsty herbage dies:
 Bacchus bereaves these hills of shady vines:
 Come my dear Philly; every lawn shall bloom,
 Jove's plenteous dews embrace the smiling earth. 60
C. Dear to Alcides poplar; Bacchus vine;
 To Venus myrtle; Phœbus! thine the bay.
 Philly loves haffe; nor while Philly loves,
 Shall haffe yield to myrtle, or Phœbus' bay.
T. Fairest in groves the beech; in garden pines; 65
 Poplar on banks, and fir on lofty hills.
 Fair Lycid! Grace but thou my happy bower;
 Down falls the pride of hill, bank, garden, grove.
M. So vying long, great Thyrsē in vain aspir'd.
 Be matchless Corydon our Hero still. 70

P H A R-

PHARMACEUTRIA. VIII PASTORAL.

DAMON, ALPHESEIBOEUS.

The swain Alpheesbee and Damon's lays;
 T. Whose strife admiring herds forgot to graze,
 Lynxes enchanted fixt as marble stood,
 And rivers back spread to a chrystal plain;
 Alpheesbee and Damon's lays I sing. 5
 Thou! whose dread fleet now awes Friuli's rocks,
 Or wide Illyria! When? O! When will come
 The day, that I may celebrate thy deeds?
 That I may trumpet thro' the world thy strains,
 Thine worthy alone the Sophoclean stage. 10
 With thee begins, thee ends my Muse. Accept
 Thy bidden numbers. Deign thy brow to wear
 Her ivy, mingling with the martial bays.

Scarce night's cold shade had past the western sky,
 Flocks in green meads yet nipping luscious dew; 15
 When Damon leaning on an olive-bole:
 D. Rise Lucifer! lead on the gilded morn,
 While I th' ingrate false Nisa's plighted love
 Moan; and invoke, (tho' what avail'd their power?)
 The Gods, yet once more with my dying breath. 20
 Come! my kind Lute! a soft Mænalian air.
 Still o'er his whisp'ring pines and echoing groves
 Reigns

Reigns Mænalus : still hears the plaintive swains :
 Hears Pan, whose reed first charm'd the rural cares.
 Come! my kind Lute! a soft Mænalian air. 25
 Nise wed Mopse? Wonder, Lovers! hence no more.
 Now griffons couple mares : the next age deer
 Will come with blood-hounds to the milking pail.
 Mopsy! Cut torches. See the bride appears.
 Scatter your nuts. Low Vesper bids you joy. 30
 Come! my kind Lute! a soft Mænalian air.
 Blest in fit consort thou! Proud! Who disdainst
 All our stout youth, me too, my pipe, my goats,
 My shaggy eyebrows, and my unshorn beard :
 Nor ownst, that any God hears human vows. 35
 Come! my kind Lute! a soft Mænalian air.
 Once in our orchard, where I led your steps,
 You with your mother gathering fruit I saw :
 You then was young : I, enter'd on my twelfth,
 On tiptoe stretching, scarce cou'd reach the boughs :
 How gaz'd, how swam my 'raptur'd dying soul!
 Come! my kind Lute! a soft Mænalian air.
 Now Love! I know thee : thy extraction know
 From Thracia or Guangara's flinty rocks ;
 Alien to ours, to any human blood. 45
 Come! my kind Lute! a soft Mænalian air.
 The Mother's hands in her own children's blood

Fell

Fell Love imbrued. Ah cruel Mother thou!

More cruel Mother, or more wicked Boy?

Wicked the Boy, and cruel Mother thou. 50

Come! my kind Lute! a soft Mænalian air.

Now let sheep worry Lynxes: knotted oaks

Bear golden apples: on the alder bloom

Narcissus: tamarisks rich amber sweat.

Vie owls with swans. Charm, like Arion's lute, 55

Tityro's the whales; like Orpheus' draw the woods.

Come! my kind Lute! a soft Mænalian air.

Sea deluge Earth's wide surface! Groves adieu!

Headlong I'll hence into the foaming gulf.

Yet one more air to soothe the dying swain. 60

Now Lute! for ever cease Mænalian airs!

Thus he: Alphefibe's responsive lays

Sing you, ye Nine! or teach my feeble tongue.

In! Quick! for water. Fillet the altar round.

Strong frankincense and fertile vervain burn. 65

My Lover's soul these sacred rites assail

Complete, if aided with the solemn charms. (home.

Bring from the town, my Charms! bring Daphny

Charms from the sky resistless draw the Moon.

Charms wrought the Ithacans to Circe's shapes. 70

Charms burst the chilling adder in the meads. (home.

Bring from the Town, my Charms! bring Daphny

Binding

Binding first these three lists of these three hues
 Round thee, I lead around the altar thrice 74
 Thy image. Number odd controuls the Fates. (home.
 Bring from the town, my Charms! bring Daphny
 Tie in three knots these triple colours! Quick!

Amarylla! saying, Venus' bands I tie. (home.
 Bring from the town, my Charms! bring Daphny
 Like this wax flowing, this clay harder growing 80
 In this same fire; so Daphny in my love.

Crumble the cake. The bays with brimstone burn.
 Me Daphny fires: in Daphny I these bays. (home.
 Bring from the town, my Charms! bring Daphny
 Such passion Daphny, as when heifer tired, 85
 Seeking thro' thickets and high groves the bull,
 Beside the stream lies on the verdant sedge
 Hopeless, nor homeward flies night's gath'ring storms;
 Such passion seize him: nor wish I his cure. (home.
 Bring from the town, my Charms! bring Daphny
 Once the perfidious these my relicks left. 91

Earth! his dear pledges I to thee commit,
 Here at my door. These pledges Daphny owe.
 Bring from the town, my Charms! bring Daphny
 These my choice potent simples Mæris' self (home.
 From Pontus sent me. Such o'er Pontus grow. 96
 With these I've seen him oft to a ranging wolf

Himself

Himself transform; oft raise the buried ghosts,
 And standing crops remove to neighb'ring fields. 99
 Bring from the town, my Charms! bring Daphny
 Draw th' ashes Amarille! and cross the brook (home.
 Whirl over head: nor backward look. So these
 May Daphny reach. Nought minds he, Gods or
 charms. (home.
 Bring from the town, my Charms! bring Daphny
 See wrapping th' altar they with trembling flames
 Bless us! themselves my speed preventing rise. 106
 What means it? Hyla barks too at the door.
 Real? Or what we wish, do Lovers dream? (comes.
 Cease, now from town, cease Charms! my Daphny

MOERIS. IX PASTORAL.

LYCIDAS, MOERIS.

L. **W**hither now Moeris? This way? Up to town?
M. I've lived too long my Lycid! too secure.
 My small glebe claiming comes an alien Lord;
 Mine are these meadows. You old tenants! Hence!
 Thus vanquish't, sad, our happy state revers't, 5
 These lambkins, choak him! we are bringing now.
L. I heard; where first the hills withdraw their heads,
 And shoot with easy slope their widening base;
 Far as the river and old beechen trunk:

All

All this your sweet Menalca's lute had saved. 10

M. So fame reported. But as much avail
Our numbers, Lycid ! in fell war's alarms ;
As turtle's claws within the eagle's gripe.

But that the raven dire from the hollow holm
Warn'd me on any terms to drop my suit : 15

Now nor had liv'd thy Mæris, nor Menalca.

L. Ah ! Cruel Savage ! Ah ! So nearly snatch't
Hence our Menalca, and his soothing airs ? (founts
Who then the Nymphs had chaunted ? Who the
Rap't in green shades ? Deck't earth with blowing
Or sung such numbers, as from you I stole, (flowers?
When lately posting to our Amarylle : 22

Feed my goats, Tityro ! Wait my quick return !

Then drive to water, Tityro ! But yon goat
Remember ! still beware his butting horn. 25

M. Or what unfinish't he to Varus sung :

Varus ! thy praise, so Mantua still be ours ;

Poor Mantua ! ah ! too near Cremona's woes !

The towering swans shall warble thro' the skies.

L. So may thy swarms avoid Cirnæan yews : 30

So the rich trefoil swell thy dairy's dugs ;

Lead off a song. Me too the Muses made

A poet. I have rhymes too. And the Swains

Call me the Bard. But not in them I trust.

For

For nothing worthy Cinne or Varus' ear
 Yet can I, screaming goose 'mong tuneful swans.
M. That Lycid! now employs my silent thought.
 Cou'd I recal 'em, no ignoble lines.
 Here come my Galea! for what sport in tides.
 Here purple spring: banks here the streams around 40
 Blow various hues: here o're the grotto hangs
 Fair poplar: here their shades weave mingling vines.
 Here come! Let the mad billows dash the rocks.
T. What one clear night I heard you sing alone;
 Repeat me. Tune I have, had I the lines. 45
M. Daphny! Why gazing on the ancient signs?
 See! rising Dionæan Cæsar's star!
 Star! shedding smiles on the prolific fields,
 And tinging deep the grapes on sunny hills.
 Graft pear trees Daphny! Thine shall reap the fruit. 50
 All e'en the mind Time ruins. Oft high Sun
 My youthful Muse charm'd down his ample range.
 Now all my lays forgotten, e'en his voice
 Fails Mæris, curst of wolf's preventing glare.
 These yet you'll hear Menalca often sing. 55
L. No longer trifling mock my longing ear.
 Now lo! smooth Ocean silent waits your song:
 The still air list'ning checks each noisy blast.
 We yet but half-way; for Bianor's tomb 59

Scarce yet appears. Here where the cumbrous boughs
 These swains are lopping, Mæris! join my song.
 Here lay your kids: time yet to reach the town.
 Or if we fear night's gloom and gath'ring storms:
 On let us go, yet singing smoothe our way.
 For strains so pleasing I'll your burden bear. 6½
M. Shepherd! No more. Mind we our present charge.
 Wait, till Damæta coming swell our song.

GALLUS. X PASTORAL.

This my last labour, Arethuse! indulge.
 Some lines my Gallus for his Lyca craves.
 And who to Gallus wou'd deny a verse?
 So with thine, flowing 'neath Sicanian waves,
 Her marine salts may Doris never mix! 5
 Come! sing th' enamour'd Gallus' troubled breast;
 While here the broad-faced goats nip tender shrubs.
 We sing not to the deaf. The woods reply.
 What groves detain'd you, or what lawns, ye Nymphs?
 While Gallus swoon'd in illrequited love? 10
 For your kind visit nor Parnassus' heights
 Bar'd, nor Aonian Aganippe nor Pindus.
 For him the laurels wept; for him the shrubs;
 For him supine on a bare lonely rock
 Fair Mænal's pines, e'en bleak Lycæus wept. 15
 Flocks

Flocks stand around him. They too own our griefs.
Then flocks disown not, thou immortal bard!
His sheep by streams fed erst the fair Adonis.
Came too the shepherds. Came the flow-pac'd swains;
And wet with winter-mast, Menalca comes: 20
Whence this thy Passion? Then Apollo came:
Gallus! Why raving thus? Thro' horrid camps
And snows thy Lyca hunts another flame.
Came Sylvan crown'd with Honours: lilies big
And fennel brances, nodding round his head. 25
Came Pan th' Arcadian God, whose cheeks behold!
Glow elderberry's and vermilion's blush:
Why brooding o'er thy griefs? Can love relent?
No tears fell love, no streams can satiate meads;
No browse the goats, no trefoil-flowers the bees. 30
He pensive: Yet shall you, Arcadians! chaunt
These to your mountains. Yours the tuneful lute,
Arcadians! O how soft my bones will lie!
Your lute hereafter sighing Gallus' love.
O had I breath'd with you my native air: 35
Tended your flocks, or got your bounteous grapes.
At least had my Amynta, or my Philly,
Or other passion; (what tho' Amynta dark?
Black also violets, hyacinths are black;)
Shared my soft willows spread beneath the vines: 40

Philly my garlands weav'd: Amynta fung.
 Here see cool founts: here Lyca! downy meads:
 Here groves: with thee here glide my life away!
 Now beats my frantic love fell war's alarms:
 Flies into a storm of darts and threat'ning spears. 45
 Thou, dreadful thought! far from thy native clime
 Thro' th' Alps' white horrors, frozen Rhine, ah far
 From me too lonely wanderst. Ah! that form!
 Those tender feet 'mid storms and rugged ice.
 Hence will I, and on your melodious lute 50
 Sicilian swains! play my Eubæan lines:
 Resolv'd in forests 'mid the savage dens,
 To languish rather, and on shoots engrave
 My loves: as grow the trees, my loves shall grow:
 Oft with the Nymphs will range the Mænal-woods: 55
 Or hunt the boar; nor shall keen blast forbid
 My dogs to set Parthenia's thickets round.
 Now o'er the rocks thro' rattling woods I fly,
 Shooting from Parthian horn the Cretan shafts.
 Ah! vain the cures for my fond frantic breast! 60
 Ah! Love! Stern God! Unfeeling human woes.
 Again the Nymphs, again already palls
 The rural lay. Ye Woods! once more adieu!
 His power not softens to our rural toils:
 Nor if chill Hebrus' frozen stream we drink, 65
 And

And tempest pelting, wade Sithonia's snows:
Or parch't on lofty elms while dies the bark,
Stray with our flock 'neath th' AEthiopian Crab.
Love the world conquers. Yield then we to love.

Suffice that these, ye Nine! your poet sung. 70
While he his osier-basket weaving sat.

This to your Gallus will your smile endear:

Gallus! whose love grows hourly in my breast,
Like the green alder in returning spring.

Rise: for the shades oft injure singing swains: 75

E'en the sweet jun'per's. Shades too hurt the fruits.

Go, my fed Goats! now rising Vesper go.

38 VIRGIL'S I GEORGIC.

What glads the Furrows, what Star bids to turn
 The Glebe, Mæcene! and Elm embrace the
 Herds how to keep; how save the tender Flock; (Vine;
 What sage experience in the frugal Bee: 4
 This my Theme. You! whose radiance on the world,
 Mild thro' heaven's concave, leads the sliding year!
 Bacchus and Ceres,! by whose bounty, Earth
 Chang'd for the fruitful ear Chaonian mast,
 And first with grapes enrich'd Achelous' streams!
 And you, ye Fawns! propitious still to swains, 10
 Come, and bring with you the fair woodland Nymphs.
 Your gifts I sing. Thou whose dread Trident, Neptune!
 Struck, and the Earth first teem'd the neighing steed!
 Thou! whose three hundred snowy bullocks graze,
 Genius of groves! in Cæa's fertile meads! 15
 And from thy native Mænal-Forests thou
 Guardian of flocks! if dear thy Arcady,
 Aid me, Tegæan Pan! And Pallas! who
 First foundst the olive! Thou too, who the plow,
 Young Sylvan! holding th' upturn cypress-roots.
 Hail all ye Deities! who the fallows guard; 21
 Who nourish still the renovating fruits, (show'rs.
 Each from his seed, and pour heav'n's plenteous
 And thou! what Council of the Gods to grace
 Yet doubting, Cæsar! or to visit towers, 25
Guard

Guard Realms, and guide the pregnant Seasons, thou
The Source confest of bounties to the world:
Binding thy Mother's myrtle round thy brow:
Or the wide Ocean's Sov'reign, thy sole power
Fleets shall invoke, thee remote Thule serve, 30
And Tethy's Daughter bring thee all her waves:
Or a new Sign, thou join the ling'ring months;
Where between Virgo and the Scorpio's Train
Opens: lo! he contracts his spangling arms,
And leaves thee more, than due, of Ether void: 35
Where'er; for let not Tartara hope thy sway,
Nor such dire thirst of empire seize thy breast;
Tho' Greece enraptur'd sings th' Elysian Fields,
And Ceres calls her daughter thence in vain:
Smile on my Muse, and speed her daring flight; 40
And with me pitying th' uninstructed swains,
Early entring God-head, now O hear our vows!

While down hoar mountains snows dissolving flow,
And Vernal Airs unbind the mouldering glèbe;
My groaning steers shall drag the buried plow, 45
And furrows burnish my resplendent share.
What Lands two summers, and two frosts have seen,
Fulfill at length the peasant's greedy vows.
His barns, surcharged with pond'rous autumn, burst.
But ere the Unknown Plain your coulters cleave, 50

Each Climate's Temper, and its winds explore;
 What th' ancient Culture; what its present Form;
 What each repays you, and what each denies.
 Here Corn springs more delightful; there the Grapes;
 Here flourish fruit trees, and spontaneous grafs. 55
 See the mild Sabe vaunts aromatic sweets;
 Tmolus, saffron odours; Pontus, Castor's drug;
 Their Steel the naked Chalybs; Ivory, Ind;
 Epire her Mares, deck't with th' Olympic palm.
 Such Laws eternal, genial Nature fix't, 60
 Each on its Climate; when Deucalion first
 Whirl'd, thro' the solitary world, the stones, (Now,
 Whence sprang man's hardy species. Come then!
 Earth's Fertile Turf, in the prime vernal months,
 Turn my brave Bullocks: and the lying glebe 65
 Bake dusty summer's meliorating suns:
 The Soil if Barren; in Arcturus' dawn
 Suffice with lighten'd share, to skim the turf:
 There, lest the weeds offend your joyful fruits:
 Here, scanty moisture fail the barren sands. 70

Alternate Respit give your furrows shorn:
 Let the spent mould condens'd resume its strength.
 Or sow 'neath other planet, yellow Corn;
 Where joyful Pulse's trembling pods you got,
 Vetch's small seed, and bitter Lupines harsh 75
 Of

Of brittle hawm and rustling brush intwin'd.
 For parch't the Lands; where Oats or Flax you grew;
 Parch't, where the Poppies, dipt in Lethe's lake.
 Alternate toil yet easy: so you deign,
 Or Parch't the soil, to quench with fatt'ning dung, 80
 Or Spent, to scatter unclean ashes round.
 Thus Changing Seed relieves the weary tilth,
 Nor fallows thankless for Alternate Rest.

Oft too avails, if burn't the barren glebe;
 Or the fir'd stubble crackling roll its flames: 85
 Whether it thence conceive some hidden strength,
 And fertile nurture; or exhaling purge
 Each noxious particle, and useles juice:
 Or that relaxing, open many a vein,
 Where springing blades a secret nurture draw: 90
 Or hard'ning rather, close each gaping pore;
 Safe from the dews, fierce sun's resistless power,
 And penetrating Boreas' burning frost.

Wife he, whose mattock breaks the stubborn clod,
 And Oser-Harrow. Him brown Ceres' eye 95
 Views, with no unprolific smile from heaven.
 Wife, whose strait furrows, rais'd along the plain,
 His share intrepid breaks again across;
 Still works the clay, victorious mulcs the mould.

Clear winters, dropping Summers pray ye, Swains!

For

For chief the Winter-Dust your furrows chears; 101
 Cheers your meads: this the culture Mysia vaunts;
 This Gargara vaunting, views her mighty crops.
 Wise, who now sown his fallows, grappling close
 Pursues, and routs the hills of barren sand: 105
 Then forms a Pan, with its attendant Rills;
 And ere the hot soil burn the dying blade,
 Lo! from his sloping and oblique canals,
 Streams bubbling o'er the slippery pebbles stray,
 Hoarse murmurs! and regale the longing glebe. 110
 Wise too, who lest th' o'erfreighted Stalk recline;
 Nips its Luxuriance in the tender blade,
 Ere yet the ridge o'ertopping: who too draws,
 Each pool collected, from the drunken sand.
 Chief in th' Unsettled Months, if rivers swol'n 115
 Deform Earth's surface, wide with spreading slime;
 And channels fill'd, exhale unkindly steams.

Nor, tho' their labours Men and Steers conclude:
 Safe yet their smiling hopes from villain Geese,
 Strymonian Cranes, small Endives' bitter pile, 120
 Weed's noxious shadow. Nature's fire to swains
 No easy life ordaining, first prescrib'd
 Toils and the Arts; man's soul to rouse; nor lets,
 His Realm benumb'd rot in Lethargic sloth.
 Ere Jove, no human Tools subdued the glebe: 125

The

The private mark, and land-fence impious deem'd :
 Each earn'd for all, and the spontaneous Earth
 More freely, none demanding, teem'd her stores.
 Jove the black Serpent's venom'd tooth besmear'd ;
 Troubled the Deep; spur'd on the prowling wolf; 130
 Shook Honey off the leaves; withdrew his Fire;
 And drain'd the Rivers of their flowing Wines.
 So shrewd Experience beat out various Arts,
 Gradual; in furrows fought the golden Ear;
 Struck, from the veins of flint, the hidden Fire; 135
 In bellied alders first essay'd the Streams:
 Then brav'd the Ocean; number'd Stars and named;
 The Pleiads, Hyads, Lycaon's spangled Bear;
 Gin'd the wild Beast; spread the beguiling Glue;
 Round th' echoing forest drew the bloody Hounds;
 First the broad river lash't with casting nets. 141
 Vent'ring the deep; then drag'd thro' mountain-waves;
 Hard Iron invented, tooth'd the screeching Saw;
 (For erst the wedge forc'd thro' the cleaving wood,)
 Hence Arts unnumber'd. In rude Nature all 145
 Yield to fierce Labour; want still urging on.

Ceres first taught man's Plow to turn the glebe;
 When fail'd the sacred woods their berries wild
 And acorns, nor her food Dodona gave.
 Soon yet with corn grew labour; mildew's blast 150

Eating

Eating the stem; foul thistle staring thick;
 'Mid fading crops, weeds bur and bramble spread:
 And o'er the smiling tilth, insulting rise
 Th' unkindly darnel, and wild oaten straw.
 Then harrafs still your soil with ceaseless rake; 155
 Clapper away the birds: the o'ergrown shades
 Lop; and implore of heaven benignant showers:
 Or look, ah! wishful, on your neighbour's stores;
 And shake from forests famine's drear repast.

Now say, what Arms the hardy peasant wields: 160
 Else cou'd his harvest nor be sown, nor rise.
 The Plow-share, and the curv'd Beam's massy force,
 The Eleusinean Dame's slow rolling Car,
 'The Sleds, the Flails, the Harrow's monstrous weight,
 With Celeu's every ruder implement, 165
 Offers and Hurdles, and the mystic Fan.
 See these be timely made; or never hope
 The glorious Peace of Rural Life Divine.
 Soon as it falls; bend thou the stubborn Elm,
 First for the Plow-Tail: hence eight feet the Beam 170
 Extending, fix across the double Ear,
 And fit the timber to the two fac'd Share.
 Frame of light Linden, or tall Beech, the Yoak,
 And Helm which following guides the buried plow.
 Long hung in searching chimneys, prove your wood.
 Many

Many a sage precept might my Muse transmit, 176
 If you disdain not these our humble cares.
 The thrashing Floor let your huge roller ev'n.
 Turn up its turf, lay o'er cementing chalk:
 Left weeds it shoot; or thro' its summer-chinks 180
 Steal hostile armies. Oft the tiny Mouse
 Builds underground, and heaps her gran'ries high.
 The blind Mole digs her bed; and squat the Toad,
 With Earth's unnumber'd monsters, lurk secure.
 How ravage Weevils my broad spiring stacks! 185
 And Ants, providing for a needy age.

Observe in woods, when Nut-trees blow around,
 Put forth their leaves, and fragrant branches hang;
 If Fruit abound; so Corn in summer's heat 190
 Shall smile; and clattering blebs each falling flail.
 If Leaves luxuriant spread an empty shade,
 In vain your flail shall tease the chaffy straw.

Their Seed, I've known, the Sowers often cure,
 Steeping in nitre, and black oily lees:
 That the swol'n grain may fill the flat'ring husk. 195
 Tho' cull'd judicious, and o'er gentle fires,
 The moisten'd seed be quicken'd; yet it soon
 Degen'rates, if not still be careful cull'd
 Yearly the largest. So by Fate's decree,
 All things declining, back to ruin roll. 200

Thus

Thus up the stream who tugging plies his oars;
 Shou'd his swol'n muscles, and stretch't nerves relax,
 Down the fierce current headlong falls the skiff.

Nor less devout must we the Stars revere,
 The Kids, Arcturus, Dragon's splendid tail; 205
 Than who thro' th' ocean-billows homeward bound,
 Tempt th' Euxine or Abydos' oyster-streights.
 Fair Libra weighing day and sleep their hours,
 And giving light and shade each half the world;
 Boys! work my bullocks: sow my barley piece; 210
 Ere churlish Winter pour his latter rains.
 Line seed, and Ceres' sacred poppy, now
 High time to bury; ply the harrow's teeth;
 While dry the soil, yet hang the hov'ring clouds.
 Spring's mellow glebe heaves wishful for the Bean, 215
 Clover, and Millet that continual toil,
 When the Bull's golden horns reveal the Year.
 And Dog low diving cedes to th' aukward Ship.
 But if for wheat you till, and stronger grain,
 Ambitious only of the golden ear: 220
 Flying the radiant Morn, let Pleiads set,
 And Crete's bright Crown at distance lead the day;
 Ere you the various seed bestow: nor rash
 Trust the year's hope, to Earth's reluctant breast.
 Many presuming ere the Pleiads set, 225

Their

Their long wish't harvest mocks with empty chaff.
Or if the Vetch and paltry Tare you grow,
Nor 'sdains your culture Lentil, Egypt's food ;
Signs not obscure read in Bootes' fall,
And sow incessant to Solstitial Frost. 230

Hence Sol his quarter'd world's dimensions fix't
Rules, flaming thro' the twelve star-studded signs.
Of heaven's five Zones one his continual blaze
Still dazzles ; still impendent scorch his fires :
On each side rolls, to right and left remote, 235
One bound in azure ice, and bitter blasts :
And intermediate, to frail mortals two.

Give the kind Deities ; and between 'em guide
Oblique the Constellations, radiant train !
High to Riphæa, and Scythia's frozen towers, 240
Rises the world, depres't to Libya's wilds.

One Pole still glitt'ring o'er us ; that beneath
'Treads gloomy Styx, and hell's profoundest ghosts :
Here the vast spiring Snake spreads wide around,
And like a river, winds to both the Bears ; 245

Bears loth to dip, in briny depths, their paw :
There ever reigns, (say they,) the silent Night
Still in dire damps, and rolling darkness wrapt.

Or Morn for us returns ; their day renews :
And when first breathe on us his panting floods ; 250
There

There ruddy Vesper lights her evening-lamps.
Hence known the weather in a doubtful sky :
Known, when to draw the sickle, when to sow ;
When safe to row the faithless chrystal plain ;
And o'er the ocean launch the Fleet of War : 255
When kindly pines invite the felling ax.

Nor vain to spy the Signs how rise, how set ;
How Year's four equal seasons gradual change.
If bitter storms ere check your rural toils ;
What else were hurried in a clearer sky, 260
Now do betimes : your steel'd share's blunted tooth
Beat now and sharpen ; scoop your ash for trays ;
Mark your fair flocks, or stamp your number'd facks ;
Or point your stakes, and doubly spiky prongs :
Twine osiers, to confine your flaunting vines : 265
Of Rubean wicker your light basket weave :
Roast on flow fire the grain, or grind to flour.
On Sacred Days too certain works allow
Both Gods and men : ope then your straying rills,
Free from all scruple : hedge around your corn : 270
Spread snares for birds voracious : burn the gorze :
Or plunge your bleating flocks in healthful streams ;
Or loading with your oil or viler fruits,
Drive your dull asfs ; and carry back from town
Your 'dented millstone or a mass of pitch. 275

The

The Moon to diff'rent Labours diff'rent Days
 Gives lucky. Fly the fifth. Then grielly Dis
 Sprang with the Furies: then the Earth's dire womb
 Teem'd Cœus, Iapitus, Tiphæus fell 279
 With all the brood, who dar'd the towers of heaven.
 Thrice heaving they Mount Ossa on Pelion rear'd;
 Truly, and on Ossa Olympus' forest high.
 Thrice struck Jove's thunder the pil'd mountains flat.
 Blest the seventh: more the tenth to plant the vine;
 Gear and break oxen; tofs the shuttle true. 285
 The ninth to flight auspicious, frowns on theft.
 Oft Fortune smiles in Ev'ning's frosty air:
 Oft while gay Morn impearls the dewy grafs.
 Night your light stubble, Night your meadows parch't,
 Calls you to mow: Night's moisture never fails.
 By Winter-Fire's late glowing embers wake: 291
 Sharpen your knife; and shape the spiky torch:
 And while her song eludes the painful hours,
 Let your wife's shuttle shrill recursive glide;
 Her must exhale o'er fire its luscious juice, 295
 And skim she oft the boiling cauldron's waves.
 But reap brown Ceres 'neath the midday beam,
 And parch't in midday, thrash your dancing grain.
 Plow naked; naked sow. Be Winter rest.
 Soften his chilling blast with all your stores: 300

D

Let

Let jovial friendship bless the various feast.
Blith winter calls you, to unbend your cares.
As when their rich fraught ship arrives the port,
The crew huzzaing deck her painted stern.
Yet then the time to strip the laurel, oak, 305
Green olive, and the bloody myrtle's fruits:
Then toils for fags, springes for cranes to set:
Hunt close the prick-ear'd hare, and shoot the doe,
Whirling the Balearian loaded sling: 309
While deep the snow, while streams roll icy flakes.

Why sing the Tempests of the Autumn-Stars?
And day still faster short'ning, milder heat,
What then our cares; or in the vernal showers,
When o'er the plains corn shoots in thick array,
Or on green blade while swells the milky ear? 315
Oft when the reapers on a golden vale
Enter, and stoop to fell the barley holm;
All in one hurricane, conspiring Winds
The wide plump harvest from the lowest roots
Uptearing scatter; as an eddying blast 320
Wraps up the stubble and the flying chaff.
Oft the air's hovering Waters join, immense;
Round the dire tempest, gather black'ning mists
And seas thick rising cloudy; high heav'n falls,
Sweeps th'uptorn crops, and labour'd fallows vain:

Dikes

Dikes fill : low river-channels roaring swell :
 Vex't friths impetuous foam : wide Ocean boils.
 With clouds and terrors girt, Jove's right-hand glares
 Thick Vollies rolling : Earth to center shook,
 Trembles wide : flee the lions : nations fierce 330
 Appal'd sink prostrate : he his glowing Bolt
 On Rhodope, Atho' or Ceraunia's cliffs
 Darts ; and redoubled blasts spout cataracts,
 Roar thro' the forests, lash the billowy shores. 334
 Hence awe-struck, mark thou heaven's Months and
 Where frozen Saturn widely ranging sets ; (Stars ;
 Where errant Mercury whirls his rapid fires.

First fear the Gods : due incense to dread Ceres
 Pay annual, lowly on the tender grass ;
 Ere Winter rage his last ; Spring now advanc'd ; 340
 Now fat the lambkins ; mellow now the wines ;
 Slumbers now sweet, and thick the sylvan shades.
 To Ceres' Shrine lead all thy labouring Youth :
 Pour her milk, mellow wines, and honey mix't :
 Thrice walk th' auspicious Victim round the crops :
 Let the Choir following, of triumphant hinds, 346
 Loud invoke Ceres to their roof ; nor dare,
 One with his fickle, gripe the golden ear,
 Ere he with oaken garlands veil'd, to Ceres
 Dance unconfined ; chaunt voluntary airs. 350

And these how swains may by sure omens know
 Drought, rains, keen winds serene, and batt'ring
 Jove so decreeing, hints the changeful Moon. (storms,
 Stars shew the Tempest's fall; Signs long observ'd
 Warn, when to house in time the threaten'd herds.
 Winds yet scarce breathing; see the troubled Friths,
 How gradual swelling; hark the lofty Woods
 Dry crackling, yon the billowy clam'rous Shores,
 And the increasing murmurs thro' the groves.
 Th' insatiate Waves spare not the bellied oaks, 360
 If Cormorants springing skim the liquid main,
 And screaming light on shore: if Seagulls thick
 Play on the sands; or from her fenny seats
 The tall Hern spurning, towers above the clouds.
 High Winds impending oft forebodes a Star 365
 Headlong from Ether fal'n, and thro' night's shades
 Drawing a long and silver train of flames:
 Oft Stubble whirling with the falling leaves,
 Or swimming Feathers dancing on the pool.
 But if fierce Boreas gleaming wake from East 370
 To West the Thunders; all in the swol'n dikes
 Swims the wide country; hie the crew to furl
 Their dropping sails. Nor unfortold the Rain;
 This gathering yet in valleys, see how flee
 The Cranes sagacious towering! how to heaven 375
 Th'

Th' uplooking Cow's wide nostrils catch the breeze :
 How twitt'ring Swallows wheel around the pool :
 Frogs murmur hoarser thro' the troubled muds :
 Ants from deep cells upworking bask their eggs :
 Heav'n's wide bow quaffs from founts her sable train :
 From my spoil'd fallows the returning throng, 381
 Crows croaking, beat their thick triumphant wings :
 Lo! Various Sea-fowl, and round Asia's meads
 What roam for prey o'er Cayster's pleasant pools,
 Vie flirting on their shoulders plenteous dew : 385
 Dip now their heads ; now skimming meet the waves ;
 Exulting hope in vain a general wash :
 Then hoarser bawls for rain the Raven dire,
 And lonely straying wheels along the sands.
 Nor e'en the Spinners at their nightly toil 390
 Unwarn'd ; who in their burning Lamps observe
 The sputtering oil, and sticking clots obscure.

Nor less the Change to sunny skies serene,
 The wise prognosticate from Nature's laws,
 For now the Stars no longer sparkle dim ; 395
 Nor shines the rising moon a borrow'd light :
 Nor woolly fleaks, light flying, streak the sky :
 Nor to Sol's rays their plumage spread on shore
 Thetys's dear Halcyons : nor th' uncleanly fow
 Delights to tear, and toss the bundled straw : 400

But small mists hovering spread wide o'er the vale:
 Seated on high to watch the setting sun,
 Vain his late ditties shrieks the baleful Owl:
 See Nifus springing scale the thin expanse,
 And Scylla rue the ravish'd purple hair; 405
 Where Scylla's fleeing pinion cuts the sky,
 Nifus, dread foe! fierce whizzes thro' the air,
 Pursuing; where fell Nifus springs the air,
 Scylla's affrighted pinion cuts the sky:
 A clearer cry now straining caw the Rooks, 410
 Thick chattering; oft they in their lofty bed
 Wrapt in a more, than wonted, fond delight,
 Shake the leaves fluttering; pleas'd the storm now o'er,
 View their dear nest, regale and nurse their young.

Thus they: yet sure no Innate Prescience moves;
 Nor Skill Acquir'd, controuling mighty Fate. 416
 But when the weather, and the vapours change;
 And Jove's moist regions, as the wind directs,
 Condense the rare, and rarify the dense;
 Fancy new Forms conceives, and Passions new 420
 Now these now other moves, as Wind the Clouds,
 Working the bosom. Hence the Cattle blith,
 The Grove's shrill concert, Rook's triumphant caw.

But if the rapid Sun, and changeful Moons,
 Be constant mark't; ne'er will tomorrow's lot 425
 Deceive

Deceive you, nor night's flattering air serene.
The Moon resum'g now her radiance new;
If dim her Horns enfold a blackish mist:
Vast Rains will pour on ocean and on land.
But if her Crescent glow a virgin-blush; 430
High Winds her beauty bodes you, nor in vain.
But her fourth rise; (then chief her omens true;)
If clear her pointed Crescent ride thro' heaven,
Shall that whole day, and every other, shine
From clouds and tempest free, till run her course, 435
And landed sailers pay their votive rites;
To Glaucus, Melicerte and Panopea.

Sol too if rise he, or if dive the waves,
Gives omens. Sol the surest omens wait;
Both while himself, and while the planets rise. 440
Sol's Rising Glory, streak't with various spots,
And sunk in clouds, emerging half his orb;
Then will the South-Wind from the ocean fraught,
Pour direful on the fallows groves and flocks.
If ere his Rise, he dart his misty rays, 445
Streaming athwart; or Tithon's saffron bed
Aurora leaving, shew a paler face:
Ah then my grapes! Poor fence the thickest leaves;
So fiercely battering dances clattering hail.
Chief, when his race ethereal run, he sets; 450

These signs avail remember'd. Oft we see
 Fly o'er his face, discolouring, various Hues :
 The Livid threatning Rain; the Fiery, Winds,
 And Dark Spots, rising in that glowing fire,
 Storms, Hurricanes, wide Elemental War, 455
 And ancient Chaos. Me that night shall none
 Tempt to the deep; or launch my vessel moor'd.
 But if renewing, and withdrawing day,
 Bright be his Orb; weak then the fear of storms.
 Clear northern gales shall purge the waving groves.
 What th' evening star may bring you; what wind fair
 Dispels the mists; what the moist southern means;
 Sol teaches. Who calls Sol a prophet false,
 Presumptuous? Oft th' impending tumults mad
 And plots he warns, and open raging wars. 465

Sol pitying Rome at Cæsar's murder blush'd,
 Abhorrent veil'd his glory in bloody glooms,
 And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.
 Tho' then the Earth too, and the Ocean-Main,
 Dogs' deadly yell, and Birds' dire hov'ring wing, 470
 Gave omens. How we oft saw boiling up,
 Burst from their furnace, AEtna's rolling flames,
 Whirl fiery balls, and molten rocks around.
 Arms clashing stun'd Germania; thro' her skies
 Echoing. Unwonted tremours scared the Alps : 475

Strange

Strange Voices oft, thro' the wide silent groves,
 Scream'd hideous: Specters pale, as ghastly death,
 Stalk'd thro' the night's dim shadows: spake the Brutes,
 Dire! Earth too gap'd: stood like a pool the streams:
 Tears wept the mournful Brasses and Iv'ry Shrines.
 Mad whirling in his vortex woods around, 481
 Po King of rivers, thro' the country wide,
 Bore herds and flocks away: alarm'd us more
 Proud Fibers, rising on the Entrails sad; 284
 And Blood in wells still flowing: and the Wolves
 Howl'd thro' the night, and wak'd th' affrighted streets:
 Ne'er flash'd so frequent in the etherial sky
 Lightnings: nor flam'd so many Comets dire,
 Hence with like spears and civil rage again,
 Philippi saw the Roman Hosts engag'd. 490
 Nor deem'd it Heaven unjust, that twice our blood
 Manure Emathia, and wide Hæmus' plains.
 Hence shall hereafter in these fatal fields
 The Swain, in turning up the furrow'd glebe 494
 Find furr'd with cank'ring rust the Roman Piles,
 Shall clash his Harrow 'gainst our brazen Skulls,
 And view in up-dig'd graves our mighty Bones.

My Country's homeborn Gods! Romulus! and
 Whose parent-eye on Rome and Tiber smiles! Vesta!
 This Youth at least, to prop the falling world, 500
 Deny

Deny us not. Long since our lavish blood
Full pays your debt from false Laomedon.
Long has Heav'n, Cæsar! envied us thy reign;
Griev'd, if Earth's triumphs win their Cæsar's thought.
So right and wrong invers'd; wars spread abroad: 505
Guilt teems such monsters; nor is paid the plow
Due honour: rough the fallows: banish'd, swains:
And the curv'd sickle blown to a deadly sword.
Here moves Euphrates, there Germania war: 509
Leagu'd Towns, all faith dissolving, push their spears
Mutual deaths: Mars storms impious thro' the world:
As Coursers starting spring, and fling their length,
Still farther scoping low; scorn the stretch't reins;
Fly with the driver, and the bounding car. 514

The

Thus far of Fallows, and the heav'nly Stars,
Thee, Bacchus! now I sing, thy sylvan Shrubs;
And the slow rising Olive's grateful fruit.

Come, Sire! For thy rich bounties here o'erflow,
Thy viny Autumn luscious swells around 5
The blooming country, and fills our foaming vats.
Come, Sire Lenæus! and unboskin'd tinge
Thy naked thighs, with mine, in working must.

Prime Nature various works in raising trees.
For some Unforc'd by any human Art, 10
Spontaneous rising, wide bedeck the lawns
And winding brooks; soft Osier, pliant Broom,
The Poplar, and grey Willows' azure leaves.
Some from Seed planted as the Chestnut high,
Jove's sacred AEsculus, the pride of groves, 15
Wide shadowing, and in Greece th' oracular Oak.
Sprung from the Root, some shoot a forest thick:
So Cherry, Elm, Parnassus' infant Bay
Whose humble shade mimics her mother's dome.
These various ways Prime Nature brings each kind,
In Woods, and Shrubs, and consecrated Groves. 21

Others man's Sage Experience gradual found:
A Slip torn from the mother's tender frame
Set in the furrow; or heap't the mellow earth. 24
On Stocks, Piles cross-flit, or sharp-pointed Stakes;
Or

Or Tendrils bending buried yet alive,
 Arch-wise, and saw shoot in their native soil:
 Or root unnecessary, pruning lopt
 Proud airy Boughs, and reconfi'd to Earth:
 Or cleft the Olive-Trunk, surpriz'd to see, 30
 From the dry timber rise a living root:
 Or one tree's branches to another's turn,
 Uninjur'd. Pear-trees the graft Apple bore,
 Transform'd; and Plumbs on stony Corneil blush'd.
 Come then the nurture of each Species known; 35
 Learn how to soften, Swains! your wilder fruits,
 And till your waste. Craggy Ismara's planted Vines
 How lovely! and clad with Olives vast Tabernum!

Thou! with me embarking guide my voyage fair,
 Dear vital Partner of my Muse's Fame! 40
 Mæcene! and give the main her flying sails.
 Vain, if her own breath single all presume:
 Vain, had she a hundred tongues, a hundred mouths,
 Lungs of brass. Come! Coast me yon rising shore!
 Here land we: nor my fond prelusive Dream, 45
 Long winding, tedious, now detain you more.

What Trees Spontaneous shooting threat the sky;
 Barren I own, yet strong and stately rise
 From the hale native soil. These, if with slips
 Ingrafted, or remov'd to a fallow-soil, 50

Resign

Resign their wildness; and if nurtur'd still,
 Where'er invited, yield to any form.
 So barren Saplings from the lowest roots,
 Arrang'd, will flourish in an open plain:
 But in its mother's leaves and branches hid, 55
 Starves in its growth, and in its bearing dies.
 From Seed what rises, is of tardy growth;
 Nor spreads, but for your latest heirs a shade;
 Its fruits degen'rate, and prime sweets forget:
 E'en the Vine yields for birds a shameful prey. 60
 So must they all be labour'd; and must all
 Be plan'd in trenches, liberally be form'd.
 From Truncheon th' Olive answers; Layer, Vines;
 From solid Stock, the Paphian Myrtle best;
 Plants, the tough Hæle, Ash's stately height, 65
 Alcides' shady tree and deathless crown,
 Jove's sacred Acorn, the high waving Palm,
 And Fir advent'rous fearing not the deep.
 Graft on rough Arbute, smiles the Walnut spray:
 On barren Planes, the vigorous, Apples thrive: 70
 On Beech the Chesnut, wild Ash blooms the Pear;
 And under Elms swines granch the grafted Mast.

Not one, to inoculate and graff a slip.
 For where jets thro' the bark a knotted gem,
 Clad with a glossy film; a narrow Slit, 75
 Cut

Cut in the knot, receives an alien bud,
 And knits congenial with the bleeding rind.
 Else wide thro' the smooth bark, and deep the Wedge,
 Cleaves the firm wood; and ere some gen'rous plant
 Longgrafted, th' ancient Stock her youth renews, 80
 Shoots huge to heaven, spreads wide her waving arms,
 Views her new foliage, her unwonted fruits.

Nor of each Species one Kind: not of Lote
 Nor Willow, Idæan Cypress, sturdy Elm.
 Nor in one form the luscious Olive blooms: 85
 Nor th' Orchites, Radii, Pausia's berry harsh;
 Th' Apple, Alcinous' groves, nor stem the same
 Yields Syrian, Bergamot and Pounder pears.
 Nor same the vintage in our vineyard hangs,
 As Lesbos gathers from Methymnia's shoots. 90
 Diff'rent the Thasian, white Mareian vines,
 That loving richer, this a lighter soil;
 Psithian best dried; Lagæan, whose thin wine
 Steals on the salt'ring tongue and stagg'ring feet;
 Purple, and Præcian. How thy praise rehearse 95
 Rhætic! yet vie not with Falernia's age.
 Diff'rent th' Amminean too of body strong.
 And these inferiour, Tmolus, Phaneus' self,
 Small Argites, tho' this unrival'd else
 So or to flow, or many years endure. 100

Nor

Nor thee, the second course's grateful chear,
Forget I, Rhodia! or the Udde~Grape.
But nor how many Species, nor what Names
Was ever fix't, nor can be number'd all : 104
Or who wou'd know, learn he on Libya's plains,
What grains the West-Wind whirls of flying sand :
Or while ships tofs before the furious East,
What waves th' Ionian rolls upon the shore.

Nor every Soil can every Kind produce.
Brooks love the Willows; th' Alders fatt'ning Pools ;
High craggy cliffs the wild and barren Ash ; 111
Shores the blith Myrtle in her sweetest bloom ;
Sunny Hills Bacchus, Yews the frozen North.
E'en Earth's remotest bounds see cultur'd, form'd ;
Eastern Arabia ; painted Scythia dread : 115
Each clime its own trees vaunting ; Sabe alone
Her frankincense, only Ind her ebon black.
Why sing, from fragrant Woods how Balsams flow,
The soft Acanthus' berries never fear :
What fine Wool whitens th' AEthiopian groves ;
From China's leaves how draws the Silken Fleece ;
Or what groves deck the Ocean's hither Ind, 122
Earth's extreme regions wide, where up the sky
Trees shooting, leave their ablest arrow's flight ;
Not inexpert tho' in the missive art. 125

Mede!

Mede! thine the Citron's harsh and lasting taste :
Blest virtuous fruit! for more auspicious none ;
If dash'd your cup with the fell stepdame's drug,
Her dipt herb fatal, and her potent charms,
Expelling, to revive your chilling limbs : 130

The tree of larger size, like laurel shap'd ;
And breath'd it not far wide a diff'rent scent,
Was laurel : any wind its leaves defy :
Flower gummy and gluy : there for tainted breath
Us'd, and weak lungs, and age's phthific pains. 135

But nor let Media's shrubs, that fertile soil,
Nor winding Gange or Hermes' golden stream,
Dare Italy ! thy praise : Nor Bactra, Ind,
Nor wide Panchaia's rich and fragrant sands. 139
Thy glebe no Bulls, with nostrils breathing fire,
Turn'd, nor were sown here the dire Dragons teeth ;
Nor sprung an Harvest here of Heroes arm'd.
But Corn big bellied, Bacchus' Massic Wine,
The luscious Olive, joyful Kine abound.

Here Mars! thy Horse, majestic rising, flings. 145
There snowy Herds ; and victim fine the Bull,
Wont in Clitumnus' sacred stream to wash,
Rome leads triumphant to her Gods inshrined.
Here Spring perpetual : each month Summer gilds:
Twice Cattle teem : Trees twice bear wholesome fruit.

Far

Far hence fell Tigress, far the Lion's young:
Nor cropt here th' Aconite's deceitful bane:
Nor snatches on the ground orbs so immense,
Or on long scaly spires so rears the Snake.
How many Cities, and fine Works around! 155
How many Towns, high built on craggy rocks,
Smooth Rivers winding 'neath th' old mossy walls.
Pleas'd I review too the Upper, Nether Seas;
Broad crystal Lakes, chief Larius vast: then thee,
Billowy Benacus! and thy ocean-roar: 160
View pleas'd her open Ports, and Lucrine mole,
Where loud the main indignant frets in vain:
Where Julius' noisy Surges play secure;
And Tuscan waves roll on th' Avernian friths:
View pleas'd her Silver Brass and plenteous Gold,
Flowing in veins exhaustless thro' her rocks: 166
Pleas'd her brave Marfi, and the Sabine Youth,
Liguria's Sons unconquer'd, Volsci spear'd,
Her Decii, Marii, and the great Camilli,
Her warlike Scipios, and Dread Cæsar! thee, 170
Who crushing now wide Asia's utmost bounds,
Turnst the weak Indian from the Roman Towers.
Hail! Pregnant Source of fruits, Saturnian Soil!
Pregnant of Heroes! Sacred still to thee,
My Muse reveals the ancient Art divine: 175

E

And

And prompts to Roman Streets th' Ascræan Lays,
 Now what each Climate's Genius, what its Strength,
 What Hue, and what its natural Product learn.
 The stubborn Wilds, and unprolific hills,
 Of barren clay, and shrubby pebbly soil: 180
 Such loves Minerva's ever-living Grove.
 For in such tract see the wild Olives rise,
 And with their berries wide bestrew the ground.
 But what Soil fat, and with sweet moisture smiles,
 And where the Grass thick decks the fertile mould,
 Such as we oft see in the scooping vales, 186
 Where, from the craggy mountains, flow the rills,
 Spreading rich slime: what soil too Southward leans,
 And thick abounds with Fern, the coulter's foe:
 Here plant, and early hope thou hardy Vines, 190
 Flowing with Bacchus' cheer: here thickest grapes:
 Here nectar fit for bowls of hallow'd gold,
 While the plump Tuscan winds his sacred horn,
 And the deep charger's offer'd entrails smoke.
 Or Herds affect you, breeding Kine, or Lambs, 195
 Or Goats, the mortal foe to furrows green;
 Seek thickets, rich Tarentum's farthest bounds,
 And such demains, as hapless Mantua lost,
 Whose grassy streams regaled her snowy swans:
 Nor will pure founts, nor verdure fail your flocks; 200
 But

But what your herds crop in a summer-day;
The summer-night, and cooling dews, revive.
Black Soil and greasy 'neath the coulter's depth
Of mellow mould, (such means the plow to form,)
Rich in plump Ceres. From no other plain, 205
Bring the slow stepping steers, more waggons fraught.
Rich where the Thickets th' angry plowmen grub,
And fell the forest wild of many an age,
The birds' old mansions, with the deepest stumps
Whence they thus persecuted mount the sky, 210
Their rude domain the cleaving share refines.
For hungry Gravel on a rising ground
Scarce yields to bees the Cassia's humble shrub.
Gritty Earth, and Chalky Bed of water-snakes,
Like these, no other yield the serpent food, 215
So grateful; nor so winding dark retreat.
But what thin mists exhales and flying steams,
What drinks the moisture, and at will emits,
And whose sweet native verdure ever blooms,
Nor its salt rust or scurf deform the share: 220
There let thy Elms and Vines their foliage weave:
There flow thy luscious Olives: there thy Flocks
Nip genial nurture: deep thy Coulter glide.
Such Capua! thy rich furrow; thy near vale,
Vesuvius! Clanius' banks, Acerra's foe. 225

Now each Soil's Nature teach I how to find.
Ask you, if thin, or more than common thick;
Sacred to Ceres, or to Bacchus each.
The thick to Corn auspicious, thin to Vines.
A fit place chusing in the solid earth, 230
Dig a deep grave; then all the soil return
Back to its bed, and tread the surface even:
This not refilling, shews it thin; for vines
Best, and for flocks: if the old narrow bounds
It scorn and swell above its kindred earth, 235
Thick then the soil; let your brave bullocks here
Cleave the compacted turf, and ling'ring clod.
Salt Earth and bitter flavour'd, bad for fruits,
Unyielding to the plow, degen'rate still,
Alike to Bacchus and Pomona false, 240
Discover thus. Your osier basket take,
And from the smoky roof your vintage-sieve;
Here spread the mould, and fountain-water sweet
Pour on, close pressing. This will work its way,
Till proud drops swelling from the osier fall. 245
The flavour makes discov'ry, and wry mouth
Of those, who tortur'd taste the bitter gall.
The Fertile Soil too may you thus explore:
Work't in your hands, it never crumbling falls;
But to the kneading fingers pitchy flicks. 250
The

The Moist yields larger grafs: but ftill too gay,
Luxuriant. Ah! Left there too rank my corn;
Or ftem o'erpowering, check the early ear.
The Light and Heavy fpeaks their filent weight.
Eafy th' obferving eye defcribes the Black, 255
And Hue of each. But th' execrable Froft
Hard to difcover; this yet noxious Yew,
Black Ivy, and the Pitch-tree oft betray,

 Thefe rules obferving, firft refine your foil; 259
Deep trenching throw on each fide mountain-heaps;
And leaning tow' rds the north expofe your earth;
Ere plant you vine's gay tendrils. Beft the tilth
Of mellow mould: for fuch the ceafelefs fpade
Confpire with wind and froft to form the glebe.

 But the ftill careful and fagacious eye 265
Moulds of like temper feeks: firft where to raife;
Then where tranfplanting in juft plan to rear;
Left their new nurfe difowning droop the Plants:
And on the bark marks, how they faced the heavens,
That each its former Site, where fouthern heats 270
Erft it receiv'd, or turn'd averfe to north,
May ftill preferve. So early habits reign.

 Whether on Hill, or Plain, to plant your Vines,
Be firft determin'd. Plan'd on fruitful plains, 274
Thick ftand they; nor, tho' thick, will Bacchus frown,

But on the Brow, or Slope of gentle hill,
 Give the ranks play ; nor stand yet less exact
 Each Line of trees in their fixt order rang'd.
 As mighty War draws long battalions forth
 Filling in just array the open plain 280
 Immense ; and Earth's wide brazen surface flames
 A wavy radiance ; nor yet clash the spears,
 But brandish't wait dread stalking equal Mars :
 So let each interval be measur'd true ;
 Not gratifying Fancy's curious eye, 285
 But that from Earth all may an equal strength
 Derive, and branching wide expatiate free.
 Or if your ditch's Depth you now inquire ;
 Tho' ebb the furrow, fearless trust your vines.
 For Forest-trees yet delve a deeper grave : 290
 Chief the tall AEsculus, whose head in air
 No higher towers, than dive his roots to hell.
 Hence northewinds, nor rains, nor batt'ring storms,
 Fears he ; but stands unmov'd, and many an age
 Revolving, buries many a mortal race : 295
 Then branching all around his mighty arms,
 His body cent'ring bears an ample shade.

Nor let your Vineyard lie to Falling Sun :
 Nor mix the Vine with Hasle ; nor from top,
 Or from the lofty branches, rend your flip : 300
 So

So dear the soil. Nor wound with blunted knife
 Your tendrils. Nor plant there the Olive Wild;
 For oft a Spark, fal'n from incautious hands,
 Lurks fly at first beneath the unctuous rind;
 Strength gath'ring, slides up to the waving leaves, 305
 Dire crackling thro' the air; thence marching on
 Thro' boughs victorious; triumphs o'er the head;
 Wraps flaming the whole grove; and hideous hurls
 To heaven a cloud of pitchy darkness thick:
 Chief, if a Tempest, raging thro' the woods, 310
 Whirl in its eddies conflagrations round.
 No more then grow their slips, or cross-flit piles;
 Nor the cleft trunk a genuine offspring shoot.
 Unkindly reign so th' olive's bitter leaves.

Nor follow him whose wisdom false persuades, 315
 To vex the earth while bound in Boreas' blast.
 For lock't in winter-frost, her bowels hard
 Yield not your buried root a close embrace.
 Best if your vineyard plan'd in blushing Spring,
 When comes the white bird, foe to winding snakes;
 Or early Autumn's frost, ere rapid Sol 321
 Drive on to winter, fleeting summer's eve. (woods:
 Spring decks the blooming groves: Spring the wide
 Spring's swelling Earth prolific craves the feed.

Then veil'd in fertile showers th' etherial Sire 325

Enamour'd on her yielding bosom falls,
 And mighty impregns her wide all-teeming womb.
 Thro' the blind shrubbery, hark! the echoing Trill!
 How in their season Herds renew their loves!
 Teems the fair Country: now warm western Airs
 Open its bowels: genial Moisture swells. 331
 Bold into unwonted furs advance the Blades,
 Secure: nor fearing more the southern Blast,
 Or batt'ring North, my Vine puts forth her buds,
 And in full Glory unfolds me all her Leaves. 335
 So when from Chaos, rose the Infant World,
 Shon the prime Day, nor other temper breath'd:
 Spring then full blown: Spring Universal reign'd:
 Nor yet had th' East-Wind raged his winter-blast;
 When first the Light smil'd on the gazing Brute, 340
 First Man's iron Species rear'd from Earth his head,
 Sprang into woods the Lions, Stars thro' heaven.
 Nor Nature's tender Frame had borne the Toil,
 Had not such Mildness 'tween the Heat and Frost,
 Attemp'ring gradual, brac'd her season'd Powers. 345
 Next whate'er Layers to the ground you bend;
 Cast fat'ning dung, or copious mould around,
 Or throw on spongy stones, or rugged shells,
 Where secret rains, with vapours' subtle breath,
 May chear their veins aspiring. Some advise, 350
 T'o'erlay

T' o'erlay with massy weight of stone and brick,
This a sure bulwark 'gainst immoderate rains,
Or if the dogstar parch the gaping earth.

When set your Tendrils, often throw the soil
Up to the roots, and wield the massy Hough, 355
Or work with Plow-share deep the glebe; nor fear,
E'en thro' your vines, to goad the struggling steers.
'Then your smooth canes, your rods, those burnish'd
Your forky ashen poles, with these up-propt (spears,
Help 'em to climb ambitious; scorn the winds; 360
Scale the Elm's top and trace its spreading boughs.

When first they shoot their Foliage, spare the age
So delicate: nor while the branches blith
Drive thro' the air, uncheck't now spring the sky;
Grasp yet the pruning edge, but wanton shoots 365
Pluck with mild fingers, and be wise to cull.
With Strength Mature when they imbrace the Elm,
O'ertowering; tear the tendrils, lop the arms,
Thus far the dreaded steel forbearing; now
Resolv'd ply rigours: stem the torrent-boughs. 370
Weave too a Hedge, excluding all your flocks:
Chief while the tendrils frail, nor used to toil;
Whose growth, besides foul storms and burning suns,
The Buff'loes check; and goats, that envious train,
And Sheep still nipping, and the greedy Kine. 375
Nor

Nor so hurts Winter, bound in hoary frost,
 Nor Summer's heats, fierce o'er the parching rocks,
 As hurt those Cattle, and their venom'd tooth,
 And the indented stock's deforming scar.

This crime t' attone on thy each altar bled, 380
 Bacchus! the Goat: th' old Comic tript the stage:
 Athens held forth to all her Wits around
 Her prizes: Youths amid the jovial bowls
 Danc'd o'er the oily bladders on the grafs.
 So too th' Ausonians, sprung from ancient Troy, 385
 Sport in rude laughter, and unpolish'd verse:
 Made of the bark their horrid vizor wear:
 Invoke thee, Bacchus! in a joyful Choir;
 High on the pine thy sacred Image hang.
 Hence every vineyard's mellow Plenty teems: 390
 Swell the scoop'd valleys, and the forest huge,
 And where'er turns the God's gay face around.
 Then we'll to Bacchus! chaunt his honours due,
 As sang our Fathers; cakes and chargers bring;
 Lead to the altar by the horn his goat, 395
 And his plump entrails roast on halle-spits.

One other labour crave the tended vines
 Infatiate. For the whole foil every year
 Must thrice be wrought or ofter, still your glebe
 Be turn'd and broke; and all th' encumber'd grove 400
 Reliev'd

Reliev'd. The peasant's circling Toils return;
And its own circuit tracing rolls the Year.
When late in autumn Vines resign their leaves,
Their glory Woods to Boreas' shatt'ring frost,
Early his cares reach thro' th' ensuing year. 405
Strait he, resum'g Saturn's crooked tooth,
Lops the vine's remnant, pruning into form.

Be first in trenching; first in burning boughs
Superfluous; first in carrying home the poles;
In vintage, last. Twice shades invade the vines: 410
Twice with thick rubbish weeds o'erlay their growth:
Hard labour both. Extol a vast domain:
Till thou a small one. Twigs of forest-broom
Now to be cut, and reed on river-banks.
E'en the rough willow shall employ your care. 415
Now bound the vines: from steel now rest the shoots.
O'er th' utmost files, now done, the dresser sings.
Still teaze he yet the earth, and stir the dust,
And fear Jove's moisture on his mellowing fruits.

But th' Olives no such cultivation crave: 420
Nor dread the grappling harrow, or crooked knife,
If once they clasp the glebe, and like the air.
Earth yields immediate to the delving spade
Rich moisture, and ere harrow'd swells the fruits.
Raise then the rich and peaceful olive-plant 425
Soon

Soon too as Apples feel the mighty stock,
And their own vigorous organs; strait to heaven
Spontaneous climb they, waiting not our aid.

Nor less the affluence teems us every grove;
And berries blush in the wild haunts of birds, 430
We crop the Hather. Woods our Torches yield,
Fuel for evening-fires, and burning lamps.
Why doubt then these to sow; or grudge our cares?
Why sing these greater? Sallows and low Broom,
Rich browse for cattle, or to shepherd shades, 435
Or fence for corn, or food for honey yield,
How fair Cytorus' ever-waving box!
Narycia's piny groves! How the rich fields
Nor to man's rake indebted, nor his care!
E'en Caucasus! thy barren forests high, 440
Where shatt'ring still the Eastern whirlwinds rage,
Teem various; Pine's firm timber fit for ships,
Cedar for houses, and the Cypress tall.
Thence get they spokes for wheels; thence for the wain
A cover; thence the rafter's convex keel. 445
With twigs abound the Sallows, leaves the Elm,
Myrtle makes halberts, Corneil other arms.
The flexile Yew bends to the Parthian bow.
Smooth Linden, and the easy turning Box,
Accept a form, and wield the sharpen'd steel. 450

Light

Light Alder swims the Po's impetuous tide,
Down to the main. And Bees their tender swarms
Hide in the faded oak's scoop't bark or bole.
Rare blessings these: nor less than Bacchus gives.
Bacchus gave rise to crime. His fatal rage 455
Ruin'd the Centaurs, Rhætus, Pholus Chiefs,
And whose huge goblet dared the Lapithæ.

You Swains! How happy, did you know your blifs!
Freely to whom, and far from War's Alarms,
Earth's equal Lap an easy Plenty pours. 460
Tho' not your Mansion's lofty Portals wide
Belch out each morn in shoals a suppliant train;
Nor gape you for gilt Pillars, Tortoise-Domes,
Vests of affected Gold, Corinthian Brass;
Nor tarnish your white wool the Syrian dies; 465
Nor Casia adulterate your sweet flowing oil:
Yours Peace Secure; the Life unknowing Guile;
Full Affluence various: Yours calm spacious Walks,
Grottos and rolling Lakes: Yours lowing Meads,
Tempe's cool Airs, and in sweet whispering Bowers
Fancy's gay Slumbers. Woods and savage dens 471
Lure too your hardy Youth of homely fare.
Your Altars pure: Sires holy: still with you,
Justice ascended vaunts her recent steps.

O ever-dearest to my soul, ye Nine! 475
Whose

Whose sacred Honours I devoted bear !

Admitting shew me Heaven's ways and stars :

How vary Sol's Eclipses, Lunar Toils ; (menſe,

Whence Earthquakes ; what Power lifts the ſeas im-

And, broke the bars, back to their channel awes ;

Why Winter-Suns ſo haſten to the Deep 481

Diving, or what retards the ling'ring Nights.

Or yon if Nature far above may ken,

Nor my chill veins can catch th' etherial Fire: 484

Hail ! Rivers ! Woods ! Vales ! Meadows ! Pregnant

And your ſoft Peace inglorious. Hail ye Plains ! (Rills !

Sporcheus ! and where danc'd Bacchus' ſacred train,

Taygete ! And Hæmus ! thy cool fanning Vale,

Thy ſtately vault's imbowering fragrant ſhade.

Bleſt he ! whoſe ſoul exploring Nature's laws, 490

Treads on all Fear ; treads on relentless Fate,

And on thy Roar, inſatiate Acheron !

Bleſt alſo he ! who loves the rural Gods,

Pan, and ſage Sylvan, and the Siſter-Nymphs. 494

Him nor King's Scepter moves, nor people's Rod,

Nor the curſt Feuds, diſſolving Brother's love,

Nor the confederate Danube's fierce deſcent,

Rome's Fate, or falling Empires. His calm breaſt

No wretched Pity rends, nor Envy ſtings. 499

What yield his Orchards and ſpontaneous Glebe,

He

He reaps enjoying far from brazen Laws,
State-Revenues, and mad Election-Broils.
Some the blind Shallows tempt, or rush on steel,
Or wind 'em into Courts and Cabinets.

This plunders Cities, rifles household Gods, 505
To sleep in Tyrian Purple, quaff in Gems.
That piles up Wealth, broods o'er his buried Gold:
This fluns the thund'ring Bar: that swallows Fame's
Thick echoes, o'er the Great and Vulgar Crowds
Riding. And others, 'smear'd with brother's blood,
Renounce in Exile their sweet native home, 511
And seek their Country 'neath another Sun.

The Swain his fallows turns: here toils the year:
Hence he sustains his Country; hence his House;
Hence too his Herds, and well-deserving Steers.

Still the prolific Year or teems with Fruits, 516
Increase of Kine, or sheaves of Ceres' Grain
Surcharging erst his furrows, now his barns.

Winter his Sician Olives calls to press.

Maft swells his swine returning. Woods yield shrubs;
Autumn its various fruits; and high around 521

The mellow Vintage decks the sunny rocks.

Round his fond kisses how his children hang!

Chaste Pallas guards his Dwelling. Milk-swoln Kine
Proffer their teats. In their rich pasture frisk, 525
And

And fierce encount'ring push his vigorous Kids.
Himself regaling spreads along the grass,
Where round the fire they crown the jovial Bowl,
And pouring calls on Bacchus; then his Swains
Matches for flinging at the lofty Elm, 530
Or oils for wrestling their big muscles bare.

Such life of yore the ancient Sabins led:
Such our Twin Founders. Hence rose brave Etruria.
Hence, thou the glory of the Earth, dread Rome!
Whose single wall encircles seven Towers. 535
Ere the Dictæan Jove his scepter sway'd,
Ere impious Mortals gorg'd on Oxen slain;
These golden pleasures Earth to Saturn gave:
Nor war's Alarms struck yet the Pannic Dread,
Nor stunning Anvil form'd the deadly Spear. 540

But now so vast a course my rapid Car
Has measur'd; time t' unbit the smoking Steeds.

The

Th^{ee} too I sing, great Pales! thy fam'd Swain,
Amphryfus! you Lycæan Groves and Streams!
What other themes won Fancy's playful muse,
Already eterniz'd. Who Eurystheus' snares
Knows not? and thy no hospitable shrines, 5
Busiris! Delos, and young Hyla lost:
Hippod'me, and Pelops' iv'ry shoulder fam'd
And laurel'd chariot? How too now may I
Spurn Earth, and conqueror wing the realms of
I first will to my country, life prolong'd, (Fame?
Returning lead from Helicon the Nine: 11
First bring thee, Mantua! th' Idumæan Palms,
And on my mead a marble Temple raise,
Near where, vast Mincius! thy flow windings roll,
And fringe thy banks with rushes ever-green: 15
Will in the center place my Cæsar's shrine:
Sacred to him, and in Tyre's purple clad,
Triumphant drive on shore my hundred cars.
All Greece shall leave their Alpheus and Nemæa,
Vie on my course, my massy gauntlet wield; 20
And I myself, veil'd with the olive crown,
Bring off'rings. See! how moves the solemn Pomp
Slow to the Temple! bleed the Victims slain!
How change the Scenes! The purple Tapestry high,
See! th' inwrought Britons how uplifting bear! 25

See on my Gates in solid iv'ry and gold
 The Ganges' fight, Quirinus' conquering arms!
 How rolls oppress'd with war the groaning Nile!
 Pillars of naval brags insult his shore!
 Niphates routed! Asia's towns subdued! 30
 The flying Parthian's level'd backward dart!
 Two Trophies snatch't each from a diff'rent foe,
 And o'er two nations' Shores two Triumphs driven.
 In Parian marble see the Statues breathe!
 Aſſarcus' race! The lineal Names from Jove! 35
 Sire Tros! and Cinthus' God thy founder, Troy!
 See Envy shivering at Cocytus' brink,
 The Furies' lash, Ixion's twisted snakes,
 The Wheel stupendous, and still tumbling Rock.
 Haunt we the Dryads mean while, theme unſung,
 Mæcene! and thy no eaſy task enjoin'd. 41
 Thy needful Preſence aid my aspiring thought!
 Break me theſe dull delays. Hark! Bæotias herds,
 Taygetus' dogs, Epidaurus' ſcampering ſteeds,
 And ſhouts rebellowing thro' the echoing groves.
 Soon girt to ſing yet Cæſar's flaming wars, 46
 I'll bear his name down thro' as many years,
 As from his firſt fire Titan Cæſar's birth.

Or if ambitious of th' Olympic Palm
 Steeds you wou'd breed, or the plow's able Steers:
Chief

III GEORGIC.

83

Chief in your Dam be curious. Best the Form 51
Of surly cow with clumsy head, prodigious neck,
And swagging dewlaps from her chin to knee,
Sides of unbounded length, limbs all immense,
Large foot, and shaggy ears with crooked horns. 55
Nor she the worse, if mark't with spots of white,
Or to the yoke rebellious: rough her horn:
Of a bull-face, and all o'er lofty mien:
Of stately gait: her tail a sweeping train.

The Age for Hymen's joys, Lucina's pains, 60
Commencing at the fourth, ends with the tenth:
Ne'er else for breeding able, nor the plow.
Herds now exulting in their youthful blood,
Loose the Males. Now indulge their genial Loves.
Successive breeding still supply your stock. 65
The best of life unhappy mortals vaunt,
Fled with the prime brings on disease, sad age,
Fatigue and cruel death's relentless force.
Still some you'll have of faulty shape, then still
Repair; and ere too late, preventing loss, 70
Lot yearly for the herd a chosen breed.

Like judgment also shew in breeding Steeds.
Those you select in hopes of future breed,
Early employ they your laborious care.
Strait shews himself the Colt of gen'rous Blood: 75

Walks upright and majestic, stepping light ;
 Still foremost on the road ; intrepid tempts
 The mighty floods, and trusts the unknown bridge ;
 Dauntless at empty noises ; lofty neck't ;
 Small headed ; barrel bellied ; broadly back't ; 80
 Luxuriant muscles grace his big swol'n breast ;
 Best colour gray or dapple : worst the white
 And dun. He if alarms be heard afar,
 Still prancing pricks his ears ; trembles each limb ;
 Long holds, collects, then snorts his rolling fires :
 Thick waving mane on his right shoulder plays ; 86
 Back moves with double spine ; and solid hoof
 Scoops at each stroke the clattering echoing earth.
 Such courser, Pollux ! erst thy reins subdued,
 Cyllarus ; and who as sung the Grecian Bards, 90
 Drew Mars ! thy car ; and great Achilles ! thine.
 So spread his horse-like mane along his neck
 Swift Saturn's self, when at his Queen's approach
 Transform'd he neigh'd thro' Pelion's echoing rocks.
 If Sick, or if oppress'd with Years he fail ; 95
 Keep in the house, and spare his honour'd age :
 A cold Embrace the Sire, and labour vain
 Tedious protracts ; and if led on to War,
 Weak as the stubble's furious transient blaze,
 Rages ridiculous. Mark then chief their Age 100
 And

And Spirit; then their Line and other gifts :
Conquering, how list they; vanquish't, hang the
See the fierce Combat ore th' Olympic plain! (head.
Starting how rapid bowl the headlong cars!
Hope lifts th' exulting heroes: now chill fear 105
Sinks their heart throbbing: thick they ply the lash:
Stooping let fly the kindled axle's force:
Now skim the surface: springing now aloft,
Whirl thro' the æther, and insult the breeze.
Speed unremitted! Clouds of yellow sand 110
These spurn; and those breathe on 'em fire and
Praise so inflaming; so th' Olympic Palm. (foam:
First bold Ericthon join'd the Car and four,
And rode victorious o'er the rapid wheels.
And first the Lapithæ the bitted Steed 115
Rode guiding; and in complete armour train'd.
Ambling to bound, and rearing stately paw,

Equal each Labour: and alike requires
One who yet blooms with mettle, swiftness, strength:
Tho' others oft have trampled fleeing foes: 120
Vaunt great Mycene their country or Epire,
Or an unbroken Line from Neptune's Steed.

These things remembring, now the season near,
Careful distend his chine with solid fat, 124
Whom for your herds and flocks you chuse the Sire.

Herbs in their prime provide him, plenteous streams,
 And corn. Nor let him fail the labour sweet :
 Nor his weak sons betray their meager fire ;
 Yet to Lean Habit bring the Female Kind.
 Now the wish't rapture urges love's embrace, 130
 Deny 'em flowery fodder ; keep from springs ;
 Oft shake with running ; harrafs in the sun ;
 While groan your floors with the fierce beaten grain,
 And chaff flies hov'ring in the rising wind :
 Left luxury's excess the organs blunt 135
 Of genial foil, and the dull furrows close.
 Draw she athirst the joy, and deep imbibe.

Enough of Sires. The Dams now claim your care,
 Their months completed, when they wander big,
 No longer let 'em draw the heavy wain : 140
 Nor leap the hollow way : nor lumb'ring run
 Fast o'er the meads, nor swim the rapid stream.
 Be lonely groves their pasture ; near a brook
 Still running, mossy banks and greenest grafs :
 Where caves may shelter, rocks project a shade. 145
 Round green Alburnus' oaks and Selo's groves
 Flies a vast body, call'd in Rome, Afinus,
 OEstron in Greece, harsh and of dreadful whiz,
 Forth as they issue, frightened from the groves
 Fly all the herds, re-echo'd lowings rage 150
 Wide

Wide thro' the air, woods, dry Tanagra's banks,
Erst in this monster play'd her horrid rage
Pestiferous Juno on th' Inachian cow.
This, fiercer swarming in the noontide heat,
Drive from thy pregnant cattle, feed thy herds 155
At sun-rise, or while stars lead on the night.

When teem'd, thy care be to the Young transfer'd.
Strait stamp their lineage with the branding fire.
Mark which you'll rear to raise another breed:
Which consecrate to altars; which to Earth, 160
To turn its rugged soil, and break the clods,
The rest let grazing play in verdant meads.
These for the rural Art and Practice form'd,
Now young instruct, give reg'lar discipline:
While easy yet their temper, yet unfix't; 165
Tie round the neck at first of fallows made
Slack collars: their free spirit then enur'd,
That thralldom brooking; join so collar'd, pair,
And now compel the steers to march abreast,
Oft draw unburden'd wheels along the ground, 170
And on its surface light imprint their steps;
Then strain their beechen axle sore oppress'd
Screaming, and drag the wheels with brazen beams.
While yet their youth unbroke, give not mere grass,
Or the sweet willow leaves, or marshy weeds 175

Pluck ripe ears standing: nor, as wont our fires,
Rob with your brimful pails the mother's milk,
But her whole udder give her offspring dear.

But War affect you more and martial troops;
Or near Alphæus' stream to guide the wheels, 180
And in Jove's grove to drive the flying car:
First teach your steed to see the warriour's arms
And courage; bear the trumpet, rumbling car;
Hear whips and bridles rattling in the stalls;
Joy daily more in his groom's bland applause; 185
And love to hear him clap his sounding neck.
Thus while you first shall wean him from the dam,
Emboldening, oft put on a snaffle soft,
His age yet tender fearful raw and weak.
But three Springs past, now enter'd on his fourth,
Learn he to wheel, to prance in measur'd steps, 191
And wind with easy legs alternate airs,
Curb'd and impatient; then the flying winds
Dare to the race, unconscious of the reins,
Nor print a footstep on the level sand, 195
As from the north if Borea's Squadrons rise,
Scattering the Scythian storms and lofty clouds;
Then the high corn and floating fields around
Wave gentle breezes, loud the forests shake,
And mountain-billows rolling lash the shore; 200
While

While skims his equal wing o'er sea and land :
So he or on the course will sweating spring
The ample range, wide scatt'ring bloody foam ;
Or draw with patient neck, the Belgic Car. 504
Now tamed at length, be bounteous, and indulge
His broad sides strength'ning. For if earlier fed,
His lofty spirit uncontroul'd wou'd spurn
The hand, the sounding lash, and galling bit.
But no art more augments the native strength,
Than to avert Love's stimulating Rage : 210
Whether the steer or courser be your taste.
Then drive your bulls to distant lonely fields,
Some mountain intervening and broad streams,
Or close confine 'em in your plenteous stalls.
Else stealing on their veins the Heifer's Form 215
Consumes 'em ; heedless of their grassy meads.
Oft with her blandishments two Rivals fired,
Clash their unconquer'd horns in mortal fight.
While the fair Heifer crops the darksome grove,
They look enamour'd ; mix their force in war ; 220
All bath'd in floods of gore, from many a wound ;
Both firm resisting, deeper plunge their horns,
Rebellowing thro' the woods and concave skies,
Nor, once if fight they, more together graze. 224
The Vanquish't seeks some distant unknown coast:
Here

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Here

Here exil'd groans his shame, his gaping wounds,
 His conqueror's pride, his lost love unreveng'd :
 Long eyes the falls and leaves his ancient realms.
 His vigour anxious then repairs ; and lies
 Rolling all night among the craggy rocks, 230
 On the rough rushes feeds, and prickly leaves :
 His strength then trying, plays his stubborn horns
 Fierce on the trunks, the winds, and cloudy sands :
 Prelusive works his kindling rage to war :
 His strength and forces all collects, decamps, 235
 And headlong falls on the unexpected foe.
 So rising in mid ocean foams a wave :
 Swells from the deep, long winding : rolls afar
 Tow' rds land, fierce roaring thro' the rocks, nor less
 Than mountain falling ; whence deep waters boil
 Eddying, and hurl aloft the fable sands. 241

So every kind on Earth of men and beasts,
 Fishes and cattle, and the painted birds,
 Love's rage alike inflaming whirls away.
 Ne'er else more furious, mindless of her whelps, 245
 The Lions roams the fields ; nor shapeless Bear
 Spreads thro' the woods such deaths and havock wide :
 Then fell the Boar ! How then the Tiger tears !
 Wo ! if you then range Libya's lonely plains ! 249
 What tremours seize all o'er the Stallion's frame ;

If

If ere his nostrils the known odours catch !
 No longer minds he reins, nor cruel lash :
 Nor rocks retard him, caverns, nor the floods
 Snatching and rolling mountains in their tides.
 Headlong the Boar too raging, whets his teeth: 255
 Stamps th' earth, uptears, rubs on each tree his sides
 And shoulders, this way and that, enured to wounds,
 The Youth, whose veins thy mighty fires, fell Love!
 Pervade distending, in the midnight pitch 259
 Swims the tormented friths, 'neath beating storms,
 Heaven's thunders, and the billows broke on rocks
 Thick roaring: nor can Parents' tears restrain ;
 Nor the Fair's self, doom'd to his hapless fate.
 How Bacchus' spotted Lynx's, savage Wolves,
 And Mastiffs fight ! How e'en the fearful Stags ! 265
 But chiefly Mares the frantic passion shew,
 By Venus' self implanted ; when his limbs
 Glaucus' fair Coursers tore with madding jaws.
 They, beyond Garg'ra and Ascanius' flood, 269
 Fly on Love's wing o'er mountains; swim the streams,
 Soon as the flame shoots thro' their greedy veins,
 Chief in the spring, that genial season ! they
 Facing the west stand all on lofty cliffs,
 Catch the soft zephyrs, and appearance strange !
 Oft without love conceiving by the wind, 275
 Thro'

Thro' rocks, and hills, and lowly valleys fly :
 Not tow' rds the Eastern Chambers, nor Sol's Dawn,
 To North, Nor-West, or whence the dusky South
 Spreads cooling showers o'er all the darken'd sky.
 Hence the Hippomanes, well known to swains : 280
 That viscid slime distilling from their groins :
 Which the unnatural stepdames culling oft,
 Mingle with herbs, and no innoxious charms.
 But Time now wings th' irrevocable flight,
 While too far ranges my enchanted Muse. 285

Enough of Herds. Now comes our other care,
 To tend the woolly Flocks, and shaggy Goats :
 Toil not inglorious to the valiant swain ;
 Nor my task small, to raise a humble theme,
 Victorious adding grand and graceful airs. 290
 But snatch't thro' sweet Parnassus' arduous wilds,
 My enamour'd Soul haunts, where no former track
 Leads gently downward to Castalia's spring.

Come mighty Pales ! Lend thy solemn trump.
 Silence ! First give your Sheep in fostering sheds 295
 Mown grafs, till erelong summer-leaves return ;
 And many a handful prest of straw and fern
 Spread on the ground, to save from piercing frost
 The tender cattle, scab and shameful gout. 299

My next command, provide you for the Goats

Sweet

Sweet leafy shrubs, and ever-running streams :
 Turn from the bleaker winds their winter sheds,
 Facing the midday, when Aquarius' fall
 Frosty and wet brings Year's concluding scene.
 These also worthy our still watchful care : 305
 Nor less in value : tho' Milesian fleece
 Sell high imbibing the gay Tyrian dyes.
 Hence a fast increase : plenty hence of milk :
 The more their udder fills the frothing pail, 309
 From the squeez'd teat still gush more plenteous
 Nor less in value your gray bearded chins, (streams :
 Cinipian Goats ! and your long flowing shag,
 Our tents who cover, shivering seamen clothe.
 These graze on the Licæus' summit wild,
 Rough brambles, and the hill-affecting shrubs : 315
 Thence home unfetch't returning, bring their young,
 And o'er the threshold heave their big swollen dugs.
 Then screen 'em well from ice and snowy winds ;
 Since they so heedless roam of mortal wants :
 Food and rich fodder spread with chearful hand ;
 Nor, during winter, grudge the hoarded hay. 321
 When breezes soft call forth the smiling spring,
 Lead to the woods, and pastures both your flocks
 By rising Luc'fer ; taste the rural scenes,
 The fresh and early morn, the hoary lawns, 325
 And

And dewy fragrance of the tender herbs.
 Thence, when high riding Sol collects his fires,
 And shrill cicadas murmur thro' the shrubs :
 Send to the wells your flocks, or deep sunk ponds,
 In oaken troughs to drink the running streams.
 In midday's Heat, explore some shady vale ; 331
 Or where Jove's sacred oak his ancient head
 Uprears huge branching, or the ilex-grove
 Reclining spreads a fable solemn shade.
 Then to the springs again and pastures lead ; 335
 When yields the sultry Sol to Vesper mild ;
 When chearing smiles on woods the dewy Moon ;
 Shores echo to the Halcyon, Shrubs the Finch.

Why sing you Libya's shepherds ? Why her plains ?
 Her dwellings, what thin cover'd roving huts. 340
 Oft day and night, and whole continual months,
 Straying they graze their flocks thro' deserts vast,
 And boundless plains unshelter'd ; with themselves
 Their all transporting, house and household Gods,
 Arms, Amyclæan Dog, and Cretan shafts. 345
 So the fierce Roman in his native arms,
 'Neath a vast burden marching, meets his foe,
 And unawares encamping vests him round.

Not so where Scythia reigns, Mæotis rolls,
 The troubled Danube whirls his yellow sands, 350
 And

And Rhod'pe wheels advancing tow' rds the Pole :
 There careful stall they herds and flocks : for there
 Nor grafs their fields, nor leaves their trees adorn :
 But hid in snowy drifts sev'n cubits high
 And in deep ice Earth's formless surface lies. 355
 Winter still reigns ; still blow the Northern frosts.
 Nor Sol ere dissipates the dusky shades,
 When or his Car wings the Meridian Heights,
 Or headlong dives the flaming Ocean-Plain.
 Sudden the rivers froze to solid flakes, 360
 Bear on their back revolving iron-wheels ;
 Erst speeding stately ships, now loaded wains.
 Brags flies to splinters : garments on the back
 Freeze stiff'ning : axes hew the fluid wines :
 The lakes entire turn to a solid ice ; 365
 And icicles hang horrid from their beards.
 The ceaseless snows still darken heav'n's concave.
 The cattle perish. Stands involv'd in frosts
 The oxen's bulk : and crowded stags benumb'd,
 Opprest, and buried, scarce their horns appear. 370
 These neither the sagacious hounds alarm,
 Nor toils enthrall, or crimson feathers dart.
 But while their breasts vain struggling push the hills,
 Braying distress ; their cold Sword stabs to death :
 Unpitying they huzza, and bear the spoil. 375
 Them-

Themselves secure in subterraneous caves
 Regaling, their high piles of oak and elm
 Drag to the hearth, and feed the greedy flame:
 Here sport the night away, and jovial vaunt
 Their ale and cyder match the best of wines. 380
 Such the wild nations 'neath the northern stars,
 And scourging rigours of Riphæan blasts:
 Veiling their bodies in the tawny furs.

For wool if anxious, far be prickly brakes,
 Burs too and thistles: yet rich pastures shun, 385
 And cull a flock of soft and snowy fleece:
 The Ram rejecting; who, tho' fair himself,
 Shews 'neath his palate e'en a blackish tongue.
 Lest his discolour'd offspring taint the fleece;
 Chuse thou a fitter leader from the stock. 390
 Caught with his snowy wool, if true the tale,
 Pan, the Arcadian God, deceiv'd the Moon,
 Call'd to his grove; nor she disdain'd heard.

But Milk affecting, fill with plenteous lote,
 Salt herbs and cytissus, their fragrant stalls. 395
 Thirst thus provok'd; their dugs still more distend,
 Refunding in the milk the savoury herbs.
 Just yean'd, the kids some sev'ring from the dam,
 Bind iron muzzles on their tender mouths.
 What in the morn they milk, and all the day, 400

By

By night they press: what th' eve, and thro' the
Early to town the shepherd's basket brings; (night,
Or lightly salted, keeps for winter-store.

Nor be of Dogs least mindful: but at once
The flying Spartan kind, and brave Molosse 405
Feed with rich whey. So shall thy guarded stalls
Not fear the nightly thief, or ranging wolf,
Or plund'ring mountaineers yet unsubdued.
Oft shall the fearful wild-afs tempt thy chase:
Thy hounds sagacious hunt the hare and hind:
Oft in its thicket rouse the boar, and drive 411
With full cries hideous: and with loud huzzaes
Forced from the hills ensnare the lofty stags.

With smoking cedar too perfume thy stalls,
And gummy scent expel the direful Snake. 415
In stalls unchang'd, the Viper's deadly touch
Oft lurks recoiling from the light of heaven.
Or the Snake climbing oft the shady roofs,
Huge Pest! to spit on cattle and on herds,
Lies in the earth. Up! Shepherd! stones and clubs!
How rear his terrours, swol'n his hissing neck! 421
Fell him! Now he abash't hides deep his head;
His body's folds and tail's remoter train
Relax, and leave behind slow fainting spires.

See the Calabrian deadly forest-snake, 425

G

His

His twisted scaly back, uplifted breast,
 Long speckled belly with its mighty spots :
 How while from fountains the sweet rivers flow,
 And the spring's southern showers bedew the earth;
 Lurking beside the lake, his direful maw 430
 Infatiate gorges fish and croaking frogs :
 But dry the lakes, and chapt the chinky earth,
 Darts on the plains, his flaming eye-balls rolls,
 And rages baleful, choak't with racking heats.
 Then let no slumber seize my unshelter'd head ; 435
 Nor let me lie imbower'd along the grafs :
 When his cast skin renewing youthful glaze,
 He leaving or his eggs, or nest of young,
 Rears at the sun, and darts his forky tongue. 439

Diseases now, their Cause, and Symptoms learn.
 Then the scab seizes sheep, when shivering rains
 Pierce to the quick, and winter's hoary frost
 Stiffens ; or after shearing, sticks unwash't
 The filthy sweat, or briers wound their frame.
 Bathe then your flock in the delicious brook. 445
 Drenching his fleece plunge in th' unfathom'd gulf
 Your Ram, and swim him down the rapid stream.
 When shorn, rub on 'em bitter lees of oil,
 With litharge, and the living sulphur mix't,
 Idæan pitch, sea onion, ointment, wax, 450

Rank

Rank hellebore, and black bitumen's slime.
 Nor for these ills a more auspicious cure,
 Than if your Launcet ope the ulcer's mouth.
 Still feeding lives the malady conceal'd;
 While you reluctant hold your tender hand, 455
 Or suppliant loll, Kind Heaven! Avert the plague!
 When raging pains now thro' their marrow shoot,
 And the dry fever eats their shrivel'd limbs:
 Well, if your launcet let the boiling fires,
 And the sole's throbbing vein gush streams of blood:
 As the Bifalts and fierce Geloni wont, 461
 When they to Rhodope and Geta's wilds
 Fly, and drink curdled milk with horse's blood.

If a Sheep straggle, or affect the shade,
 Mark him; or listless crop the topmost blades, 465
 Or lag behind, or lie in th' open plain
 Grazing, or late at night retire alone;
 Guilty the villain, kill him: nor let spread
 Direful contagion thro' the heedless crowd.

Nor Blasts so frequent in a whirlwind rage, 470
 As Plagues in cattle: nor yet single Lives
 Snatching, but sudden all the Summer's Pride,
 Flocks, and their hopes, with the whole ancient stock.
 Thus if you know the heaven-aspiring Alps,
 Noric hills, and castles, and Friulis plains: 475

See how to this day waste the rural realms!
 How desolated far and wide the groves!
 Here erst the tainted air's dire tempest rose,
 Kindled to glowing rage, by autumn's fires:
 Spread death thro' every forest, every flock: 480
 Foul'd the broad lakes, and poison'd pastures wide.
 Nor the death one: but when thro' all the veins,
 Thirst's raging fire had cramp't their tortur'd limbs:
 Again foul humours flow'd; and all the bones
 Exhausting, into their corruption drew. 485
 Standing at th' altar oft the Victim deck't
 With snowy fillets and the holy bands,
 Fell dead before the Gods, and ling'ring Priest;
 Or if, ere this, slain by the sacred ax,
 His entrails burn not on the altar laid, 490
 Nor can the Seer consulted shew the Fates:
 Scarce the blood stains the knives beneath infix't,
 Or meager gore imbrowns the sandy floor.
 Here many a Calf dies on the verdant grass,
 Or yield their spirits at the plenteous stalls. 495
 There fawning Dogs turn raving: sick the Swine
 Shake with deep coughs, and swelling strangled
 Now mindless of his food and glorious arts, (throat.
 Droops the poor Courser; loathes the fountains; paws
 Incessant; hanging bathes his ears in sweat, 500

Languid

Languid and chill, death's presage! and his hide,
All parch't and harden'd, yields not to the touch.
These the prime symptoms of approaching fate,
But as the spreading pest augments its rage:
See his eyes flaming! His deep heaving breath! 505
How struggling, oft his long drawn sighs and groans
Stretch his deep flank! Gore from his nostrils flows:
Jaws lock't: and close adheres his callous tongue.
Pour'd thro' a horn, rich wines at first avail'd:
And, they just dying, seem'd the only cure: 510
But soon prov'd fatal. Their recruited rage
Flam'd; and themselves, in the last pangs of death,
(Gods! Turn from me such frenzy on my foe!)
Their own limbs mangling tore with rav'nous teeth.
Lo! The bull smoking 'neath the galling yoke, 515
Falls, and around him throws mixt foam and blood,
Raising Death-groans: with pensive gait the hind
Unyokes the Brother-Steer disconsolate,
And in his work unfinish't leaves the plow. 519
No high-arch'd vaulted groves, nor downy meads,
Can soothe his soul, nor streams that thro' the rocks
Roll clear as amber winding: lank his sides:
Dull sadness dims his eyes: oppress'd and slow,
And, weak as water, droops his neck to earth.
Ah! What avail his generous labours? What 525

The fallow'd glebe he wrought? Yet nor thy wines
Debauch'd him Bacchus! nor the rich repast:
His diet only leaves and simple herbs:
His cups clear fountains, and the running streams:
Nor envious care his healthful slumbers broke. 530

Then in those regions, say they, was the Time,
When Juno's sacred heifers fail'd her car,
And th' illpair'd buff'loes drew her to the shrine.
Swains toil'd to scratch a furrow with the rake;
Hid with their hands the grain; and o'er the hills
With swol'n neck straining drag'd the rattling wain.
No more the wily wolf roams round the fold, 537
Nor flocks by night; for fiercer cares himself
Involve now; fearful does and flying flags,
Now with the hounds, stray round the peopled walls,
Now th' ocean-offspring, and each finny race, 541
Roll, like the shipwreck't corse, on the shore.
Alarm'd the Phocæ seek th' unwonted streams.
Th' illshelter'd snake dies in his winding bed,
Dies the stun'd Hydra with high staring scales. 545
The birds too wailing the inclement sky,
Headlong their souls leave in th' etherial heights.
Nor change of pasture longer now avails,
Nor arts medicinal. Great Melampus' sons, 549
And Chiron's, curse their cros and baneful drugs.

Up

Up from dark Styx, now raging into Day,
Drives pale Tisiphone plagues and horrors forth,
And shews still higher her infatiate head:
While to the bleating flocks, and lowing herds,
Echo the streams, the sands, and sloping hills. 555
Lo now her slaughter'd troops, her corsees piled,
E'en in the stalls dissolve in filthy gore:
Till or with ashes strew'd, or deep inter'd.
Useless the hides then: nor cou'd waters cleanse,
Or flames victorious purge, the tainted flesh. 560
Nor the distemper'd filthy canker'd fleece
Cou'd they then sheer, or touch the poison'd web;
Or whoe'er dared put on such fatal vest;
Red blisters, and uncleanly sweat, deform'd
Their noisome body: and with rapid rage 565
The sacred Fire contagious ate their limbs.

Now the aerial Honey's heavenly gifts
 Pursuing; still, Mæcenas! aid my Muse.
 Her theme, tho' humble, claims your curious view:
 The mighty heroes, people's various ranks,
 Their manners, numbers, arts and famous wars. 5
 Low task! Yet not inglorious, if no powers
 Unlucky hindring, Phœbus hear my call.

First for your Bees a House well situate find,
 Shelter'd from Winds, (else bringing home their stores,
 Winds wou'd embarrass;) nor let Sheep, or Kids,
 Dance on the flowers, or Heifer roving wide 11
 Shake off the dews, and crush the springing herbs.
 Far be the painted Lizards, scaly back't,
 From their rich mansions, Merops, other birds,
 And Progne's bosom stain'd with bloody hands. 15
 Lest these, wide plundering, snatch the dancing bees,
 And bear the dainty to th' un pitying nests.
 But let clear Fountains, Lakes with verdant moss,
 And Rivulets winding thro' the grass, abound;
 Palm, and wild olive, shading o'er their seat. 20
 So when their swarms first lead th' anointed Kings,
 And dear Spring calls the playful youth abroad:
 The neighbouring bank may tender cool retreats,
 And the trees' grateful fragrance check their flight.
 Forth on your still, or running waters, throw 25

Sallows

Sallows acrofs, and huge emerging ftones.
So on thick bridges they may ftanding bask
In radiant Sol: fhould ftorms their tardy wings
Or wet, or headlong in the ocean plunge. 29

Here let green Cafia, Thyme's fweet odours wide,
Strongfcented Savoury plenteous breathe around,
And beds of Violet drink regaling rills.

But whether fram'd your Hive of hollow bark,
Or of fmall ofiers intertwining wove:
Strait be its Entrance: elfe diffolving heat 35
Wou'd melt your honey, winter-froft congeal:
Fatal alike to Bees; nor they in vain
Anxious befmeare their cranny walls with wax,
And fill th' interftices with paint from flowers:
For this ufe keeping their collected glue, 40
Tougher than birdlime, or Idæan Pitch.
Oft in dark caverns, fo tradition tells,
They building under ground lie deep conceal'd
In hollow rocks, and mofs-grown oaken trunks.
Yet with fmooth clay, fee thou their chinky beds 45
Daub round indulgent, fcattring o'er thin leaves.
Nor Yews be near 'em, nor the glowing Crabs
Burnt in the embers, nor deep dangerous Pools,
Offenfive Dung, hoarfe roaring concave Rocks,
Nor mimic Echo's foft returning founds. 50

When

When Sol has driven grim winter 'neath the globe,
Revealing heaven in summer's smiling light;
Then ramble they the forests and the woods:
Mow wide the purple flowers, and sip the streams,
Skimming the surface: then with fond delight 55
Cherish their nests and offspring; then devise
New waxen cells, and thick'ning honey work.
Then, soon as now thick bursting up the skies,
Thro' the warm æther swims the mighty troop,
A dark'ning cloud, obedient to the wind: 60
Mark how pure streams and leafy mansions still
Explore they! Spread thou there the bidden sweets,
Bruised baum, and honey-suckle's vulgar flower.
And ring the sacred Cymbal, tingling round.
Gladly they settle in the scented seats: 65
Gladly by instinct hide in th' inner rooms.

But if to Battle marching, for two Kings
Pretending oft occasion deadly feuds;
Strait may the Vulgar Spirits and wild hearts,
Beating to war, be known. For who delay, 70
Hear the shrill Martial Clangour's dread rebuke,
And General Voice, hoarse as the mighty trump.
Alarm'd they gather; play their brandish't wings:
Whet on their beak the jav'lins: fit their thighs:
Thick round the King and all the Gen'als mix: 75
And

And mighty clamours raising, dare the foe :
Now the clear Spring inviting to the plains,
All fally, encounter, thro' the æther raise
The Din of War, and form a body round :
Then headlong fall they, thick as clatt'ring hail,
Or showers of acorns from the shatter'd oak. 81
Heading their squadrons, they display their wings.
And their small bosoms swell with martial rage,
Desperate; nor yielding till the Conqueror dread
Compels, or these, or those, to shameful flight. 85
These fierce commotions, these so deadly feuds,
Dust if you scatter, will restore to peace.

Both champions from the field when now with-
Let not the worsted live, a wasteful drone : (drawn,
But the more worthy sole the scepter sway. 90
The one Race Royal glows with golden spots :
For two there are. This his majestic face
And radiant scales distinguish; th' other rough
Inglorious trails a broad and sluggish paunch.
As the Kings' twofold, so their People's Make : 95
For squalid some, and hateful as the foam
The dusty pilgrim choak'd spits on the ground.
Others resplendent glow a wavy gleam,
Speckled all o'er with even spots of gold.
This race the better; yields at season due 100
Sweet

Sweet honeys: yet not sweeter they than pure;
And mild, to temper Bacchus' harsher juice.

While the wild swarms fly playful thro' the air,
Their hives despising, and their mansions cool,
Check thou their giddy minds from idle play: 105
Easy the task, to clip the Monarch's wings.

While he at home: they will not march abroad,
Nor from the camp will dare the standard bear.
Let gardens lure them, breathing saffron sweets:
And kind Priapus, with his willow scythe, 110
Guard them, secure from the felonious birds.

Carrying thyself from forests Thyme and Pines,
Set round their dwelling; grudging not such cares.
Labour thyself unwearied. Fruitful plants
Fix in the earth, indulg'd with friendly rills. 115

Were not my labour near the closing scene;
Furling my sails, and turning tow'ards the shore;
Now might I sing, rich gardens how to plan,
And Pæstum's bed of doubly blooming rose:
How Endive joys insatiate in the streams; 120
How the green Parsley-beds: how winds thro' grass
The Cucumber's swol'n belly: how late blooms
The Daffodil: how bend Acanthus' stalks:
How pale the Ivy: dear to Myrtle shores.
For once beneath OEbalia's lofty towers, 125

Where

Where thro' rich pastures black Galefus flows,
An old Corycian saw I: small his glebe
Won from the waste, nor paid his labouring steers:
To flocks unfriendly, and the tender vines.
Its thin-strown Herbs yet while he culling set, 130
Sweet Poppies, Vervain and fair Lilies round:
Rich as a monarch liv'd; when late return'd,
He found his homely table's unbought feast.
His, th' earliest spring-rose, th' earliest autumn-fruits:
And while the winter-frost yet cleaves the rocks;
And ice arresting, chains the flowing streams, 136
He shears already Acanthus' filken leaves,
Chiding late summer's delatory breeze.
Hence he his pregnant bees and mighty swarms
Vaunts earliest, foaming honey and full combs:
His Limes how flourish, and his lofty Pines: 141
And every Bloom his bounteous tree adorns,
Fails not in Autumn of its Fruit mature.
He his late Elms transplanted into rows
The Pear-tree hard, Thorns early bearing Plumbs,
Planes early yielding Bacchus' Sons a Shade. 146
But my Muse straiten'd in so narrow course,
This theme unfinish't leaves to future bards.

What Genius Jove's own breath inspir'd the Bees,
Hear now unfolded; what his gracious meed, 150
When

When follow'd they the Dactyls' cymbals shrill,
 And in Crete's cave confest him King of heaven.
 They only have a common breed; a common town
 Inhabit, living under mighty laws:

Alone have country and fix't household gods: 155
 Mindful of winter in the summer work,

And what they earn, hoard in a common stock.
 Some cater wakeful; and by covenant fix't,
 Range wide the country: some within their folds,
 Narcissus' tears, and the bark's viscid glue, 160

Spread for the comb's foundation, hanging o'er
 Firm waxen vaults: some lead the nation's hope,
 Th' offspring adult, abroad: pure honey some
 Stowing, distend their cells with nectar-streams:

Some fix't by ballot, keep the city gates; 165
 Alternate watch the rains, and clouds of heaven;
 Unlade their friends returning; or unite,
 To drive away, that sluggish race, the drones.

Hot is the toil, while honeys scent the air.

As when the Cyclops frame of glowing mass 170
 Jove's thunders: some the bull-hide bellows work,
 Ceaseless respiring: some the brazen bars

Dip hissing: 'neath the anvil AEtna groans:

Exact their brawny arms alternate heave,

Beating the mass, as turn the griping tongs: 175

So

So might small things be with the great compar'd;
Instinct still urges Cecrops' frugal bees,
Each in its office. Th' Elders guard the town:
Strengthen the combs, and plan th' ingenious works:
While late returning drag the weary Youth 180
Their thighs, with thyme o'erladen; feed on shrubs,
Grey fallows, casia, and the gummy teil,
The blushing saffron, and dark hyacinth.

All rest together. All together toil.
Early they fall: still industrious roam: 185

Till Vesper calls to leave the plunder'd plains:
Then home return, and ease their tender frame:
Loud humming round the court and palace gates.
Now to their beds retiring, Silence reigns 189
All night, sweet slumbers cheer their weary limbs.
Nor rain impending, stray they from their seats
Too far; nor trust the air, if th' East-Wind lour:
But safe beneath their bulwarks water round:

Try short excursions, lift up pebbles oft;
As rafts do ballast in the tossing waves, 195
And nicely balanc'd skim th' etherial heights.

This chief in bees your admiration moves:
That they unknowing the Congenial Bed,
Waste not in love their strength, or pangs of birth.
But Mothers suck from leaves and fragrant herbs 200
Their

Their offspring: raise a king and people small,
 And still rebuild his waxen court and realms.
 Oft on hard rocks, they roaming tear their wings,
 And 'neath the load fast griping yield their souls.
 So dear their flowers, and praise of honey got. 205
 Theirs therefore tho' a narrow term of life,
 Seldom beyond the seventh summer's pride,
 Deathless the race and House Imperial stand,
 Thro' many an age, and grandfathers' grandfathers' names.
 Nor so their King serve Egypt, Lydia vast, 210
 Nor peopled Parthia, nor Hydaspes' shores.
 Their King if safe, one spirit reigns thro' all:
 He lost, they breaking faith, their fragrant stores
 Plunder, and ruin wide their wattled combs.
 He guards their dwellings: him they all revere, 215
 And murmuring stand around, a swarming train:
 Oft on their shoulders bear him: and in war
 Offering themselves, court wounds and glorious death.

Mov'd by these symptoms and convincing proofs,
 Some think th' Etherial Draught and Soul Divine 220
 Shar'd to the bees: for God pervades the whole,
 The earth, wide ocean, and the concave heaven:
 From him flocks, herds, men, every kind of beasts,
 Each at its birth, derives its vital breath:
 To him resolving all at last return; 225

Nor

Nor ere to death obnoxious, fly alive
 Successive into æther's stars enroll'd.

When you their august mansion's treasur'd sweets
 Wou'd ranfack; first deep draughts of water spirt
 Into its mouth, and fill with rolling smoke. 230

Twice yearly breed they, twice the harvest reap:
 Soon as on Earth displays her beauteous form
 Taygeta, spurning th' ocean-waves contemn'd;
 Or fast before the brilliant Water-Fish,
 Falls from heaven gloomy into winter's waves. 235

Provok'd they rage immoderate: biting deep
 Breathe poison thro' the veins, and shooting fierce
 Leave secret darts, and in the wound their souls.

Who dreads hard winter, spares for future wants,
 And pities their dissolv'd and heartless state: 240
 Scent he with thyme; and break their empty cells.

For oft the Newt surprizing eats the combs:
 Oft there the Beetles build their dark retreat;
 And th' idle Drones loll o'er another's gains;
 Or Hornets fierce invade with matchless arms; 245
 Or the dire Moths; or whom Minerva curst,
 Aranea's filken toils wave o'er the door.

The more exhausted they, the more resolv'd
 All labour to repair their ruin'd state,
 Fill up the cells, and garners weave of flowers. 250

H

But

But if since Bees too share the human ills,
 Their bodies languish in some sad disease ;
 Which these undoubted Symptoms early shew :
 Sick'ning their colour changes : Leanness rough
 Deforms their features : Forth whom darkness seals,
 Bear they, and lead the solemn fun'ral pomp : 256
 Clung by the feet thick hang around the door :
 Or stay confin'd, all in the inner rooms,
 With hunger, cold, and listless grief benumb'd :
 Then hoarser drawl their melancholy hum ; 260
 As chilling breezes murmur o'er the groves,
 As the vex't ocean-waves rebounding roar,
 Or pent in furnace, boil the rapid fires :
 Here early burn thou the Galbanean sweets,
 Pour honey thro' a reed, and kind invite 265
 The weary nation to the known repast.
 Well too, if mixt th' oak-apple's savoury juice,
 Dried roses, wine decoctions well refin'd,
 Or your cur'd clusters of the Pfythian vine,
 Rank smelling cent'ry and Cecropian thyme. 270
 Easy to find in meadows blows the flower
 Amellus, so the shepherds name the herb.
 A mighty forest from one turf it shoots :
 Golden itself ; but violet's purple deep
 Tinges its radiant thick-surrounding leaves. 275
Oft

Oft its twin'd wreaths the sacred altars deck :
 Harsh relish'd : gather'd in the new-mown vales
 Or near the Mella's ever winding streams.
 Boil you its roots in wines perfum'd ; and set
 In baskets full, before the hungry hive. 280

But shou'd you sudden lose your flock entire,
 Nor have, whence to renew the race extinct ;
 Hear the Arcadian Master's fam'd device,
 Now open'd : how the slaughter'd Heifer's blood
 Putrid bred oft the bees. From its prime source
 Tracing unfolds my Muse the wondrous tale. 286
 Where blest of fortune the Canopian race
 Dwell, bordering on the Nile's o'erflowing lake,
 And ride in painted boats around their farms :
 Where quiver'd Persia ! thy rich suburbs reach : 290
 Where with its slime impregns great AEgypt's vales,
 And falls dividing into seven mouths
 The River down from the discolour'd Ind :
 This whole clime vaunts the neverfailing art. 294

First a small ground, and for the purpose fit, 295
 Plan they, and wall around, and o'er it rear
 A narrow gutter'd roof ; and strike four lights,
 Obliquely facing the four winds of heaven :
 Then a young steer now shooting crooked horns
 Select, and stop his nostrils, mouth and ears : 300

H 2

Fierce

Fierce struggling strangle: scorch to death, and bruise;
 Till burst his bowels in his skin intire.
 Thus fal'n they leave inclos'd; and 'neath his sides
 Strew broken twigs, fresh lavender and thyme.
 This do they, ere yet zephyrs curl the main; 305
 Ere full blown hues bedeck the blushing meads;
 Ere on our roof hang twittering swallows' nests.
 In the soft bones now flows the genial warmth,
 Fermenting. See! The wondrous Insects hatch't,
 Legs yet unfinish'd, fluttering soon their wings,
 Mix, and still bolder try the buxom air: 311
 Till like an April cloud's thick bursting drops,
 Forth they disperse: or as the Parthian darts,
 Whirl'd in war's prelude from the twanging bow.

Who of the Gods, ye Nine! this art reveal'd?
 Who first of men th' experiment essay'd? 316
 Swain Aristæus, flying Tempe's vale,
 When lost his bees by famine, and the plague,
 Stood penfive at Penæus' sacred spring,
 Oft moaning; and his Parent thus addrest: 320
 Mother Cyrene! Mother! who this gulf
 Rule deep beneath! Why gave ye birth divine,
 If as you flatter, Phœbus be my fire,
 To this curst butt of Fortune? Why withdraw 324
 Your wonted love? Why bade me aspire to heaven?

What

What by my skilful care of fruits and flocks
 I earn'd unwearied; now my rural blifs,
 Man's highest glory, see your son resigns. 328
 Come! With your own hand then uproot my groves!
 Whirl on my stalls your firebrands! Kill my crops!
 Burn my plantations! Hew my vineyards down!
 If so offended with my rising fame.

His plaint the Mother heard beneath the deep,
 Reclining: round her their Milesian Fleece
 Drunk with deep azure spinning, sat the Nymphs
 Phyllodoce, Drimo, Xantho and Ligæa: 336
 O'er their fair shoulders hung their beauteous hair:
 Cymodoce, Spio, Thalia and Necæa:
 Cydippe and brown Lycorias; th' one a maid,
 Once had the other known Lucina's pains: 340
 Clio and Beroe daughters of the Sea;
 Both clad in gold, and both in painted skins:
 Ephire, and Ops, and Asian Deiope;
 And swift Arethuse forgetting now her darts.
 Amid 'em Climene fung thy fruitless griefs, 345
 Vulcan! And Mars! thy wiles and luscious thefts,
 And from old Chaos all the Gods' amours.

While list'ning ravish'd, on their spindle they
 Wind the soft wool: again Cyrene's ears
 Her son's plaint reaches, and each chrystal seat, 350

Astounding. Chief her sister Arethuse
 Lifts her brown head, and looks above the waves,
 Too justly, O! she cries, alarm such groans,
 My dear Cyrene! See thy Aristæus
 Stands yon discons'late o'er thy Father's brook, 355
 With tears invoking; calls thee cruel dame.
 To her Cyrene, with fresh horror struck:
 Oh! Bring him, worthy ranking with the Gods.

Then she the river's bowels bade to cleave,
 Wide for the youth advancing: so the waves, 360
 Arch'd like the mountains, stand around; embrace
 In their vast bosom, and transmit beneath.
 Now lo! his Mother's palace, watry realms,
 Lakes pent in caverns, rattling groves along,
 He views amaz'd: and how wide Ocean boils: 365
 Beneath the Earth how all the rivers glide,
 Each its own windings: Phasis' flood and Lycus:
 The head, whence first Enipeus bursting flows;
 Whence Father Tiber, whence the Anio's streams,
 Rough Hypanis murm'ring; Caicus Asia's vaunt;
 The bull-fac'd Po too, with his golden horns, 371
 Than whom, no river thro' the fertile meads
 Rolls fiercer torrents, down the purple main.
 Now to her pumice-vaulted chamber come,
 Tells he his mother his despairing plaint. 375

Strait

Strait to him handed kind their chryſtal ſtreams
The train of Siſters with fine towels dry.
Some ſpread his board, load viands, fill his bowls;
The altars burning with Arabian fumes.
The mother thus: Here Bacchus' goblets take; 380
This to the Ocean! pouring, and invokes
Old Father Ocean, and her Siſter Nymphs,
Who guard the hundred Rivers, hundred Woods:
Thrice pour'd pure nectar on the glowing fire;
Thrice to the roof aspiring, blaz'd the flames. 385
Her omens cheer'd him; when ſhe thus proceeds:
In Neptune's gulf Carpathius dwells the ſeer,
Blue Proteus, who his chariot o'er the main
Drives with th' amphibious two leg'd finny ſleeds.
He now Emathia, and his native port, 390
Palene viſits. Him gray Nereus' ſelf,
And we Nymphs reverence: for to him are known
Things preſent, paſt and future, the whole train;
Inſpir'd of Neptune, whoſe enormous herds
He keeps, and ugly Phocæ 'neath the deep. 395
Him muſt thou, Son! firſt chaining, force t' unfold
All the diſtemper's cauſe, and bleſs th' event.
For he unforc't no precept gives, nor yields
To ſuppliants. Seize him: load with maſſy chains,
Baffling at length his desperate ſtruggling wiles. 400

Myself will lead thee, when Sol flames at Noon,
 When languish herbs, and cattle court the shades,
 On to the grot, where the sage prophet tir'd
 Rests, and dissolv'd in sleep becomes thy prey.
 But tho' his person seiz'd, and held in chains, 405
 His various shapes will mock you and wild forms.
 Sudden he raves grim tiger, bristly boar,
 A scaly dragon, brown-neck't lions' fell:
 Then roars a furnace-flame, and 'scapes the chains;
 Or now a watry fluid slides away. 410
 But the more forms his fleeting person takes,
 So much the tighter hold thou, Son! his chains:
 Till in his changes he at length appear,
 Such as at first; Sleep closing now his eyes.

She said, and spread ambrosial odours round 415
 Her son all o'er anointing: his neat locks
 Breath'd fragrance: and unwonted vigour brac'd
 His supple limbs. Deep lies a cavern vast
 Within a mountain's womb: where mighty waves
 Driven by the wind, cleave into secret creeks: 420
 Refuge to hapless failers. Proteus here
 Retires secure in bolts of massy rocks,
 Here the Nymph, turning from the Day her son,
 Seats him; and wrapt in cloudy darkness, flies. 424

Now the fierce Sirius scorch't the gasping Ind,

High

High Sol too on the globe shot full his fires ;
Burnt up the meadows ; and the rivers drain'd,
Baking their channels to a solid mud.

As from th' abyfs went Proteus to his grot ;
The Ocean's finny race around him play'd: 430

Wide clave the briny spray : the Phocæ thick,
Dissolv'd in slumbers, lay along the shores.

He, like a shepherd, on the hills reclin'd,
While Vesper home from pasture calls the calves,
And bleating lambkins whet the list'ning wolves,
High on a rock reviewing counts his flock. 436

Thus offer'd to his power, strait Aristæus
Scarce lets him lay his weary limbs to rest ;
Falls on him prostrate, and huzzaing binds.

He not unmindful of his slippery arts, 440

Into all prodigies himself transforms,
Fire, hideous wildbeast, and the flowing stream.

Still not escaping, he at length subdued,
Resumes his nature ; and with human voice :

Youth most audacious ! Who to these abodes 445
Call'd thee ? or what here seek'st thou ? He replies :
Well know'st thou, Proteus ! Thou whom none deceives.

Why then thyself thus shuffling ? Led of Heaven
I come distressed for thy prophetic aid. 449

This said : the seer now stretch't his every nerve,
Shot

Shot from his glowing eyeballs beams of fire :
 And fiercely gnashing thus reveals the fates :
 No powers revengeful haunt thee less than Gods,
 Thy crimes exacting. These thy curses brings
 The injur'd Orpheus, if the Fates permit, 455
 Dreadfully raging for his ravish't wife.

She from thee flying headlong o'er the floods,
 Saw not beneath her, on the grassy bank,
 The snaky monster and approaching death. 459
 Then shriek'd the Sister-Choir of Nymphs, and shook
 The lofty mountains : Rhod'pe's bulwarks wept,
 High Pangea, Rhesus Mars's sacred land,
 The Getæ, Hebrus, Actias Orithyia.
 Soothing his tender anguish still his shell,
 Thee his dear wife, thee in his lonely walks, 465
 Thee to Aurora, thee to Vesper sung.

Then ent'ring Ten'rus' jaws, thy portals vast,
 Dis! and the groves of hideous darkness thick,
 He visited the Manes, the dire king, 469
 And souls relentless, deaf to human prayers. (seats,
 Charm'd with his strains, from Hell's profoundest
 Flock't th' airy shades, and ghosts of silent graves :
 Thick as to forests fly th' unnumber'd birds,
 Driven from the hills by eve or winter's storms :
 Matrons and husbands, th' unembodied shapes 475

Of

Of mighty heroes, boys, and virgins pure,
 And youths inter'd before the parents' eyes:
 Whom thy black mud Cocytus! and foul reeds
 Environ and the dull unfightly pool;
 And Styx's ninefold currents keep confin'd. 480
 The mansions flood amaz'd, Death's dungeons deep,
 And Furies folding in their curls blue snakes.
 Grim Cerberus list'ning gap'd with triple mouth:
 Ixion's wheel too checkt its rapid whirl.

Now he returning had escap'd his toils, 485
 Pleas'd to escort Euridice up to Day,
 She following him: So Proserpine had charg'd.
 He fond and heedless, seiz'd with sudden rage
 Worthy forgiveness, cou'd the Shades forgive,
 Stopt, and on verge of Day forgetful look'd, 490
 Back on his Fair enchanted: there, ah! all
 His toils defeating. The stern charge transgress,
 Three vollies o'er th' Avernian lakes proclaim'd.
 My Orpheus! Who has ruin'd me and thee?
 What monstrous frenzy? See the cruel fates 495
 Remanding, seal my swimming eyes in sleep.
 Adieu! How whirl I, rapt in midnight-pitch!
 Stretch thee my feeble hands, ah! thine no more!
 Thus she; and from his eyes, like smoke, dissolv'd,
 And sudden vanish't; nor beheld him more, 500
 Catching

Catching in vain the shades, and his swol'n heart
Struggling to utter: nor thy boatman, Hell! 502
Wou'd let him more surpass th' obstructing lake.
What cou'd he? Whither fly? Twice snatch't his bride.
What tears cou'd move the ghosts, what strains the
She now swam shivering in the Stygian boat. (Gods?
He seven continual months, so Fame records, 507
'Neath an high rock, by Strymon's desert streams,
Wept; and in frozen caves sung o'er his woes,
Sooth'd the fell tiger, charm'd the dancing oaks.
So rapt in poplar shade sad Philomel, 511
Mourns o'er her empty nest, whence wanton boys
Had stol'n th' unfeather'd offspring: she all night
Sits weeping on a bough, and piteous strains
Revolving, fills the melancholy groves. 515
He by no beauty moved, nor nuptial joys,
Lonely the Northern ices, Tanais' snows,
And the bleak Scythia's everlasting frosts,
Stray'd; and his lost Euridice, Dis' vain gift,
Lamented; till th' affronted Thracian Dames, 520
Now with the Gods, and nightly Orgies fir'd,
Tearing the Youth, threw round his mangled bones.
Then as the head, struck from his marble neck,
Mid the fierce Hebrus, swimming roll'd along,
Euridice! still its death-cold tongue invoc'd: 525
Ah!

Ah! My Euridice! cries his flying soul.

Euridice echoed o'er the banks and streams.

Thus speaking Proteus into th' ocean plung'd,
And whirl'd before him wide the foaming waves.

More kind Cyrene hails the timorous youth: 530

Son! Lay aside these thy distressing fears.

Hence sprang the plague: hence the too cruel Nymphs,

With whom Euridice join'd the rural Choir,

Ruin'd thy bees. Pay thou their offerings due,

And sue the mercy of the gentle Nymphs: 535

So will thy grateful vows appease their ire.

But first in order hear the solemn rites.

Chuse four fine bullocks of distinguish'd form,

From these now grazing thy Lycæan meads;

As many heifers of unbroken neck. 540

For these four altars near their temples raise.

Stab then their throats, and draw the holy blood

Leaving their bodies in the leafy grove.

And soon as dawns the ninth Aurora's blush,

To Orpheus' Ghost Lethæan poppy pay: 545

His bride adore, appease with heifer's blood

And black ewe offer'd. Then seek the grove.

He to his mother prompt obedience yields,

Goes to their temples, builds the altars due,

Takes four fine bullocks of distinguish'd form, 550

As

As many heifers of unbroken neck:
 Soon then as dawn'd the ninth Aurora's blush,
 Offer'd to Ceres, and refought the grove.
 When lo! prodigious! instantaneous form'd
 Within the beasts' dissolving bowels wide, 555
 Forth from the sides burst up the noisy bees,
 Vast cloudy train! now on a lofty tree
 Swarm, and hang clust'ring from the bending boughs.

Thus sang my Muse land's culture, cattle, trees?
 While the heroic Cæsar's thundering war 560
 Shook wide Euphrates; and victorious gave
 Law to the willing nations, scaling heaven.
 For then I Virgil in sweet Naples liv'd,
 Blest of the Nine in humble rural peace: 564
 Whose youth advent'rous play'd the shepherd's lays,
 And sung, You, Tityro! 'neath the spreading beech.

The

Arms and the man I sing, who first from Troy
 Exil'd by fate for Latium, reach'd the shore
 Lavinia ; long on land and ocean tost
 By Heaven thro' Juno's old relentless ire ;
 Long in war harraſt, ere he built, and fixt 5
 His Gods in Latium ; whence the Latin Name,
 The fires of Alba and Rome's imperial walls.

Say Muſe ! the Cauſe ; what touch'd Prærogative
 Or what Affront mov'd heaven's Queen t' involve
 The pious Hero in ſo many toils, 10
 So many dangers. Rage ſo heavenly breasts ?
 Old Carthage-City by the Tyrians rear'd,
 Fronting far off Italia and Tiber's mouth,
 Strong rich and fierce in military arts,
 Juno held dearer, than all other lands, 15
 E'en then her Samos : here her armour lay,
 Here her car : this for univerſal ſway
 Wou'd fate permit, the Guardian Goddeſs means :
 But heard, from Trojan Blood now ſprung a Line
 Threat'ning deſtruction to her Tyrian Towers ; 20
 Hence a triumphant and vaſt Realm wou'd riſe
 On Libya's ruins ; ſo the Parcæ roll'd.
 This fearing, and remembering th' ancient war
 She at Troy headed for her darling Greeks ;
 Nor was the cauſe yet, nor her bitter griefs 25
 Raz'd

Raz'd from her soul : deep in her breast remain'd
 Paris the Judge, her slighted beauty wrong'd,
 The hated Race, and Ganymede's advance :
 Thus fir'd Saturnia, tossing o'er the Main
 What Trojans Greece and stern Achilles left, 30
 Drave far from Latium. They for many a year,
 Urg'd by the fates, travers'd unnumber'd seas.
 So vast a work to rear the Roman Name !

Scarce out of sight Sicilia, they to sea
 Gave their glad sails, and plow'd the briny foam :
 When Juno fostering deep th' eternal wound 36
 Thus vented, I begin ? Desist ? Submit ?
 Nor can from Latium check the Trojan King ?
 For Fate forbids me ! Pallas then the Greeks,
 Burning their fleet, cou'd in the Ocean plunge ;
 All for the furious Ajax' single fault : 41
 She from the clouds cou'd whirl Jove's rapid fires,
 Scatter the ships, upturn the stormy seas :
 Him belching flames from his struck bosom snatch
 Up in a whirlwind, fix on pointed rocks : 45
 But I who move Queen of th' Immortals, I
 Jove's wife and sister with one house how long
 Must struggle ? Who will Juno hence adore ?
 Who suppliant incense at my altar burn ?

Thus she revolving in her troubled breast, 50
 Strait

Strait to the land, where blasts and tempests breed,
 AEolia. Here in his vast cavern rules
 AEol his struggling Winds and blust'ring Storms,
 Controuls and bridles, chains and close confines.
 Indignant they, fierce o'er the mountain-mouth, 55
 Roar murm'ring. He high seated on his tower,
 Swaying his scepter, checks their boiling rage :
 Else wou'd they sea and earth and heaven's concave
 Whirl in their fury, sweep thro' th' air immense.
 Hence in their hideous caves th' Almighty Sire 60
 Pent 'em : piled there a mass of mountains huge,
 And gave a king by a fixt law impower'd,
 To curb if order'd, and relax the reins.
 To him high Juno suppliant thus addrest :

AEol ! For thou from th' universal King 65
 Hast to assuage, and raise the stormy tides,
 A Race I hate, now o'er the Tuscan Main
 Bear Troy to Italia and its routed Gods :
 Smite thy fierce Tempests, whelm and sink their fleet,
 Or scattering wide disperse their floating corps. 70
 Come ! Of my fourteen celebrated Nymphs
 The first in form and stature, Deiope,
 I give thee in wedlock's everlasting bands :
 Thy noble merit may she long repay ;
 And make thee Father of a beauteous race. 75

I

Yours,

Yours, he replies, O Queen! t' unfold your will;
 And mine to execute your task enjoin'd.
 From you whate'er my empire. You Jove's smiles
 And scepter won me. You among the Gods
 Plac'd, and of clouds and tempests made me Lord.
 So saying, strikes he on the convex mount 81
 His spear o'erturning. Strait a host of Winds
 Rush, and scour eddyng earth's unbounded plains;
 Fall on the seas; these from their deepest bed
 At once th' East, South and tempest-driving West
 Up-whirling roll vast billows on the shores. 86
 Loud then the pannic cry and cordage-din.
 Sudden the clouds away heaven's radiant vault
 Snatch from their eyes: o'er Ocean broods black night:
 Rock the poles thund'ring: thick th' etherial flash:
 And all around 'em flares immediate death. 91

Aeneas feels his chilling nerves relax,
 Groans, and uplifting both his hands to heaven,
 Vents thus his anguish: O thrice happy they!
 Who in their Parents' fight, 'neath Ilion's walls 95
 Ended their labours. O thou boast of Greece!
 Di'med! Why fell not I in Troy's demain?
 Why to thy right hand pour'd not out my soul?
 Where 'neath Achille lies Hector, where the huge
 Sarpedon; where in Simois' Eddies snatch'd 100

So

So many helmets shields and heroes roll.

Thus he: when loud the North-Blast met him fierce
Battering his sails, and lift the waves to heaven.

Th' oars rend: prow wheels about, and side inclines
Low to th' inbursting weight of mountain-tides. 105

Now o'er a surge they hang: thro' th' opening deep
View now the bottom and the tide-beat sands.

Three the South snatching whirls on hidden rocks
Call'd altars; which their huge emergent back

Heave 'mid the billows: three from th' ocean-depths
Drove th' East relentless into Syrtes' flats, 111

Dash'd on the shallows, buried in the sands.

Full in his view the vessel just Oronte

And Lycians bore, a sea from head to stern

O'erwhelming struck, and sweeps the pilot flat 115

Rolling him headlong: thrice the surges fierce

Whirl the ship round, and swallow in th' abyfs.

Yet some swim struggling in the eddy vast,

Arms planks and treasures floating on the waves.

Now Ilioneus' proud ship, now brave Achate's, 120

What carried Abas, what Alethes' age

Yield to the storm: their sides disjoined, all

Drink at dire-gaping chinks the fatal tides.

Meanwhile his troubled and loud-roaring sea,

Th' unbridled storm and waters deep up-whirl'd, 125

Neptune indignant saw, felt for his realm,
And lift above the waves his head serene;
Saw o'er the main Aeneas's fleet dispers'd,
Sunk in the billows and heaven's horrors thick;
Hence knew his sister Juno's crafty ire, 130
And calling th' East and West-Wind thus bespeaks:
So desp'rate your presumptuous pride of birth?
Thus heaven and earth, my leave unask'd, ye Winds!
Dare ye confounding raise such mighty feuds?
Whom I'll; but best to still the troubled deep. 135
Err not again: or look some other doom.
Hence! Fly with this my mandate to your king:
Not his, to sway the Ocean-Trident dread;
But mine from destiny. His the rocks immense 139
Your dwelling East-Wind! There his haughty Court
Let Aeolus keep, and rule your dungeon'd host.
So saying, calm'd he the swol'n Ocean-Rage,
Chas'd the thick tempests, and restores the day.
Cymoth and Triton aiding shove the ships
Off the sharp rock: his Trident gently lifts, 145
Clears the vast Syrtes, smoothes th' unbounded plain:
And lightly skimming wheels he o'er the waves.
As when sedition in a mighty state
Draws the exasperate crowds, and wide around
Fly firebrands, stones, all Fury's sudden arms; 150
Then

Then if the pious patriot's awful worth
 Step forth, they silent stand with list'ning ears
 And yield their spirits to his gentle voice:
 So fell the madding ocean, when the Sire,
 Viewing his plains and riding thro' the sky, 155
 Guides his wing'd steeds, nor checks the flying car.

Now the tir'd Ilians seek the nearest shore,
 Speeding their flight, and turn to Libya's coast.
 Far inward seen an Island forms a bay,
 Its sides projecting; where the ocean-waves 160
 Break cleaving into many a winding creek:
 Vast crags on either side: and threat'ning heaven
 Aspire two cliffs wide hanging; here beneath
 Safe sleep the seas; here wave the woods aloft
 And thick high-arching spread an awful shade. 165
 Lo fronting these impendent cliffs a Cave
 Blest with fresh springs and seats of living stone,
 Where dwell the Nereids, where the harraft ships
 No cable holds, or crooked anchor's tooth:
 Here came AEneas must'ring his seven ships 170
 The whole fleet's relick: the impatient crew
 Landing enjoy the long long wish'd-for strand,
 And bask on shore their briny wither'd limbs.
 First from the flint Achates strikes a spark,
 Collects the fire in leaves, and heaping round 175

Dry fuel, blows it into a rapid blaze :
 Then Cere's briny gifts and implements
 Prepare they sick of toils, what fruits preserv'd
 Grinding with stones, or roasting in the flames.

Meanwhile a rock AEneas climbing, views 180
 Far round the ocean ; Antheus might he see
 Riding the billows and the Phrygian ships,
 Capys, or high on deck Caïco's arms :
 Ship to be seen was none : three flags on shore
 Straying he spies and following these the herds 185
 In a long train all grazing thro' the vales ;
 Then stoppt, and up his bow and feather'd shafts
 Snatching, which erst the just Achates bore,
 First he the Sires with lofty head and horns
 High-branching prostrates, then the Vulgar drives
 All in a heap amid the leafy grove : 191
 Nor ceas'd the conqueror, till seven bodies huge
 Lay on the ground the number of the ships.
 Thence to the port, and shares among his friends
 Those with the wines Sicilia's king Acestes, 195
 Stor'd in the casks, and gave his parting guests ;
 And cheers regaling thus his drooping friends :
 Friends ! oft involv'd with me in former woes,
 Your greater past, these too will Fate dispel :
 You Scylla's fury and deep-echoing crags 200

Have

Have dared approach; you the Cyclopiān rocks
Experienced: Wake your courage! Banish fear!
Pleas'd shall you view these evils also past.
Thro' various toils, thro' many perils, lies
Our road to Latium, where a peaceful seat 205
Fate proffers: there too bids Troy's realm revive.
Shrink not; but patient hope ye Fortune's smiles,
The Hero thus; and sick with weighty cares,
Blith hope assuming, hid his heart-felt griefs.
Some strait the prey divide, and feast prepare; 210
Baring the entrails, strip the smoking hide,
Cut into joints, and spit the quivering limbs.
Some cauldrons place on shore, and feed the flames.
Spread on the grass they on the mellow wine
And dainty ven'son feast, recruit their strength; 215
Now quell'd their hunger, and the tables drawn,
In long discourse mourn their companions lost
Hanging 'tween hope and fear, if still alive,
Or dead nor answer to the funeral call.
Oft good AEneas steals a lonely hour 220
Now weeping great Orontes, now Amyco
Lico's hard fate, brave Gyas, brave Cloanth.

The feast now o'er; Jove from th' etherial spheres
O'er the sail-flying main, earth's spacious plains,
Shores and wide nations looking fate enthron'd 225

On high ; and fixt his eyes on Libya's realms,
Revolving in his breast such weighty cares :
When with her sparkling eyes dissolv'd in tears
Sad Venus hail'd him : Thou whose awful bolt
Eternal rules th' affairs of men and Gods ! 230
What has my AEneas, what my Trojans done
To thee so heinous ? Why so many lost ?
Why if from Latium, bar'd from all the world ?
From Troy shall Romans when the period rolls,
From Troy spring Heroes, 'Teucer's Line revive
And earth and sea rule with despotic sway ; 236
This kind decree ah ! Father ! why revers'd ?
This my support in falling Troy's sad ruins,
Fates against Fates will keep my balance even ;
But rigid Fortune haunts the Heroes still. 240
What end great king ! hast thou ordain'd their toils ?
Thro' hosts of Grecians cou'd Antenor 'scape ?
Pierce the Illyrian bay, and safe surpass
Liburnia's inmost realms and Friuli's head, 244
Which in seven mouths thro' the vast murm'ring crags
Bursts, and with roaring seas o'erspreads the plains.
Here he yet for the Teucris founded Padua,
New named the nation, hung the Trojan arms,
And settled now enjoys a peaceful calm : 249
But we thine offspring, destin'd for thy heavens,

Our

Our ships ah! dreadful sunk, to one's revenge
Are sacrificed, still bar'd from Latium's coast.
Thus virtue honour'd? Thus we re-enthron'd?

Soft smiling heard the Sire of Gods and Men,
And with an air that clear'd the clouded skies, 255
Gently his child saluting thus returns:

Fear not my Venus! Firm to thee and thine
Your dest'ny. Thou Lavinium's promis'd walls
Shalt see, and up heaven's milky way translate
The great AEneas. Nor my purpose fails. 260

He, for I'll soften those your anxious pains
And full unfold you the mysterious fates,
Shall wage great wars in Latium, nations fierce
Shall crush, and found a city laws and state:

Till the third summer see him Latium's king, 265
And o'er the Rutlian slaves three winters roll,

But young Ascanio, now Iulus named,

Ilus he was, while th' Ilian empire stood,

Thirty revolving years complete shall reign;

Shall from Lavinium move th' imperial seat, 270

And the long Alba wall immensely strong,

Here shall the crown three hundred years abide

In Hector's House, till by the God of war

Ilia the royal priestess bear her twins.

Then joying in his foster-wolf's brown hide 275

Shall

Shall Romulus succeed, build Mars! thy wall
 And from himself the Roman People name.
 To these I circumscribe not state or time.
 Eternal be their empire. Juno's self
 Whose fierce alarms now teaze earth sea and heaven,
 Yielding to better counsels will with me, 281
 Rear Rome's unbounded realm and peaceful laws.
 This my decree. Time's circle brings the hour
 Shall see renown'd Mycenæ, Phthia, Argos
 Vanquish'd and serving high Assar'cus' House. 285
 From the fair Trojan Line shall Cæsar rise;
 His empire reach the Ocean, fame the stars;
 Julius! deriv'd from his great Sire Iulus.
 Clad with his eastern spoils soon here in bliss
 Shalt thou embrace him: Earth invoke his smiles:
 Then the fierce nations soften into peace: 291
 Vesta, grey Faith, Romulus and Rhemus Twins
 Give law: war's direful gates of solid iron
 Be bolted: impious Fury dungeon'd fit
 On his fell arms, and many a brazen knot 295
 Bound on his back, roar hideous foaming blood.
 Thus he, dismissing Maia's Son from heaven,
 That Dido's lands and new-built towers may ope
 T' embrace the guests: nor uninform'd the fates
 Drive from her borders. He thro' th' air's abyss 300
 Plying

Plying his pinions lights on Libya's coast
And Jove obeys. The people their fierce hearts
Yield to his gentle influence. Chief the Queen
Melts tow'rd the Trojans in pacific love.

But good AEneas all night lost in cares 305
Fair day returning, walks the unknown lands,
T' explore on what coast by the tempest driven;
Who, men or beasts, for all a desert seem'd,
Here dwelt; inquiring to resolve his friends.
Deep in the groves and 'neath a hollow rock 310
Hiding his navy in the dreary shades,
He with Achates only guarded goes
Waving two jav'lines of sharp-pointed steel.
Him in the thickest woods his mother meets,
Virgin in mien and habit, and in arms 315
Spartan or th' Am'zon wont to tire the steeds,
And fleeing leave the Hebrus' rapid tides.
For on her shoulder light the hunter's bow
Hung, and her tresses wanton'd in the wind.
Bare was her knee, and tied her flowing robes. 320
Then to the Youths: O tell me if you saw
Any of my sisters haply straying here,
With quiver girt and spotted Lynx's hide:
Or urging loud in chase the foaming boar.
Thus speaking Venus, Venus' son replies: 325
None

None of thy sisters have I seen or heard,
 O how invoke thee Maid! for nor thy mien
 Nor voice are mortal's. O thou Goddess sure
 Whether Apollo's sister, or the Nymphs!
 Propitious, O whoe'er! assist our toils. 330
 Say 'neath what star, and on what climate tost.
 For strangers to the place and natives we
 Wander here driv'n by storms and billows vast.
 Oft on thy altar shall our victim bleed.

Never to me, says she, that honour due. 335
 The Tyrian Maids are wont to bear the bow,
 And the high rising purple buskin wear.
 These here the Punic Realms, Agenor's walls,
 New Tyre and Libya's fierce unconquer'd coast.
 Far from her native Tyre Queen Dido reigns 340
 Flying her brother. Tedious were to tell
 Her train of wrongs. In brief the story hear.

Now to the rich Phænician Lord Sichæus
 And the dear object of her hapless flame 344
 Her Sire had given her virgin-charms betroth'd:
 When her own brother fill'd the Tyrian Throne
 Pygmalion of all human monsters worst
 The Furies ever drive. He poor Sichæus
 Impious before the altar, mad for gold
 Slily surprizing stab'd: nor sister's love 350
 Car'd

Car'd he, long hid the deed, forg'd various lies,
 And still amusing mock'd her lovesick hopes.
 Till in a dream stalks her unburied Lord 353
 Ghastly with hideous stare; bares his stab'd breast,
 And blood-drunk poniard; points to th' altar damn'd,
 And all the Palace' hidden guilt reveals:
 Warns with full speed to fly her native soil,
 And shews to aid her voyage, where were hid
 Old massy gold and silver's unsum'd heaps.
 Dido prepares her flight, and calls her friends, 360
 With those whom vengeance of the Tyrant's rod
 Or hostile dread perswaded. They the ships,
 Then ready, seize and all beneath the Queen,
 Launch with Pygmalion's gold and soul away.
 And landing where you see yon mighty walls 365
 Of the New Carthage and aspiring tower;
 They as much land as one bull-hide inclos'd
 Purchas'd, and from th' adventure named it Byrsa.
 But who are you resolve me, from what coast,
 Whither now steering. He to her replies; 370
 And his deep bosom heaves a long-drawn sigh;
 O Goddess! Were I from their rise to trace,
 And you'd our toils and annals patient hear,
 First o'er the day wou'd Eve her shadows draw.
 We from old Troy, if haply in your ears 375
 Troy

Troy ever founded, travers'd various seas ;
 Till storms and fortune drove on Libya's shore.
 I good AEneas, fam'd above the stars,
 Sail with my Gods late rescued from the foe ; 379
 Bent for our ancient Latium ; sprung from Jove ;
 With twenty ships from Phrygia launch'd, pursue
 My promis'd fates by a Goddess-Mother led.
 Scarce seven survive with winds and billows torn.
 Poor wretch unknown I stray the Libyan Wilds
 Driv'n Asia and Europe. She cou'd bear no more,
 And interrupting thus becalm'd his grief: 386

Whoe'er thou art, not odious sure to Heaven
 Thy vital breath, here thrown on Dido's coast.
 On then directly to the royal court.
 Trust me you soon shall see your friends return 390
 And navy brought by more auspicious winds:
 Or vain my fires, and their prognostic skill.
 Lo twelve swans mounting, whom the bird of Jove
 Dropping from th' Ether routs now thro' the air
 Dispersing: now they o'er the humble earth 395
 Sweep a long tract and with a grov'ling eye:
 As they returning play their noisy wings
 Thick round the pole and with triumphant songs;
 So now your friends and vessels ride the port,
 Or swell their canvas ent'ring far the bay. 400

On

On then, and where this way directs your march.
 She said; and turning shone her rosy neck:
 Her locks ambrosial breath'd around her head
 Celestial sweets; robes flowing swept behind;
 And walk display'd the Goddess. He then knew, 405
 And thus pursued his mother's flying steps:
 You too your son, ah cruel! why so oft
 Mock with false shadows? Why not join our hands?
 Why not converse in sweet communion real?
 Thus chiding strait advances tow'rd the walls. 410
 But Venus in their march spreads round a mist,
 And wraps their persons in a cloudy veil;
 That none may see the strangers, none may touch,
 Or interrupting ask of their designs.
 She for her Paphos winging, smiles to see 415
 Her temple, seats, and hundred altars smoke
 Sabæan incense, breathe with fragrant flowers.

Fast they advancing where the way directs,
 Now gain'd the mountain hanging o'er the town,
 Whence far beneath lo opposite the Towers. 420
 Pleas'd they the works so lately straying huts
 View, and the gates, pav'd streets, and busy crowds.
 Hard ply the Tyrians raising some the walls 423
 And the huge tower, uplifting pond'rous stones.
 Some plan out buildings, drawing dikes around:
 Some

Some frame an holy senate, judges, laws:
 Here docks are building: there foundations laid
 Deep for the theater: pillars hewn from rocks
 High and immense to grace the future scenes.
 So roaming Bees in spring o'er flowery meads 430
 Toil in the fun: some lead the nation's hope
 Th' offspring adult abroad: pure honey some
 Stowing distend their cells with nectar-streams;
 Unlade their friends returning: or unite
 To drive away, that sluggish race, the drones: 435
 Hot is the toil, while honeys fill the air.
 O You how happy in your rising walls!
 AEneas sigh'd, and view'd the lofty towers:
 Miraculous wrapt within a cloud advanc'd
 Forth thro' the crowds, and join'd 'em yet unseen.

Amid the town aspir'd a shady grove, 441
 Where the sad Tyrians tost with winds and waves
 Touch'd, and dug up the martial courser's head
 Queen Juno's first kind omen, how in war
 Victorious they wou'd rise t' immortal fame. 445
 Here Juno's stately temple Dido built
 Rich with her offerings and her gracious smiles.
 Brazen the gates on steps high rising: beams 448
 Brass-bound: and brazen doors stupendous jar'd.
 Here first sweet comfort chear'd th' astonish'd king

Here

Here from his anxious toils emerging Hope
 First shot the early dawn of better days.
 While he the Queen expecting, views around
 All in the temple and the happy town,
 Compares the Artists and mechanic toils 455
 Admiring; lo the Trojan battles rang'd!
 And wars already blaz'd throughout the world,
 Th' Atridæ, Priam, and Achille's rage.
 He stood and weeping; What place ah Achates!
 What clime not fill'd already with our woes? 460
 See Priam! Here see martial glory own'd:
 Here tears can flow, and mortal changes touch.
 Hence with all fear! Safe in thy country's fame.
 So saying gazed, and fed his swelling soul
 Deep groaning; and his eyes dissolve in floods, 465
 To see, how fought they round Troy's lofty tower;
 Here yield the Greeks to the hot Trojan Youth:
 Here these to plum'd Achille's kindling car.
 Then Rhesus' tents with snowy veils descries 469
 Fresh weeping; these in their first sleep betray'd
 Fell Di'med plund'ring fill'd with floods of gore,
 And drove away the fiery steeds, ere yet
 Troy's grafs they tasted or the Xanthus' stream.
 TherepooryoungTroile illmatch'd with fierceAchille
 Had dropt his weapons, flying drove his car 475

Full speed, and headlong falling hangs supine,
 Grasping the reins; his tresses sweep the ground;
 The bloody spear-point dropping streaks the dust.
 There moving slow to stern Minerva's shrine, 479
 Troy's dames with hair dishevel'd bear her robe
 Suppliant and mournful, beating wild their breasts;
 She from 'em turns on earth her steadfast eyes.
 Thrice Hector's body round the Trojan Walls
 Whirl'd fierce Achille, and fold the breathless mass:
 Here a vast groan deep heav'd he from his breast;
 When his friend's spoils, his car, his bloody corps
 He saw, and Priam's suppliant hands disarm'd: 487
 Himself too finds among the Grecian chiefs
 'Mid th' Eastern Hosts and tawny Memnon's arms.
 Her troops of Amazons with moony shields 490
 Leads fierce Penfilia, 'mid her thousands burns,
 Beneath her swelling breasts a golden belt
 Buckled, and grappling dar'd the sons of war.

While great AEneas these admiring view'd,
 And fix't his steadfast eyes in wonder lost; 495
 The fair Queen Dido to the temple walk'd,
 Surrounded with a train of noble youths:
 As on Eurota's bank, or Cinthus' brow,
 Diana leads her thousand following Nymphs
 Their mazy dance; and on her shoulder pois'd 500
 Bearing

Bearing the quiver, swims o'ertowering all.
 Her Mother smiles, and swells with inward pride:
 Such Dido's person, so advancing blith
 March'd thro' the crowds, and speeds her rising realm;
 Then near the Goddess in the temple-dome 505
 High on a throne with guards attended sits,
 Gives law, dispenses justice, sets the work
 In equal portions, or by ballot draws.

Sudden AEneas round him crowding sees
 Antheus, Sergestus, and the brave Cloanth, 510
 With other Trojans, whom the hideous storm
 Scatt'ring on th' ocean drove to other ports.
 Astonish'd stood himself and friend Achates,
 With joy and fear, and longing strait t' embrace:
 But were confounded at the strange event; 515
 Still then conceal'd within their muffling cloud
 Ask of their fortune: Where they left their fleet?
 Why thither come? For they from all the ships
 Deputed, suppliant sought the temple-gates;
 Now enter'd, and obtaining leave of speech, 520
 Great Ilionæus calmly thus began:
 O Queen! to whom Jove gave to found these towers
 And curb proud nations with thy equal reins;
 Troy's relicks we, tost on the stormy seas. 524
 Oh! Save our wretched fleet from impious fires;

Nor 'sdeign the holy race a gracious eye.
We come not arm'd to storm your Libyan Gods,
Nor hence to drive the booty to our ships.
The vanquish'd no such force or pride becomes.
An ancient land Hesperia call'd in Greece 530
Famed for its fertile soil, unconquer'd arms,
Where dwelt of yore th' OEnotrians, now they say
Moderns Italia call it from their Chief;
Here were we destin'd; 534
When fraught with tempests sudden rose Orion
Playing his spouts, and on blind shallows drove
Thro' sweeping billows and impervious rocks,
Dispersing. Few had strength to reach your shores.
What race is this? Or what so barb'rous clime?
They e'en deny the hospitable strand, 540
And gathering wars forbid to step ashore.
Mankind if you despise and mortal arms;
Yet know, the Gods assert a right and wrong.
Our king AEneas less than none renown'd
For justice, piety, and martial deeds, 545
If heaven have sav'd him, if the vital air
He breathe nor yet among the dismal shades;
We shou'd not fear, nor you repent your grace.
Trinacria's shores too vaunt their wealthy towns,
Arms, and Acestes sprung from Ilian Blood. 550
Permit

Permit our shatter'd fleet to ride your docks,
 And in your forests cut new planks and oars,
 Then if fate grant our friends' and king's return,
 We'll gladly for th' Italian Latium steer:
 Or if our hopes are in the ocean sunk, 555
 With Ilion's gracious Sire and prince Iulus:
 Yet we'll at least sail for the great Acestes;
 Whence here we came and our Sicilian seats.
 Thus Ilionëus; when th' assenting roar
 Ran thro the Trojans: 560
 Then briefly Dido with inclining air:
 'Trojans! Dispel your fears and anxious cares.
 My Infant-Realm's distress have forc'd me thus
 Severely guard my territories round. 564
 AEnea's race who knows not? Who not Troy?
 Her virtues, heroes, and war's direful flames?
 Nor wear we Carthaginians hearts so blunt,
 Nor so from Tyre turns Sol his gentle steeds.
 Bound or for Latium and old Saturn's plains,
 Or Eryx's coasts, where your Acestes reigns: 570
 Safe I'll dismiss you, and recruit your stores.
 Or will you settling strengthen these my realms?
 My new-built town be yours. Bring up your ships,
 Trojan with Tyrian share my equal grace. 574
 And oh! the same wind here had brought your king

The great AEneas ! Strait will I dispatch
 Scouts o'er my shores and Libya's utmost bounds;
 If here he landing stray some town or wood.

With this embolden'd now the brave Achates
 And fire AEneas long had wish't t' unveil; 580
 When to AEneas thus addrest Achates:
 What Goddess-born! your resolution now?
 All safe you see: your friends and fleet restor'd,
 Save what we saw dive plumb the ocean-waves:
 Else fully verified your Mother's words, 585

Scarce had he spoke, ere the o'ershadowing cloud
 Sudden dispersing, clears to Ether, Lo!
 AEnea's Form! centring the radiant light!
 Godlike! For Venus on her son had breath'd
 The locks of beauty, prime youth's purple glow,
 And the soft majesty of her own eyes: 591
 Nor equal graces vaunts the ivory's touch,
 Silver or Parian fring'd with brilliant gold,
 Then thus the Queen addrest he; all around
 Astonish'd heard: Here whom you seek, am I, 595
 Trojan AEneas, snatch'd from Libya's depths.
 Thou! whom alone move Troy's unhear'd-of woes;
 Who us war's relicks tost on sea and land, 598
 Worn out with toils and perils, wretched, poor,
 Tak'st to thy realm and home! Due thanks to pay
 Lies

Lies not in us, O Dido! nor whate'er
 Of Troy survives, dispers'd throughout the world.
 Give thee the Gods, if Heaven regards the just,
 And thy own conscious heart, if Virtue real,
 Thy full deservings. Glorious AEra thine! 605
 Blest from whose sacred loins thy goodness sprang!
 While to the sea flow rivers; while the shades
 Wheel round the hills; while feed th' etherial stars;
 Still shall thine honours name and praises live,
 Where'er I sojourn. Then he takes his friends 610
 Sereftus with the left, Ilion the right:
 And th' others valiant Gyas, brave Cloanth.

At the first glance enamour'd Dido gaz'd,
 Wrapt in the hero's story thus addrest:
 What chance, Celestial Hero! with such toils 615
 Pursues thee? What force drives to these wild coasts?
 Are you th' AEneas, whom t' Anchises bore
 Fair Venus by the Phrygian Simois' streams.
 Nay I remember Teucer came to Sidon 619
 And driv'n his Country, a new kingdom fought
 By my sire Betus' aid; whose conquering arms,
 Wasting fair Cyprus, held the isle subdued.
 From that time have I known the fall of Troy,
 Thine and the names of all the Grecian Kings.
 E'en he, your foe, Troy's Heroes high extol'd, 625

And his own lineage traced for ancient Troy.
 Then to my palace, gallant Princes! come,
 I whom too Fortune thro' unnumber'd toils
 Tost, ere she fixt me on the Libyan Coast;
 From sad experience learn to pity you. 630

So saying, leads Æneas to her court,
 And sacred to the Gods a feast proclaims;
 Dispatching meanwhile to his friends on shore
 Twenty fine bulls, an hundred bristly boars,
 An hundred ews with each a well fed lamb, 635
 And the gay God's regaling gifts:
 Her inner rooms a regal pomp adorns,
 And entertainments made in th' ample halls:
 The carpets purple and ingenious wrought:
 Board pil'd with gold and silver, where embost 640
 Blaz'd her Line's exploits, long unbroken Train,
 From th' ancient stock thro' many a hero drawn.

The king, fond fire! no longer now contains;
 But instant sends to shore the swift Achates,
 To tell Ascanio all, and bring to town: 645
 All in the boy were wrapt the Father's cares:
 Bids bring, as presents, sav'd from Ilion's wreck
 The regal robe with golden figures stiff,
 And mantle, wrought with saffron foliage round:
 Helen's attire, which at Mycenæ she 650

For

For Troy embarking and th' ill omen'd joys,
Had carried off, her Mother's curious gift :
With these the scepter Ilia oft had sway'd
Priam's eldest daughter : necklace strung with pearls,
And the crown's double set of gems and gold. 655
These gifts to hasten, speeds to shore Achates.

But Venus plans new counsels in her breast :
That Cupid, changing shape and mien, shou'd come
As sweet Iule : and doating o'er her gifts,
Kindle in Dido's veins his raging flames. 660
For oft she fears the quibbling Tyrians false :
Fierce Juno fires and haunts her anxious dreams.
'Then the wing'd god of love she thus bespeaks :
Thou my sole strength, my godhead's firm support,
Son ! who the mighty Sire's dread bolt derid'st ! 665
To thee I fly, and crave thy aid divine.
How o'er the ocean tost and every shore
Thy Trojan Brother by stern Juno's hate,
Thou know'st ; and oft hast wept to see my tears.
Him now queen Dido's flat'ring speech detains. 670
I dread the hospitable Juno's smiles :
She ne'er will rest in Fate's momentous hour.
Therefore I first wou'd 'snare and wrap the Queen
In flames no power celestial e'er shall quench,
Binding t' Aeneas with a mother's love. 675
That

That how t' accomplish, now attentive learn:
By the fond fire's command the royal youth,
Soul of my soul, is hast'ning up to court
With presents saved from flaming Ilion's wreck.
Him will I lay asleep, and hence convey 680
F' Idalia or Cithera's sacred grove,
Nor shall he know, nor interrupt our plot.
'Thou Boy! one night, no more, his person take
With the known features of the Trojan Prince:
And when Queen Dido 'mid the regal feast 685
And Bacchus' bowls shall take thee to her breast,
Clasp, and on thine imprint her fragrant lips;
Infuse thy secret false and deadly fires.
Cupid obeys his mother, doffs his wings,
And gaily trips it with Julus' gait. 690
Then o'er Ascanio's limbs a gentle sleep
Sheds Venus, lulls him on her lap, and bears
Up to Idalia's Groves, where downy flowers
Breathe round, and wrap him in ambrosial shades.
Blith Cupid duteous with the royal gifts, 695
Came by Achates nimbly up to court:
Where now Queen Dido on her golden bed
And stately carpet fill'd the middle seat.
AEneas came too, with the Trojan Youth,
Reposing all, along the purple couch. 700
Th'

Th' attendants bring 'em water, towels fine,
And serve in woven baskets Cere's gifts.
Within are fifty handmaids, whose long train
Prepare the feast, or pious incense burn.
Of either sex an hundred and like age, 705
Arrange the banquet and the jovial bowls.
Fast too the Tyrians thro' the brilliant court
Come, and invited sit on 'broider'd beds:
Admire AEneia's gifts, admire Iulus,
Blith Cupid's radiant aspect, feign'd discourse, 710
The robe how rich! and the veil's foliage gay.
Chief the poor queen now near her destin'd fall,
Gazing with fancy's eye insatiate burns,
Now in the boy, now in his presents wrapt.
He on AEneia's neck embracing hangs, 715
And fills him with a Father's mighty love:
Thence to the Queen; her eyes, her soul entire,
Holds fixt, plays on her lap; nor knew the Queen
What power, fond wretch! she cherish'd. He his charge
Rememb'ring, steals t' efface Sichæus first, 720
Then early with a living flame to seize
Her vacant bosom's easy passions wild.
Now quell'd their hunger and the tables drawn,
Come the huge goblets and o'erflowing wines:
Sweet rings the palace wide thro' th' ample halls, 725
Re-echoing;

Re-echoing: lamps, hung from the gilded dome,
 Flame; and wav'd torches chase the shades of night.
 Forth calls the Queen the gold-bowls set with gems
 Belus had used and Belus' lineal heirs;
 Fills, and proclaiming silence thro' the court: 730
 Jove! for from thee derive the stranger's rights,
 Grant this day happy to new Tyre and Troy,
 And ever-glorious to our common heirs.
 Heighten our joy, kind Juno! jovial Bacchus!
 And you, my Tyrians! feast with friendly eye. 735
 Thus she, and on the board the liquor's prime
 Pour'd, and first kist the consecrated bowl,
 Then gave to Bitias; Quick! Boy: Off he quaffs,
 And drench'd his frame in the full foaming gold:
 Then th' other Peers: Phœbus' trim'd son Iopas 740
 Struck o'er his golden lyre great Atla's airs;
 Sung whence sprung man and beast; whence water,
 Sung the moon's wand'rings and the solar toils: (fire:
 Arcturus, showery Hyads, Northern car:
 Why winter-suns so hasten to the deep 745
 Plunging, or what retards the lingring nights:
 Thick clap the Tyrians, and the Trojans join:
 While with her various talk eludes the night
 Poor Dido, drinking deep love's frantic streams;
 Much ask'd of Priam, and of Hector much; 750
 What

What were the arms adorn'd the Aurora's son :
What Diomed's Steeds : what great Achille's shape :
Nay from their rise come tell my longing ear
Hero! the Grecian wiles, thy country's fall
And own adventures. For seven annual suns 755
Have seen thee wand'ring every sea and shore.

The

Silent they all, with eyes intently fix't;
 When from the stately couch AEneas thus:
 Dire griefs, O Queen! your high command renews;
 How mighty Ilion's lamentable Realm 4
 Fell to the Greeks; what woes my eyes have seen;
 What center'd in myself. Who these cou'd tell.
 What savage Grecian, or Ulisses' self,
 Nor melt in tears? And dewy Night thro' heaven
 Now falling, calls with setting stars, to sleep.
 But if your friendship long to know our toils, 10
 And briefly hear the dying pangs of Troy;
 Shock'd tho' my soul from the sad tale recoils,
 Proceed I. Routed, and by fate repuls'd,
 Now the Greek Kings, for many rolling years,
 Huge, as a mountain, build a Wooden Horse; 15
 By Pallas taught to weave the ribs with fir;
 Vow'd, as they falsly spread, for their return.
 Here from the chosen troops by ballot nam'd,
 Some bands in armour enter its dark sides;
 Filling its inmost caves, and spacious womb. 20

Full in our view lay Ten'dos noble Isle,
 Wealthy and powerful under Priam's reign,
 But now a broken rough and faithless bay.
 Here they advancing hide in desert rocks.
 We thought 'em gone, and sailing for Mycene. 25

Her

Her woes forgetting, Troy now swims in mirth;
Opens her gates; and rambling views their camp,
The posts abandon'd, and forsaken shore:
Here lay the Dolops: here pitch'd fierce Achille:
Here rode the fleet: here clafh'd the furious ranks: 30
Some gazed on chaste Minerva's fatal gift,
The monstrous Horse. Thymæta first advis'd,
Draw to the town! and lodge it in the tower!
False he, or driven by Troy's impending fate:
But Capys, and the sons of Wisdom, move, 35
Or in the sea fly Greece's dang'rous gift
Headlong to plunge, or fire with flaming brands;
Or bore the ribs, and search the cavern'd sides.

These Heads divide the fickle echoing crowd;
When foremost comes there with a mighty train 40
Laocoon, flaming from the lofty tower;
Yet far off: O what fatal madness, Friends!
D' ye trust the flying foe? or Grecian gifts
Think void of Grecian Fraud? Thus known Ulysses?
I'll swear, this timber holds the lurking Greeks; 45
Or is some engine, fram'd against our walls,
High to o'erlook, assail, and batter Troy;
Or some deception deep. Touch not the Horse;
Whate'er it be, Greece and her gifts I dread.
Then straining every nerve, his pond'rous lance 50
Whirls

Whirls on the monster's sides, and jointed paunch:
Fast it stuck quivering; and the trembling womb, 52
With the deep caves, resound a thund'ring roar:
And had not Fate, or some ill Genius, drove,
Our sword had fill'd with blood the Grecian Holds;
Now Troy had flood, and Priam's lofty towers. 56

When lo! a youth, with hands behind him chain'd,
Our swains triumphant bring before the king;
A stranger, who had freely to their power
Perfidious! come, to open Troy to Greece; 60
Bold and determin'd, fit for either fate,
If call'd to falsehood, or a bloody death.
To see him, crowd around the Trojan Youth;
And vie in spite, to mock the captive foe. 64
Now hear the Grecian wiles, and from one crime
Learn the whole States Confederate.

While in the public view confus'd, disarm'd,
He stood, surveying wide the Phrygian bands:
Ah! in what lands, what ocean may I more,
Hope a reception? Wretch! What refuge find? 70
Late from Greece banish'd, e'en the Trojans now,
See! thirst insatiate for my vital blood.
Won by his groans, and all our fury calm'd,
Kindly we ask to tell us, Whence he sprang?
What tidings brought? Why flew he to the foe? 75

His

[His fears at length dismissing, thus he speaks:]

All will I, King! without reserve confess
Most truly: nor deny my birth from Argos;
This first; nor wretched if she made poor Sinon,
A liar false shall Fortune ever make. 80
If Rumour haply to your ear have brought,
The name of Palamed, and high renown.
He 'gainst the war protesting; all the States (doom'd
Conspir'd to charge him with high crimes; and
Guiltless to death; now mourn their patriot lost.
T' attend our kinsman in the foreign wars, 86
Here my poor father sent me yet a boy.
While he yet living, with persuasive tongue,
Sway'd the Greek Council; we partook his power:
But when the fly Ulysses' envious spite, 90
I speak no secret, snatch'd him from our world;
I drag'd a wretched life in grief and gloom,
And inly raged for my lost guiltless friend:
Nor fool! contain'd, but sware; By Fortune's leave,
If I victorious see my Country more, 95
I will have vengeance: rail'd and vex'd his spleen.
Hence came my fall: hence haunts me still Ulysses
With fresh impeachments: hence among the crowd
Scatters dark hints; and conscious flies to arms;
Nor rested, 'till suborning Calchas, he 100

L

But

But why in vain pursue the tedious tale?
Or why detain you? Come! if all the Greeks
Deeming alike, you hate the name: Here! Smite!
How th' Ithacan will triumph! How th' Atridæ!

Then burn we curious all to hear the whole, 105
Unknowing yet such impious Grecian Guile;
And trembling thus the Hypocrite proceeds:
Oft schem'd the Greeks to speed away from Troy,
Tir'd and exhausted with the tedious war.

Oh! Had they! But their flight the stormy seas 110
Stopt, and the formidable South-Wind oft:

Chief when the Horse now fram'd of maple beams
Here stood complete; storms swell the raging main;
Anxious we send to ask at Phœbus' Shrine

Euripus. He this direful answer brought: 115

With Virgin's blood you first appeas'd the Winds,
Ere came you, Grecians! to the Trojan coast.

By blood must you return, and th' offer'd life
Of Argite. That word thund'ring thro' the crowd,
Confounds their souls; and thro' their chilling frame
Shot horror; whom the Fates, whom Phœbus fought.

Forth drag the Ithacans their Prophet Calchas,
And urge demanding: What the Will of Heaven?
My friends alarm'd or curse the Villain's plot,
Or silent look for my impending fate. 125

A ten days silence kept he and reserve ;
 Nor clear would name one, nor expose to death ;
 Till by the brawling Ithacan compel'd,
 The minion's tongue dooms me to th' altar-flames.
 They all assent. His own fear'd ruin each 130
 Smil'd to see fall on my devoted head.
 Now came the day accurst, my rites prepared,
 The salted barley, fillet round my brow.
 I flew, I own, from death ; and burst my bonds ;
 And hid in rushes of a slimy pool, 135
 Lay all night, might they haply fail for Greece :
 Nor longer hoped to see Old Argos more,
 Nor my sweet babes, nor honour'd father dear ;
 Whom they enrag'd at my escape, may claim
 My crime t' atone with their most precious blood.
 But oh ! by all the Patron-Gods of truth, 141
 By whate'er bonds to mortals yet remain,
 Of holy faith, oh ! pity such dire woes !
 Pity a soul deserving other fates !

We at his tears relenting, grant his life ; 145
 First Priam's self his cuffs, and galling chains,
 Commands to loose ; and thus with gentle strain :
 Whoe'er thou art, come, curse, renounce the Greeks ;
 Henceforth be Trojan. Then resolve me true.
 Why built they this huge monster ? Who advis'd ?

With what intent? A vow? Or war-machine?

Thus Priam. He, complete in Grecian fraud,
Lift his unshackled hands aloft to Heaven:

Witness, Ye eternal Fires! and your dread Power
Inviolatè! You Altars and curst Swords 155

Escap'd! You Wreaths, this head devoted wore!

How just I break my Country's sacred ties:

How just I damn her Sons; now her deep schemes
Reveal; nor longer own the laws of Greece.

Thou only keep thy holy promise, Troy! 160

If truth I bring thee and a full reward.

Greece still had seen her sanguine hopes in war
Flourish by Pallas' aid, till Tideus' Son

Impious, with that foul Source of crimes Ulysses,
Join'd against Fate, to storm her shrine's Palladium;

Murder'd the guards, that watch'd her lofty tower:

Seiz'd th' awful Image; and with bloody hands 167

Dar'd touch the Virgin-Goddes's holy wreaths.

That moment sunk, back like an ebbing tide,

Greece's hopes. Pallas frown'd; their strength was

Nor dark the omens her Palladium gave: (broke. 171

Scarce seated in the camp, ere glaring fires

Shot from her stedfast eye-balls: o'er her frame

Broke a salt sweat: and dire! thrice from the ground

. Sprung she with brazen shield, and brandish'd spear.

Strait

Strait the feer Calchas: Fly! Fly! Sail away!
Ne'er shall Troy fall before the Grecian arms; (Greece;
Till once more brought th' auspicious power from
Whose presence wing'd your passage o'er the main.
So now return'd, they on their native shores 180
Raising their Gods and arms, back o'er the seas
Speed to surprize you: Calchas guides the whole.
To her Palladium's violated Power
This they have built, t' atone the impious deed:
This the dread Calchas bade, of jointed oaks, 185
Rear so immense a bulk, aloft to heaven;
Lest in your gates, or to your walls receiv'd,
It's holy power antique shou'd save your state.
For shou'd you violate Minerva's gift;
Then ruin, light it first on his own head! 190
Waits Priam's empire, and the sons of Troy.
But shou'd you move it to your lofty towers,
Asia will rise; and pour on Pelop's walls
War's mighty storms, and ruin on our sons.

The perjur'd Sinon's fraud thus won our faith;
Surprizing with his forc'd and crafty tears 196
Whom nor Tidides, nor the fierce Achille,
Nor ten year's war, nor mighty fleets cou'd break.

Here meets our wretched eyes another Sight,
More hideous still; and fills with fresh alarms. 200

Laocoon, whom the lots made Neptune's priest,
Slaying at th' awful shrine a stately bull ;
Lo ! fast from Ten'dos o'er the chrystal deep,
Trembling I speak it ! their huge orbs two Snakes
Roll on the main ; approach with equal steps ; 205
Up-rear their breasts among the waves, and high
Their bloody crest emergent ; far behind
Sweep the sea ; wind immense their monstrous back ;
Loud lash the briny foam ; now reaching shore,
Their bloody eye-balls fiery glare around ; 210
And lick their hissing jaws with quivering tongues.
Pale and aghast we fly. They strait their train
Shoot for Laocoon. First his two young Sons
The serpents clasp, enfolding often round ;
Bite mortal ; and devour their wretched limbs : 215
Himself next, coming to their aid with arms,
Seize they ; with mighty spires encircle ; whirl
Twice round his waste and neck their scaly back ;
Spring, and uprear their head and lofty breast.
He, striving with his hands to rend the knots, 220
All smear'd his wreaths with gore and poisons black ;
And heav'd such cries up horrible to heaven ;
As roars the wounded bull, that flies the shrine,
And tosses from his neck the glancing ax.
Then slide the serpents to the temple's height, 225
And

And fleeing to the stern Minerva's Tower,
Hide 'neath her feet, and in her concave shield.

Yet trembling all, another pannick pierc'd
Deep thro' our breasts, Laocoon's judgment just:
Who impious dar'd, against the sacred oak, 230
Violating whirl his execrable spear.

Bring us, they cry, bring in the Image. Sue
Suppliant the Goddess' aid.

Wide thro' the city-walls we break a gap:
All join the labour: place beneath his feet 235
The sliding wheels; fling cables round his neck;
And up the works then draw Death's huge machine,
Pregnant with arms: the boys and virgins round
Sing, as in triumph, pleas'd to touch the ropes:
Onward it slides, and hideous gains the town. 240
O my dear Country! Ye her Patron-Gods!
Troy! and old Dardan's walls! Thrice at the gate
It stood; thrice shook its womb the rattling arms.
Yet rush we heedless, blind, infatuate, on;
And lodge the boding mafs in the hallow'd tower.

Then ope Cassandra's lips our future woes: 246
Blind to their fate, the Trojans not believ'd:
We, wretched souls, now in the eve of ruin
With joyous garlands deck the shrines and streets.
Day closing, haste emergent from the deep 250

Night's thick'ning shades, wide-veiling earth and hea-
 And Greece's wiles; Troy's sons along the walls (ven
 Lie silent: sleep had wrapt their weary limbs:
 And now new-rig'd and arm'd, the Grecian Fleet
 From Ten'dos by the still auspicious moon 255
 Made the known shores. Soon as the royal yacht
 Blaz'd signal; and whom unjust Heaven had sav'd,
 Sly Sidon loos'd the Greeks; and their dark holds
 Unlock'd; strait thro' the av'nue they abroad
 Spring thence triumphant into open air. 260
 Theffander, Sthenel, and the dire Ulisse
 Down sliding by a rope, Acmas and Thoas,
 Machaon first, Achille's heir Neptolmus,
 Men'laus, and Epeus builder of the Fraud,
 Fall on the city, dead in wine and sleep; 265
 The sentries flay; throw wide the gates; admit
 Their friends in waiting, and unite their force.
 Now first on weary mortals gentle Sleep,
 Kind Heaven's indulgence! stealing, wrapt in blifs;
 When in a dream before my eyes, lo! Hector 270
 Stands mournful, and in floods of tears dissolv'd,
 As late at the dire car, all dust and gore,
 Pierc'd and high swoln his feet with racking thongs;
 But ah! how sadly from the Hector chang'd!
 Who smil'd returning in Achille's spoils; 275
 Or

Or whirl'd the Trojan Fires on Greece's Fleet;
 Now wearing filthy beard, blood-clotted hair,
 And all those wounds, which round his native walls
 Deform'd his breast. First I with tears methought

Address the hero in these mournful strains: 280

O Light of Troy! O thou her faithful Trust!

Ah! Where so long detain'd? Now from what coast
 Comes her wish'd Hector? Dost thyself appear,

After thy dying friends, and country's toils,

Thus to my swooning eyes? What direful cause 285

That front cou'd dim? Ah! Whence those mortal

Nought to my idle questions he: but thus, (wounds?)

Deepheaving from his breast Death's lengthen'd groan:

Fly, fly, great Hero! Snatch thee from these flames.

See on her walls the foe! Troy's glory fal'n! 290

Enough for Priam and thy country spilt.

Cou'd mortal hand save Ilion, this had sav'd.

Ilion to thee commits her Rites and Gods.

Take these to share thy Fates. For these erect

Thy mighty walls beyond the travers'd seas. 295

So saying; brought great Vesta's Image-Wreaths,

And from her secret cells the eternal fire.

Now on the walls hark! uproar, various cries:

And still drew nearer, tho' flood far retir'd

My royal Father's House deep veil'd in groves, 300

War's

War's loud alarms, clafh'd fpears and horrors thick.
 Rouz'd from my fleep, our lofty palace-dome
 I fcalè impatient, and with lift'ning ears.
 As o'er his corn when tempefts drive the flames,
 Or when the rapid mountain-torrent fweeps 505
 Up th' earth, up harvefts, labour'd fallows vain,
 With the woods headlong: th'idling fwain furpriz'd,
 Hears from fome diftant cliff the flunning roar.
 Then known the Grecian Faith, and Grecian wiles.
 Now had Deïpho's ftately palace fal'n 310
 Deep in the flames: now burns Ucalegon's:
 Wide blaze the fires o'er the Sigëan main.
 The conqu'rors' fhouts, and shrill trump, rend the
 To arms I frantic: vain tho' then were arms; (fkies.
 Yet glows my foul to raife a force for war, 315
 And join the tower's defenders: wrath, revenge
 Drove headlong, and the fame to die in arms:
 When juft escap'd the Grecian Spears, lo! Pantheus,
 Priest of Apollo's tower, flies carrying off
 His veffels, grandfon, and his vanquifh'd Gods; 320
 And wildly hafting meets me at the gate:
 How Pantheus! ftands my country? How the tower?
 Scarce had I fpoke, ere with a groan he thus:
 Dardania's laft hour this! This her fixt doom!
 We Trojans are no more; nor Ilion more! 325
 Set

Set Teucer's glory ! Jove has all transfer'd
 T' Argos : Greece triumphs in the city-flames :
 Within the walls teems the huge monster forth
 Thick squadrons : Sinon conqueror spreads the fires,
 Insulting : thousands also thro' the gate 330
 Crowd, more than ere arriv'd from great Mycene :
 Some seize the passes : armies all around
 Stand with drawn swords wide-gleaming, firm, resolv'd
 Thirsting for blood : the city-guards o'erpower'd,
 Wage groping with the foe a feeble fight. 335

Fir'd with his words to martial rage, I flew
 Mid th' arms and flames, where'er the Furies call'd,
 Where direful cries and the sky-rending shouts.
 Strait join me Ripheus and old Iphitus,
 Known by the moon's full splendour, Hypanis, 340
 Dymas, firm allies ; and the young Chorcæbus,
 Great Mygdon's heir : for he had then to Troy,
 Enamour'd with the fair Cassandra, come,
 Duteous with aids for Priam's threaten'd state ;
 Hapless rejecting so the warning voice, 345
 Pour'd from her raving lips.

These when I saw united bold for fight,
 Thus I address : Brave Friends ! but brave in vain ;
 If glow your spirits to attend my rage,
 To war's extremes, Our present state you see : 350

How

How all the ancient Gods of Troy have fled
 Their shrines and altars; how the town you save,
 In ashes. Come! Die in the thickest war.
 Conquer'd, our only hope is hope renounc'd.
 Thus kindling they to fury, forth like wolves, 355
 Prowling in darkness, whom dire hunger mad
 Drives blind and headlong, while th' impatient Young
 Gasp with parch't maw; so we thro' spears and hosts
 Into sure death; the city's center reach, 359
 Wrapt in the black wide-hovering shades of night.

Who that night's Slaughter, who the Deaths can tell?
 Or who can o'er such woes shed equal tears?
 Th' old City fal'n! fal'n her wide ancient realms!
 Thick thro' her streets lie round the lifeless corps;
 Thick thro' her dwellings; thro' her solemn Fanes,
 Before her gods! Nor bleed her sons alone: 366
 Tho' conquer'd; shoots fresh vigour thro' their veins
 Swelling, and fells the haughty Greeks. Wide spread
 Sad wailings, wide dismay, death's every face.

First, with a mighty train of Grecian Chiefs, 370
 Androgeos meets us; for his firm allies
 Mistakes, and thus with friendly strain salutes:
 Hie! Heroes! Hie! for why so late delay?
 They yon demolish, burn, spoil, ransack Troy:
 You not till now, trudge ling'ring from the shore.

Thus

Thus he: nor meeting faithful answer due 376

Strait sees himself fal'n mid a cloud of foes.

Back he recoils amaz'd, and checks his voice.

As who reclin'd on grafs, a Snake unseen

Feels cold beneath him; starts, and shiv'ring flies 380

His wrath high-rearing and bright swelling neck:

So he with horreur at our sight retires.

Fierce we rush on; surround with showers of arms

The strangers lost, surpriz'd, astounded; slay;

And our first labours push with fortune's smiles. 385

With this success elate, thus brave Choroebus:

Lo! Friends! where first to certain safety points

Fortune's right hand auspicious, Come! Pursue!

Exchange our shields and ornaments with Greece

And armour, (Fraud? or Virtue? unask'd in war,)

Disguis'd. Then he Androgeos' crested helm, 391

And flaming shield with heavenly figures grac'd,

Puts on, and at his side the Grecian sword:

So too Riphæus, Dymas, all the youth

Joyous; each girding on his fresh-got spoils. 395

Mixing the Greeks we, not with our own Gods,

Close many a battle in the midnight pitch;

Smite; and hurl shoals of Grecians into hell.

They fly dispers'd; these to the ships and shores

For refuge; those the monster's coward-spawn, 400

Horreur-

Horrou- struck back to its dear crannies dark.

Ah! If heav'n smile not, vain the hope of man!
Lo! Priam's lovely daughter, rudely drag'd,
With hair dishevel'd, from Minerva's shrine,
Stretching to heaven her sparkling eyes in vain: 405
Her eyes; for ah! her tender hands were bound.
Too much for poor Choræbus. Frantic he
Leap't 'mid the hostile spears to share her fate.
We following push all our united force.

From the high temple showers of Trojan darts 410
Now first o'erwhelm'd us: hideous slaughter rose
From our false armour and the Grecian plumes.
Her cries then, and their rage to lose the Fair,
Drew the Greeks round t' invade us; the fierce Ajax,
Th' Atridæ, and the Dolops' every band. 415

When bursts an hurricane, so the struggling Winds,
The South, the West, proud East with morning-steeds,
Roar thro' the woods; while Nereus's trident smites,
Up from their bed, the raging foamy seas.

And whom we in the gloomy shades of night 420
Disguis'd had routed thro' the city wide,
Rallying appear: They our false shields and spears
The first discover'd, and our foreign tongue.

We die o'erwhelm'd by numbers: first Choroebus,
By Penleus' hand near mighty Pallas' shrine, 425

Measur'd

Measur'd the ground : falls too the Trojan just,
Firm equal and inflexible Riphæus ;
Yet smil'd not Heav'n : fall Hyp'nis too and Dymas,
Stab'd by their friends : nor all thy piety, Pantheus !
Nor Phæbus's honours, skreen'd thy falling head.

O ye Troy's Ashes ! Ye my dying friends ! 431
Witness, if in your fall I shun'd or blade
Or ought of Greece ; if, had my death been doom'd,
This arm deserved it not. We force our way.
Iph'tus, and I, and Pelias, (Iph'tus old, 435
And Pelias halting felt Ulysses's wound)
Were summon'd by the cries to Priam's Court.
Here a dire battle, as if else were none
Of war, or bloodshed, thro' the spacious town :
So Mars and Greece unconquer'd rush to court ; 440
Beneath a vault of shields beset the gates ;
Fix to the walls their ladders ; climb the door ;
Hold in their left against the hostile force
Their targets ; and with right the ramparts grasp.
Th' Ilians their own roofs, towers and bulwarks rend ;
Resolv'd with these, now seeing Fate's approach, 446
E'en in the jaws of death t' attempt defence,
And the gold-beams, the pride of ancient kings,
Roll on their heads : some, with drawn swords below,
Throng to the portals, and uniting guard. 450

My

My spirits burn renew'd to aid the Court ;
Relieve ; and re-inspire my fainting friends.

A Porch there was with secret avenues
To the whole palace, nor its postern watch't :
Where, Troy yet standing, oft th' unhappy maid
Androm'che wont to visit free the court, 461
And bring his grandfire young Astyanax.
Up to the rampart spring I ; whence our friends
Flung hopeless down their missive weapons vain.
On the high rampart built, a spiring tower 460
Threaten'd the skies : whence lies all Troy to view,
The Grecian navy, and Achaian camp.
This with our steel we, where its highest floor
Had loose foundations, shake ; and off its base
Push it. Sudden the tottering turret slides, 465
Thundering ; and rolls vast ruin on the foe,
Burying their legions. Still yet more advance.
Still we oppose our rocks, or any arms.
Before the porch, and on the threshold, Pyrrhus
Up-springing, flames with arms and brazen funs. 470
So into day the Snake with poisons fraught,
Forth from his chilling winter-cavern springs :
Now cast his skin renewing youthful glaze,
With breast up-lifted, rolls his sleeky length ;
Rears at the sun ; and darts his forky tongue. 475
Who

Who drove Achille's steeds, and bore his arms,
Autom'don next and Perphos; next thy bands
Scyria! whirl o'er our heads their thick'ning flames.
Pyrrhus the first snatch't up a battle-ax;
Burst thro' the portals; rent the brazen posts, 480
Unhinging; hew'd the beams; scoop't the firm oak;
And widening still struck out a spacious light:
Shewing the dome, and the long galleries wide;
With Priam's Chambers, and of th' ancient kings,
And the arm'd sentries standing at the breach. 485
From th' inner rooms shrieks, wailings, tumults wild,
Howlings and beating breasts ring thro' the Court
The female woes; and stun the twinkling stars.
The matrons wild all o'er the palace fly;
Embrace the pillars; hug, and print their lips. 490
On prest he with his Father's might: Nor bars
Nor guards withstand: down to his thunders fall
The doors, and the brass-hinges bursting fly.
Forcing their way, break thro' and ent'ring flay
The Greeks now all they meet, thick-swarmling wide.
So if its bounds transgress, a foaming flood 496
High-rising triumphs o'er the haughty moles;
Fierce on the meads th' impetuous mountains roll
Flocks, herds, folds, o'er the country. I saw Pyrrhus
Revel in blood, and at the gate th' Atridæ, 500

M

Hec'ba,

Hec'ba, her hundred daughters ; and how Priam
 Foul'd with his blood his own lit altar-flames ;
 Those fifty beds, the pledge of future heirs,
 Whose posts barbaric gold and spoils adorn'd,
 Sunk in the flames, or fell to Greece's hands. 506

Wish you to hear the fall of Priam? He,
 His city seeing taken now, and burnt,
 His palace broke, and chambers swarm with foes ;
 Th' arms long difus'd o'er his old trembling limbs
 Throws round in vain ; girds on his feeble sword ; 510
 And courting death, bolts 'mid the thickest spears.
 Within the palace, 'neath the open sky,
 An altar rose ; o'er which an ancient bay
 Hung, and wide-shadowing veil'd its guardian-gods.
 Here Hec'ba's self and daughters, round the shrine,
 Like the wing'd doves, before a threat'ning storm,
 Crowd, and embrace the unavailing Gods.
 Seeing the king in youthful armour clad ;
 What frenzy, says she, my unhappy Lord!
 Drove thus to gird thee? Whither rushing on? 530
 Not this the aid, nor these the bulwarks now
 Can help us. Nor cou'd now my Hector's self.
 Here, here O come! This shrine shall save us all.
 Or we'll together die. So saying, clasps,
 And seats the fire on her own sacred couch: 525

When

When 'scaping bloody Pyrrhus, lo! Polites,
A son of Priam, mid the darts and hofs,
Thro' the long galleries flies, and vacant rooms,
Wounded. Him Pyrrhus' mad unglutted Rage
Pursuing, just had reach'd to stab afresh ; 530
When to his fire arriv'd, he drops, and pours
Forth at their feet his soul in tides of blood.

Here Priam, girt tho' close around with deaths,
Yet not containing spar'd nor lungs nor spleen :
For this thy crime, so daring, may the Gods, 535
If any bowels work in heavenly breasts,
Give the due thanks, and on thy head repay
Full vengeance ; who before me here my son
Slaying, profan'ft with blood the Parents' eyes.
Not so Achilles, thy false-vaunted fire, 540
Rag'd against Priam. He a suppliant foe's
Just rights rever'd ; resign'd my Hector's corps
To burial ; and replac'd me on my throne.
Then cast the Sage his feeble harmless lance,
Which easy from the whispering brags repel'd, 545
Scarce the boss-surface ent'ring, lightly hung.
To him thus Pyrrhus : Go then tell-tale, quick !
'T' Achille my fire. Of these my impious deeds
Inform him full ; and how degen'rate Pyrrhus.
Die ! Then to th' altar drag'd him trembling on ; 550

And fliding in his son's broad lake of blood,
 Grasp'd with the left his hair; high in his right
 The flashing blade plung'd hilt-deep in his bowels.
 Thus Priam's Fates concluded. He his Troy,
 Late Queen of Asia, and so many realms, 555
 Saw burnt to ashes, flat his lofty towers:
 Himself now on the shore a mighty trunk,
 Mangled and headless, lies a nameless corps.

All o'er my frame now first fell horror spreads:
 To my shock'd mind occurs my Father's form, 560
 Seeing the King, his compeer, from the wound
 Breathe out his soul; occurs my consort left,
 My young Iulus, and my plunder'd house.
 I look around, reviewing now my state.
 My friends had all forlook me; down had leapt,
 Despairing; or had met the absorbing flames. 566
 While thus alone, I saw in Vesta's Porch
 Fair Helen, silent on a couch retir'd
 Skulking: (the rolling fires around inform
 My wand'ring steps, and wide-observing eye :) 570
 There from the ransack't Ilion's sons enrag'd,
 Her injur'd Lord, and Country's vengeance, fled
 That common pest of Troy and Greece's states:
 And at the altar sat the reprobate:
 My kindling soul exasperate, glows t' avenge 575
 My

My falling country on her head accurst.
 She see her Sparta more, and native seat?
 And clad with spoils, return triumphant Queen?
 Her home, her parents, spouse and sons embrace?
 Led by a train of Greek and Phrygian slaves:
 While Priam bleeds; Troy's ashes cloud the skies,
 With mists of gore, exhal'd from Dardan's coasts,
 No! No! For tho' no memorable deed,
 A Woman punish'd; nor the victory great.
 T' erase yet Nature's curse, take judgment due 585
 Some merit. Sweet to quench these vengeful flames,
 And just to appease my country's crying ghosts.

Revolving thus with rage transported, lo!
 More clear than e'er reveal'd, salutes my eye,
 And thro' night's shades spreads her ethereal light,
 My Mother's radiant deity; all she e'er 591
 Shed on th' Immortals; holds my lifted hand;
 And with soft accents thus her rosy lips:
 What trouble, Son! so wakes thy headstrong wrath?
 Why raving? Where for me thy wonted love? 595
 Not see then first thy old decrepid sire,
 Anchises? Where now he: if lives thy Creüsa,
 Thy young Ascanio: all beset with Greeks,
 Dire hovering; and but that my fan protects,
 Were now absorb'd in flames, or thirsty steel. 600

Not the Laconian maid's pestiferous form,
 Or Paris' fault; the Gods, th' ungracious Gods,
 Ruin thy Troy, and lay her glory flat.
 See! for the mist, that dims thy mortal fight,
 And thick o'erspreading, wraps in midnight gloom,
 Thus I dispel, to win thy 'bolden'd ear,
 And prompt obedience to a Mother's voice. (stones,
 There mid those massy wrecks, stones wrench'd from
 And clouds of rolling smoke with mingled dust,
 How Neptune's Trident from their base up-heaves
 The tottering walls, and universal town, 611
 O'erturning: How the Scæan gate high Juno
 Relentless holds, with steel and fury girt,
 Up from the shores her Argives calling:
 See Pallas seated on yon lofty tower! 615
 Inshrin'd in light! how flames her direful shield!
 Jove's self on Greece breathes courage, strength, suc-
 Jove wakes the Gods, against the Trojan arms. (cess:
 Rise! Son! Away! nor here protract thy toils.
 My hand shall lead thee to thy native shores. 620
 Thus she, and vanish'd in the shades of night,
 I saw the awful Forms, Troy's hostile Gods
 In all their potent Deity:
 Saw then wide Ilion into ashes sink,
 And Neptune's Troy from its deep base o'erturn'd.
 On

On mountain-brow ~~for~~ the old rev'rend Ash,
Whom with their thick-plied axes vying, swains
Hew felling: Long he threatens them below,
And trembling nods his head, and waving locks;
Gradual at length now conquer'd, groans his last; 630
Rends the earth's womb, and with vast ruin falls.

Led by the Goddess thro' the flames and hosts,
Darts hailing glance around me: flames retire:
Safe now arriving to my native Home,
And ancient palace; with I first to bear 635
My hoary Sire, up to the neighbouring hills.
He deaf t' intreaty scorns to outlive Troy
In exile: You! whose unpolluted blood
Flows in brisk tides; whose youthful muscles brac'd;
Speed you your flight. 640
For me if they had meant a longer date;
This feat the Gods had sav'd me. Enough and more
To see one wreck, outlive one captive state.
Take your adieu of this stretch't lifeless corps.
Death shall my own hand find; or kind foe give, 645
Gaping for spoil. No mighty loss a grave.
Too long I've liv'd, earth's cumb'rer, curst of heav'n,
Since Jove! thy bolt wing'd on the mighty wind,
Blasted these limbs, and drain'd their vital springs.
Thus he persisting, still resisted firm. 650

Diffolv'd in tears then I, my wife, my boy,
 With the whole house, conjure him not to ruin
 All in himself; nor urge our hast'ning fates.
 Deaf still he sits, and in his purpose fix't.

Again I arm, and court a desperate death. 655
 For now what measure, or what fortune left?
 Myself escape? Abandon thee, my fire?
 Impious! Hear this too from my Father's lips?
 If by heav'n's judgment, nought of Troy must stand;
 And you resolv'd will add then to her wreck 660
 Yourself and friends: wide here the Gate of death:
 Soon comes from Priam's blood the butchering sword
 Flays Sons before their fires, fires at the shrine.
 Snatch't you for this my soul thro' darts, thro' fires,
 Mother! to see within these walls the foes? 665
 To see my boy, my fire, my dear Creüsa
 Fall in each other's blood; their victims slain?
 Arms! Boys! My arms! Death's Trumpet wakes de:
 Where, where the Grecians? Now will I to war (spair.
 Return; nor die here this day unreveng'd. 670

Once more then girt with arms, and my broad
 Grasping, and bursting forth to meet the foe; (shield
 Lo! at the door Creüsa claspt my knees;
 And clinging held my Ascanio to my breast;
 To Death if going, wrap us in thy fates; 675

But

But if with Hope elate resuming arms;
This house oh! first defend! Who else thy son?
Who save thy fire? And me once call'd thy wife?
Thus with her plaintive cries fill'd all the house.

When sudden rose a wondrous prodigy. 680
For as the mournful parents held him, lo!
On the Boy's Crown a silver Light diffus'd;
Whose gentle flames encircling lambent play'd
Round his fair locks, and on his temples fed.
We, struck with horror, wou'd his blazing hair 685
Shake; and with water quench the sacred fires,
But old Anchises smiled; his eyes to heaven
Lifting, and hands wide spreading, thus aloud:
O Jove Almighty! if man's prayers avail,
Look down this once; nor all my vows forget. 690
Aid us, and Sire! this omen ratify.
Scarce had he spoke; ere bursting on the left,
Rolls Thunder; and from heaven a falling Star
Shot thro' the shades a flambeau's silver train.
This we saw gliding on our palace-roof, 695
Thence glancing radiant hide in Ida's grove,
And mark our way in a long track of light,
Still flaming sulph'rous thro' the scented air.

The fire at length o'erpower'd, uprising stands;
Addres't the Gods, and hail'd the sacred star: 700
Now

Now no demur: lead on: I follow strait:
 Ye Gods! Preserve the house! Preserve my child!
 Yours is the omen. Troy still own'd by you.
 I yield, nor Son! refuse my presence more.
 Thus he; and brighter now the City's fires, 705
 Louder and nearer, roll their madding flames.
 Come then, dear Father! rest you on my neck:
 Here on these shoulders: nor this labour hard.
 Howe'er things fall: one common danger we,
 One safety both will share. I'll lead my Ascanio. 710
 At proper distance follow thou, Creüsa!
 You, my attendants! mark my orders given.
 Without the walls dread Cere's ruin'd Fane
 Stands high; and near it the old Cypress-Shade
 Our pious grand-fires hallow'd many an age: 715
 Here we pursuing different routs will meet.
 Bear you the Gods and sacred vessels, Sire!
 My hands yet reeking with dire battle's blood,
 Heinous to touch 'em; 'till first duly purg'd
 In the live stream. 720
 Then on my neck, and o'er my shoulders broad,
 Throwing my vest of tawny lion's hide,
 Up take my burden; lead by hand Iulus,
 Thick tripping nimble after his Father's strides:
 Creüsa behind: all thro' blind avenues. 725

Myself

Myself whom late no storms of jav'lins mov'd,
 Nor a Greek legion's force of pointed spears,
 Now every breeze affrights; each leaf alarms;
 Anxious alike for my young and hoary charge.

When near the gate methought myself in port;
 Real or fancied, thick advancing steps 731
 Appall my ear: my father thro' the shades
 Looking and crying. Fly! Son! fly! They come!
 How flaming yon their shields, and quiv'ring spears!
 Here in my fright some unknown God bereft 735
 Me of myself: for thro' the pathless wilds
 While stray'd I, leaving every beaten path;
 My wife, ah! whether snatch't by rig'rous fate,
 Or lost, or fainting with the toilsome march,
 This only sure, my eyes ne'er saw her more. 740
 Nor did I miss her; nor suspect the loss;
 Till come to Cere's wall and sacred seat;
 Where all my train reviewing, she alone
 Wanting, had'scap'd her guards, her spouse, her son,
 Whom raving blam'd I not, of men and gods, 745
 Or what in ransack't Troy saw more severe?
 My Ascanio, fire Anchises, Ilian Gods
 Deep in a vale committing to my friends;
 Myself for town gird on my brilliant arms,
 Once more to traverse the distressful scene;
 Again

Again t' expose my head to deaths around.

First go I to the walls, and darksome gate,
Where I had come, and backward trace my steps,
All night with anxious and observing eye:
Horror still seiz'd me: silence' self alarms; 755
Thence home; if there, if haply there she went;
Returning, found the storming Greeks held all.
Fierce to the dome, the wind rolls eating fires:
The mad flames spiring thunder thro' the air.
Thence I revisit Priam's seat and tower, 760
Where in the empty Iles of Juno's Fane
Phænis, and dire Uliſſe's chosen guards,
Watch o'er the prey, all Troy's collected wealth,
Rob'd from the temples burnt, and Gods profan'd,
Goblets of maffy gold, and captive robes: 765
Boys with their shrieking mothers ſtand around,
Long melancholy train!

Fearleſs my voice I liſt, and thro' the ſhades
Fill'd the wide-echoing ſtreets with accent ſad:
My Creüſa! Creüſa! cried, but cried in vain. 770
Long ſeeking thro' the town with endleſs rage,
Lo! Creüſa's diſmal gholt! before my eyes
Stalks more majeſtic, than her nature's form:
Chill horrourrais'd my hair, and chain'd my tongue.
When thus ſhe ſpake, diſperſing all my fears: 775
Why

Why fondly so indulge thy frantic grief?
O my dear Consort! Not without the Gods
Has this befall'n. Nor thy companion Creüsa
Fate longer grants thee, or th' etherial King.
Long Exile waits thee o'er an ocean vast; 780
'Till to Hesperia brought, where thro' the land
Fertile of Heroes glides the Lydian Tiber.
There happy days, a realm, and consort-queen,
Reserv'd thee. Mourn no more for thy Creüsa.
Sprung from Dardania, 'kin to Venus' self, 785
I nor proud Dolop's seat, nor Myrmidon's,
Shall ever see; nor serve the Grecian Dames.
Heav'n's mighty Mother holds me on these coasts.
Adieu. Yet ne'er forget thy son and mine.
Thus she: then mocking my swol'n tearful eye, 790
And tongue's impatience, vanish'd into air.
Thrice I essay'd my arms around her neck:
Thrice in vain grasping from me fled the shade,
Light as the wind, and like a fleeting dream.

Back to my friends then, I at dawn return'd:
Surpriz'd to find so great a number join'd 796
Of new associates; matrons, men and youth,
All willing exiles, melancholy train!
Fraught with their rescu'd fortunes; and resolv'd
For whate'er coast I led 'em o'er the seas. 800
O'er

O'er lofty Ida smil'd now Lucifer,
Ush'ring the morn: and every gate the Greeks
Held guarded: nor deign'd Hope a single ray.
Yielding to Fate, away I bear my Sire.

804

The

Now Asia's Realm and Priam's House o'erturn'd,
 So pleas'd the cruel Gods, now fal'n proud Ilion,
 Neptune's own Troy in ashes smoking wide:
 Our various exiles we, and desert lands,
 Seek by Heaven's omens; fit and man our fleet, 5
 Near to Antandros, and the mounts of Ida;
 Doubtful, where Fate wou'd lead us, where wou'd fix.
 Scarce yet was Summer's dawn, when thus Anchise;
 Give Son and Friends! your canvas to the Fates.
 Not without tears I leave my native shores, 10
 Ports, and where Ilion stood; and launch the deep,
 Exil'd, with you, my own and country's Gods.

Sacred to Mars, the distant spacious plains,
 Severe Lycurgus' kingdom, Thracia call'd,
 Troy's old ally, and holding the same Gods, 15
 While Fortune smil'd: here come I, and on shore
 Build my first walls with unpropitious fates;
 And from myself my people name th' AEneads;
 Pay Venus filial rites; pay the Upper Gods,
 To th' enterprize auspicious; and on shore 20
 Slay to the King of heaven a stately bull.
 On a near hill by chance a corneil Grove
 And myrtle stood, thick-shooting high its spears.
 Here as I went t' uprear the verdant wood,
 T' imbower our altar with the branching leaves; 25
 I saw

I saw a dread and wondrous prodigy.
For the first tree I tore up from the roots;
Black drops of blood from ev'ry fibre flow'd,
And stain'd the earth with gore. Chill horror shook
My frame; and piercing froze my vital blood. 30
Again I tear another's pliant twig,
Ambitious to explore the hidden cause.
Again blood trickles from the injur'd bark.
Pensive I bow before the Rural Nymphs,
And Mars Gradivus, Thrace's Guardian God, 35
Suppliant; Wou'd they avert the omen dire!
Now the third branch, and with a mightier force,
Attempt my struggling knees against the sand:
Shou'd I proceed? Deep from the mount was heard
A wailing cry; and thus alarms my ear; 40
Ah! What AEneas tear'st thou? Spare the dead!
Nor stain thy pious hands. No stranger I
To thee or Troy: nor flows this blood from stocks.
Fly! Fly! Oh fly these fell insatiate lands.
Poor Pol'dore warns you, murder'd here, and hid 45
Beneath this grove of arms and pointed spears.
Then a confounding horror stun'd my soul:
Uprose my bristled hair: my tongue was chain'd.
This Pol'dore Priam, with a mass of gold,
Had privily sent to Thrace's King to rear; 50
Distrusting

Distrusting now his feeble arms in war,
 And seeing close his walls environ'd round.
 But he, from Fortune's frown, and Ilion's wreck,
 Flies o'er to Agamemnon's conquering arms:
 Breaks thro' all law; and murders Polydore, 55
 Seizing his gold. Where drives not mortal hearts
 Gold! thy damn'd hunger? When from fear reviv'd,
 I to my fire; then to my people's peers
 Tell the God's prodigies, and ask their thoughts.
 They all advising, Quit the impious shores 60
 Unhospitable, false; and launch the main:
 We pay to Polydore his sacred rites;
 Pile high his tomb; his funeral altars build,
 Veil with blue wreaths, and cypress' sable hue;
 (Troy's Dames around, as wont, with tresses loose)
 Offer our flagons of warm frothing milk, 66
 And bowls of sacred blood; his Soul to Rest
 Compose, and cry with mighty voice, Adieu!
 Then soon as th' Ocean won our faith; nor winds
 Ruffled the deep; the soft South whisp'ring, Launch! 70
 My friends draw off their ships, and crowd the strand;
 Spring from the harbour, and the flying spires.

Sacred to Doris and th' AEgean Neptune,
 Mid the wide ocean lies the happy Isle, 74
 Which floating round the coasts, the duteous Archer
 N Bound

Bound with the isles high Giarus and Mycon ;
Fixt; peopled; and inspir'd to scorn the winds.
This port secure spreads wide her friendly arms.
Here landing we adore Apollo's town ;
When Anio king of men, Apollo's priest, 80
His brow with wreaths, and sacred laurels grac'd,
Meets us, and knows his ancient dear Anchise,
Strikes friendship, and receives us to his court.
I the God's shrine of antique stone revere :
Phœbus! Oh! give our wearied limbs a home, 85
Heirs, and enduring walls. Save this new Troy,
Snatcht from the Grecians, and the fierce Achille.
Shew us a guide, a rout, and fixt abode.
Deign Sire! an omen, and inspire our souls.
Yet speaking, saw I sudden tremours round, 90
His gates, and laurels, and whole mountain, quake;
And the burst thund'ring veils display his shrine.
Lowly we bend to earth with list'ning ear :
The land, brave Trojans! whence yourselves and fires
First sprung; now spreading wide her fruitful lap, 95
Waits your return. Go! seek your ancient dame.
Here shall AEnea's house rule every coast;
His sons, their sons, and ages long to come.

Thus Phœbus: now vast joy tumultuous rose;
And all inquire, Where those imperial walls? 100
Where

Where Phœbus bids our wandring steps return,
 Revolving our old records, thus the fire:
 Hear! Princes! and enjoy your destin'd hopes.
 Jove's sacred island towering 'mid the floods,
 Crete; whose mount Ida nurs'd our ancient Sires,
 Fam'd for its hundred cities, fruitful realms: 106
 Hence is recorded came our father Teucer;
 And first arriv'd on the Rhætëan coasts;
 And fixt his empire; ere yet Ilion's towers
 Were founded; settling in the lowly vale: 110
 Hence Mother Cyb'le's sacred Idan grove,
 And brazen cymbals; hence her silent rites,
 And lions drawing her majestic car.
 Come! Duteous follow your conducting Gods. 114
 Appease the Winds; and seek your Cretan realms.
 Nor long the voyage. Deign but Jove his smile;
 The third Aurora lands our fleet in Crete.
 So saying, pious flays the victims due,
 A bull to Neptune; bull to thee, fair Phœbus! 119
 White ewe t' auspicious Zephyrs, black to Storms.
 Fame flies, that banish't his paternal realms,
 Idomeneus had left the Cretan shores,
 Now unmolested and unoccupied.

Launching from Ortygy, we wing the main
 By Naxo's revelling hills, green Donys, Olros, 125

The snowy Paros, the wide-scatter'd Cyclads,
 And thick with brilliant isles, the fludded friths.
 Loud shout the seamen with contending joy:
 Boys! Hie for Crete! Visit our ancient fires.
 Onward we skim before th' auspicious gales; 130
 And touch at length the ancient Cretan shore.

Strait I impatient found my city-walls,
 Calling it Pergam: echoing they the name,
 Love my fixt settlement, and build the tower;
 Draw pleas'd their vessels up the sandy shore; 135
 Join nuptial bands, and ply the rural cares;
 Lands and my laws receive. But a dire Pest
 Spreads thro' the tainted air on trees and crops
 Blast; and on man sad pining plague and death.
 'There yield they up their spirits: or protract 140
 Life's woes: the dog-star burns the barren plains:
 Parch't the grafs: corn's sick ear denies us food.
 Thence back to Ortygy, and Phœbus' shrine
 Anchise advis'd us; to implore his smiles;
 What period destin'd to our labours? whence 145
 Aid to be sought? and where to aim our course?

Night, and soft sleep, possessing now the world:
 The hallow'd effigies, the gods of Troy,
 Whom I had rescued from her roaring flames,
 Stood in my easy slumbers full in view: 150
 Cloth'd

Cloth'd with the radiant light, which Cynthia's form
Complete then o'er 'em thro' the windows shed ;
And thus addressing eas'd my troubled breast :
What Phœbus had advis'd you more at Delos ;
Here he unfolds by us, his faithful voice. 155
We from Troy's flames thee following and thy arms ;
We riding in thy fleets the billowy seas,
Will also lift thy sons unborn to heaven ;
And give a Town Imperial. Seek great walls
For a great people : nor end here thy long, 160
Long flight laborious. Hence ! For other shores
Than Crete, advis'd thee Delian Phæbus' shrine.
An ancient Land, Hesperia call'd in Greece,
Fam'd for its fertile soil, unconquer'd arms.
Where erst the OEnotrians dwelt, but now, they say,
By Moderns call'd Italia from their chief. 166
These are our destin'd mansions : hence sprang Dardan
And prince Iasius, whence our line deriv'd.
Rise ! Bear thy Sire ! these certain joyous truths !
Speed he to Coryth, and th' Ausonian lands. 170
High Jove debars thee from the Cretan shores.
Struck with the oracular Phantom, not as dreams,
Dim, shadowy ; but presenting their known looks
Hair, fillets, friendly voice, to Fancy clear ; 174
While o'er my frame spread the cold dews of sweat.

Up from my bed I rise, and lift to heaven
 My hands and voice; pour my libations pure:
 And these due pious honours paid, I fly,
 To lay the whole before my fire Anchise.
 He own'd the ambiguous Line, and double Sire, 180
 And his own errour of the new-nam'd place:
 Son! says he, whom still haunt the Ilian Fates!
 Cassandra only sung me these events:
 Due I recal that Empire to our Line;
 Naming Hesperia oft, Italia oft. 185
 But who cou'd think t' Hesperia Troy shou'd come?
 Or who cou'd then in sage Cassandra hope?
 Yield we to Phœbus, and his surer voice.

We with triumphant glee obey the fire;
 That mansion leave too, losing some; and launch
 All with swol'n canvas sweeping th' ocean-plains. 191
 Now won the Main, nor longer Land in view,
 Girt with the Vault immense or Seas around:
 Lo! gathers o'er my head a Tempest black; 194
 Spreads night, and storms, and hideous darkness thick.
 The Winds roll huge-swoln billows o'er the deep;
 Scatter and toss us in the eddy gulf;
 Wrap day in midnight-blasts; snatch from us heaven,
 And shoot thro' bursting clouds redoubled fires.
 Driven from our course, we ride the billows lost. 200

Nor

Nor knew great Palinure, if day or night ;
 Or mid the waves to steer a certain course.
 Three days we thus in midnight-darkness lost,
 Wander the main, as many starless nights.
 The fourth unveiling the emergent earth, 205
 The distant opening mountains, rolling smoke ;
 We furl the sails, and bending ply the oars :
 Cleave the vext foam, and sweep the chrystal blue.

Safe from the billows the kind Strophades
 Embrace us : so in Greece they call the isles, 210
 Girt with the vast Ionian ; where the Harpies,
 Dire train ! inhabit, since from Phineus' house
 Expel'd, they fled their dainties and the foe.
 They of curst monsters worst ; nor feller Pest
 Vindictive, lifts her head from Styx' Abyss ; 215
 Wing'd, ravenous, virgin-fac'd with filthy paunch,
 Wide pregnant womb obscene, and hooky hands,
 Ghastly and ever hungry.

This Port arrive we ; enter ; see around
 Blith herds of cattle graze the verdant meads, 220
 Fawns, sheep, and goats untended trip the lawns ;
 Fall on and kill ; invite with other Gods
 Jove's self to share the booty ; many a couch
 Raise, and regale along the winding shores.
 But from the mountains falling horrible, 225

The Harpies shake their mighty ratling wings;
Plunder our chear; taint all with filthy gripe;
And croaking direful, breathe a nasty stench.
Once more in far recess 'neath cavern-rocks,
Fenc'd round with trees, impenetrable shades, 230
We spread our tables; lit our altar-fires.
Again from their dark airy cells they swarm;
Scream hov'ring o'er the prey with hooky feet;
Belch poisons o'er the chear. Come! Boys! To arms!
Be brave, I cry, against the tribe accurst. 235
Strait all obey; and hiding in the grafs,
Lay down our poniards and our secret shields.
Down they then shrieking o'er the crooked shores;
Misenus' trump blew signal from the hills,
Fierce fall my Trojans, and engage new wars; 240
The sea's wing'd monsters slaying with the darts.
But wounds receive they none in wing or back:
And rapid flying up the etherial stars,
Leave their half eaten prey and filthy steps:
All but Celæno. She fate on a rock, 245
Shrieks these sad bodings in our trembling ear;
War too for slaughter'd bulls, and heifers fell'd,
Wage ye then, sons of false Laomedon?
And unprovok'd drive us our native realms?
Deep this decree then on your minds imprint. 250
What

What Jove to Phœbus, Phœbus breath'd to me,
Chief of the Furies, I to you reveal.

Bound for Italia, you invoke the winds,
And Fate permits shall to Italia come.

Yet shall you not immure your destin'd town, 255
Ere famine dire, vindictive of our wrongs,
Force you with nibbling jaws your Trenchers eat.
So saying, wing'd back to the forest-glades.

Their blood with horror froze, the Trojans stand
Like statues; drop their spirits; drop their arms;
With suppliant vows devoutly sue for grace; 261
Were they or Gods or direful birds obscene;

The sire Anchise with lifted hands on shore,
The due rites ordering, hails the powers of heaven;
Gods! Oh! Avert such threats, such dire events. 265
Indulgent save your suppliants. Then from shore
Bids cut the Cables, and shake loose the ropes.
Swol'n with the South our sails, thro' th' ocean-foam
We speed, where'er the Pilot's art directs:

See rising mid the seas Zacyntho's groves, 270
Dulichium, Same, Nerto's lofty rocks:
Pass Ith'ca's crags, Laertes' vaunted realms,
And curse the soil, gave fell Ulisses' birth.
Soon too Leucate's clouded mountain-heads
Ope to our view, and dread Apollo's height. 275

Here

Here bend we weary; reach the little Town;
 Cast the prow's anchor; fix the ships on shore:
 Beyond our hope at length enjoy the land;
 Pay on lit altars our due vows to Jove; 279
 And with Troy's games ennoble th' Aëlian shores.
 Their country-fights, with naked bodies oil'd,
 Play my brave youths: so many towns of Greece
 Glad to have past, safe thro' surrounding foes.
 Meanwhile the sun rolls on his mighty year
 And northern blasts infest the frozen friths. 285
 Great Aba's wonted shield of concave brass
 I on the portals fixt, inscribing this;
These Arms AEneas from victorious Greece:
 Then bade embarking all to leave the port.
 They vie to dash the waves, and sweep the plain. 290
 Strait in the clouds we lose Phæacia's towers;
 Glide by Epirus' shores; ride up thy port,
 Chaonia! and reach the high Buthrotus' wall.
 Here meets our ear a tale, surpassing faith:
 How Helnus, Priam's son, rules Greece's states; 295
 Possess of Pyrrhus' scepter and his bride;
 Once more Androm'che owns a Dardan Lord.
 Amaz'd I burn, with fond surprize, to hail
 My royal friends, and hear the strange event:
 And left the port, the navy, and the shore. 300
 Androm'che

Androm'che then her annual offerings sad,
 Where 'neath the walls, trees shade new Simois' stream,
 Paying to Hector's dust, invok'd his ghost
 Loud at his empty tomb; whose living turf,
 And the two altars, hallow'd fed her tears. 305
 She seeing me advance in Trojan arms,
 Starts at the hideous specter; 'stonish't raves,
 Fixt as a statue, gazing; pale, aghast,
 Falls swooning; and at length with struggling breath:
 Thy real form presentst thou? Real truths? 310
 And livest thou, Hero! or if no more in light,
 Where Hector? Thus; and bursting into tears,
 Shrieks thro' the groves. Mov'd with her frantic grief,
 My labouring bosom heaves a short reply:
 Indeed 'tis I, still dragging on my woes. 315
 Doubt not for all is real.
 Ah! What thy toils, since thy dear hero lost?
 Or has thy worth regain'd thee Fortune's smile?
 Hector's Androm'che thou? Or Pyrrhus' bride?

She with low voice, and air dejected, sigh'd: 320
 O happiest far of Priam's daughters she,
 Who, on a hostile tomb, 'neath Ilion's walls,
 Destin'd to die, drag'd not th' allotted chains;
 Nor captive-slave fell to a conqueror's lust!
 I from Troy's ashes riding diverse seas, 325
 Felt

Felt fierce Achilles in his haughty son;
 Bare him a slave; and strait then suing he
 Leda's proud daughter, and a Spartan bed,
 Gave me a slave to the slave Helnus' arms.
 But mad to lose his dear and ravish't bride, 330
 And goaded by the Fury-Snakes, Orestes
 Surprizing stab'd him at Apollo's shrine.
 By Pyrrhus' death, the Realm in part devolv'd
 On Hel'nus: who from Chaon, Priam's son,
 Nam'd it Chaonia; raising on its hill 335
 This the new Pergama, new Ilion's tower.
 But say, What winds, what fates have drove thee
 Or what God led unknowing to our coasts? (here?
 How young Iule? Breathes he the vital air?
 In whom thy Ilion lay. 340
 Feels now the duteous Prince his mother's loss?
 And into native heroism wake his soul
 The fire AEneas and the uncle Hector?
 Thus she; yet weeping, and with long-drawn sighs
 Fruitless: when from the walls the Hero's self, 345
 Helnus, advancing with a numerous train,
 Salutes his friends; conducts us to his court;
 And drops at each word friendship's joyful tear,
 On as we go, in miniature I view
 Troy, Pergama, low Xanthus' current hoarse; 350
 And

And fond embracing kiss the Scæan Gate.
The Trojans with me enjoy the friendly town,
Kindly receiv'd within the royal walls;
Our wine-libations pour amid the hall;
And serv'd in gold, partake the bounteous feast. 355
Sol's second daily course now far advanc't,
And swelling breezes call'd to spread the sails;
When to the royal Priest I thus addrest
Troy's Son! and Seer of Heaven! who Phœbus'
His Tripods, Laurels, and the Stars declar'd, (Will,
The Birds' presageful throats and pinion's flight! 361
Resolve thy suppliant: (for this voyage fair
Began I, mov'd by all th' auspicious Gods;
Exploring Latium and my destin'd realms:
But the Arch-Harpy's strange portentous voice 365
Struck us; denouncing her revengeful plague,
Curst Famine:) What my danger chief to shun?
Or how surmount my inevitable toils?
Here Helnus, killing first the wonted steers,
Implores the peace of heaven; the sacred bands
Loos'd off his head; and Phœbus! to thy shrine 371
Conducts me trembling with a holy awe,
And list'ning ear to his prophetic strains:
Hero divine! whose voyage o'er the main
Sure omens tell me: so Jove's mighty urn 375
Teems

Teems the successive Fates, in order fixt.
Of many needful precepts, o'er the main
Safe to conduct thee to th' Ausonian port;
Accept a few: the rest the Fates conceal
From Helnus, or high Juno chains my tongue. 380
Know first, Italia which you think so near,
And with too forward hope wou'd soon arrive,
Lies from you far a long impervious tract.
First must your oars bend to Sicilia's waves,
Your long keels cleave Italia's briny plain, 385
Visit th' infernal lakes, and Circe's isle;
Ere you secure shall raise a settled town.
Be these your signs deep on thy memory grav'd:
When thou shalt pensive by a secret brook
See, with her thirty head of young just yean'd, 390
Lying on shore, beneath the oaks, a Sow,
Large, white herself and sucklings round her white:
There found thy city, now secure from toils; (doom'd.
Nor dread thou shivering the gnaw'd trenchers
Fate will find ways, and Phœbus hear your prayers.
But fly these lands, and Latium's hither coast, 396
Wash'd by our ocean's ever-rolling tides.
In all the cities dwell the hostile Greeks.
Here the Narycian Locri fix't their walls:
Salentum's plains with an arm'd force are fill'd, 400

Following

Following Idomeneus. Here small Petilia
Mel'bœa's monarch Philoctetes wall'd.
When o'er the main your ships transported land,
And on your altar burn your grateful vows;
Involve thy forehead in a purple veil: 405
Left in thy service 'mid the holy fires
Some hostile glaring Form thy omens curse.
This let thy friends, this rite thyself observe.
Be this transmitted to thy pious heirs.
Thence when the wind shall to Sicilia's coast 410
Waft you, and P'lorus' cluster'd hills disperse,
Off to the sea, veer for the left hand shores,
In a wide compass: shun the right hand friths.
Erst this fair island, rent with ruin vast,
Such, hoary Time! thy desolating power! 415
Burst from the Mother-Continent, till then
United: th' ocean-weight rush't in amain;
Dismember'd Latium; and with struggling tides
Wash't on each shore the parted towns and meads:
Scylle on the right: on left the fell Charybdis 420
Deep in her womb thrice gulps the eddying seas;
Draining the ocean: back they thrice aloft
Whirling alternate, dash the clouded stars.
But Scylla's rage in her dark caves confin'd,
With forward front draws vessels on her rocks: 425
Her

Her specious Human Form and Virgin-Breast
 Far as the waist, ends in a monstrous Whale,
 The Dolphin's tail, and Wolf's insatiate maw.
 Better you cautious leave Trinacria's shore,
 Fetching a compass round Pachynus' point; 430
 Than at all see, beneath her hideous den,
 Foul Scylla, her blue wolves and echoing rocks.
 If any skill in Helnus, any faith
 Due to the Seer, if Phœbus' truths he feel;
 This chief, celestial Hero! I advise; 435
 This twice, yea thrice repeating, warn thy soul;
 High Juno's godhead suppliant first adore:
 To Juno hymn thy willing vows: her power
 Move with pure offerings. So victorious thou
 Shalt from Trinacria reach the Latian coast. 440
 Here when arriv'd you visit Cumæ's towers,
 Averna's lakes divine, and rustling woods;
 You'll find the raving Seerefs 'neath her rocks
 Singing the fates, and writing on the leaves.
 Her mystic numbers on the foliage drawn, 445
 Arrang'd she leaves within her secret cave:
 And they unmov'd their just arrangement keep.
 But when the airy breezes turn the hinge,
 And th' opening gate disturbs her filken leaves;
 No more her numbers flying thro' the cave, 450
 Minds

Minds she to gather, or their place restore.
Unwarn'd her suppliants curse, and leave her seat.
Grudge not the time, if here awhile detain'd;
Thy friends tho' chiding, and away to sea
Fair gales inviting, and the swelling shrowds. 455
Go, and implore the Seerefs' tongue to sing,
Free and spontaneous, thy unravel'd fates.
She'll shew thee Latium's states, thy future wars;
How to escape, or bear thy every toil;
What rout pursue; and speed thy pious course. 460
Thus far permitted warns my voice inspir'd.
Go! Raise heroic Ilion to the heavens.

These friendly accents when the Seer had spoke.
Presents of elephant, and massy gold,
Commands he for the navy: flows on board 465
Vast silver, cauldrons of Corinthian brass,
Claspt coat of mail, with triple lace of gold,
The helm's aspiring cone with nodding crest,
Pyrrhus' bright armour: gifts too for my fire:
Horses he adds, and Guides: 470
Recruits our rowers, and equips our friends.

Mean while the navy all expand the shrowds,
Wide to the springing gales, so bade Anchise:
To whom respectful thus Apollo's priest:
Thou! to whom Venus deign'd her stately bed! 475

O

Whom

Whom the kind Gods twice fav'd from Ilion's wreck;
 See thy Aufonia! Spread for that the sails.
 Yet must thou passing fetch a compass wide.
 Far hence the Aufonia by Apollo given.

Go, thou O happy in a pious son! 480
 Why shou'd I more retard thy southern gales?

With equal bounty takes the Queen her leave,
 And gives Ascanio figur'd robes of gold,
 With Trojan tunic not beneath his rank,
 And other vests: Accept, dear youth! and keep 485
 These monuments Androm'che's own handwrought,
 These pledges of her love, great Hector's wife;
 This thy last present from a Trojan friend:
 Thou! my sole picture of my Aſtyanax!
 His very eyes, his features, hands, and mien: 490
 He now alive, had bloom'd thy very age.

I took my last adieu, dissolv'd in tears:
 Long live you blest! who Fortune's race have run.
 We still to other, other fates are call'd.
 Yours peace secure; nor th' ocean-main to plow,
 Nor to seek Latium's still retreating foil. 496
 You here old Xanthe and Ilion's effigies,
 Wrought by yourselves, enjoy with smiling heaven,
 Nor more obnoxious, as I hope, to Greece.
 If ere I enter Tiber's verdant meads, 500
 And

And see my people in their destin'd walls;
 Shall these our kindred towns, and neighb'ring states,
 Epire and Latium, whose adventures like,
 Like Dardan Founder, join to form one Troy.
 Long be that friendship sacred with our heirs. 505
 Where on the main encroach Ceraunia's cliffs;
 Launch we for Latium by the shortest course.
 Low Sol now hid the mountains in the Shades.
 Glad to touch land, we ply by lot the oars,
 Or scatter'd on the barren shores regale, 510
 And in soft slumbers bathe our weary limbs.
 Wing'd on the Hours, Night scarce had scal'd mid
 When rose from bed the watchful Palinure; (heaven;
 Lift'ning explor'd the wind; and caught each breeze;
 Mark't all the silent heaven's revolving stars, 515
 Th' Arcture, wet Hyads and the Northern Car,
 With huge Orion's flaming arms of gold.
 And seeing the blue concave's fixt serene,
 Gives from the poop a signal. We decamp,
 March with full sails and wide expanded wings. 520
 Now flee the stars before the flying morn,
 Latium's dim hills, and humble vales appear.
 Latium! first cries Achates. Latium! Latium!
 Re-echoes from the glad triumphant crew.
 Then fire Anchises crowns the mighty bowl, 525

With overflowing wine; and high on deck
Standing, implores the Gods.

Ye Gods! who rule the tempests earth and seas!

O speed our voyage, breathe a prosp'rous wind.

Thick spring our gales; port meets with open arms,

And Pallas' temple spiring clears to view. 531

We furl our sails, and turn the prow to land.

The Port from th' Eastern Billows winds a bow:

Two fronting cliffs roll up the bitter foam,

Hide it, and towering stretch their falling arms,

Like bulwarks: still from shore the temple flies. 536

Four milk-white courfers, our first omen here,

Saw we, wide-ranging graze the verdant field:

When thus the fire; War teemst thou, foreign Land!

War clothes thy courfers. War thy cattle threat.

Yet to the car too steeds are often train'd, 541

And yok'd obey the amicable reins.

Hence hope of peace. War-clashing Pallas' powers

We crav'd then, who first hail'd our joyous eyes,

Covering our foreheads with the Trojan veil: 545

And as great Helnus had advis'd, we burn

To Argive Juno her fair victims due.

Our vows thus regularly paid, we strait

Turning the horns of our expanded sails,

Leave Greece's mansions, and suspected fields. 550

Hence

Hence see we (if right nam'd) the Herculean Bay,
Tarentum fronting high Lacinia's shrine,
Caulon! thy Towers, and fatal Scylacæum.

Then from Trinacria's billows far see AEtna:

Hear the vast ocean-roar, thick beaten crags, 555

And the hoarse broken clamours 'gainst the shores,

The boiling shallows, tides, and rolling sands.

Then thus the Sire: This truly the Charybdis!

These Helnus! thy warn'd cliffs, these the dire crags.

Veer off, my Boys! and ply your equal oars. 560

His order they obey. First Palinure

Turns thro' the left hand waves the hissing prow.

To left all rowing court the springing gales.

Up to Heaven rise we, on a billow's arch;

Down then supplanted sink to Hell's abyss. 565

Thrice the cliffs bellow thro' their hollow crags;

Thrice spurn the foam, and dash the clouded stars.

Tir'd, and abandon'd both of wind and fun,

Blind to our course, yet reach the Cyclops' port

Spacious, serene, impervious to the storms. 570

Near thunders AEtna thro' his ruins dire;

Oft bursting rolls up clouds of pitchy smoke,

And glowing embers, o'er the ætherial vault;

Bolts on the stars red balls and lambent flames;

Oft his rent craggy bowels, with melting rocks, 575

Disgorging, whirls thick thro' the groaning air
 Wide scatter'd from his boiling womb's abyfs.
 Blasted with lightning, say they, Eneldus' corps
 Lies loaded with the enormous AEtna's mafs :
 Whose fiery caverns burfting breathe up flame; 580
 And as he turns his weary fide, they roar ;
 All Sic'ly trembles ; fmoke involves the heavens.
 That direful Scene deep in the dreary woods
 All night we bore ; nor whence the thunders knew.
 For nor ftar glitter'd ; nor the fpangled blue 585
 Shot a foft gleam : but o'er the clouded heavens,
 And moon, the Night had drawn her fable veil.

Now ufur'ring Lucifer the following day,
 Aurora chas'd the dewy fhades of heaven,
 When from the woods a ft ranger's uncouth form, 590
 Dire Famine's ghaftly Image, clad with woes,
 Advancing, fpreads his fuppliant hands to fhore.
 We turning fee his hideous filth, long beard,
 Rags tag'd with thorns : yet elfe was he a Greek,
 And erft difpatch't againft the Trojan walls. 595
 He feeing from afar our Dardan drefs,
 And Trojan armour, ftarts affrighted ; halts ;
 Dubious awhile ; then flings himfelf to fhore,
 Suppliant and weeping : By the Gods, O help !
 By the kind ftars, and vital light of heaven ! 600

Hence

Hence bear me, Trojans ! into any lands,
 No matter where. I own myself a Greek,
 Who lift my sword against the Gods of Troy.
 For this, if the offence so heinous deem'd,
 Whirl on the waves, and plunge me in th' abyfs.
 At least O let me die by human hands! 606

So faying, claspt my knees, and rolling clung,
 We kindly then his name and lineage ask,
 And frankly tell us, what his present fate.
 Nor long Anchise's self withheld his hand; 610
 But with his plighted friendship cheer'd the youth,
 Who now his fears dismissing, thus proceeds:
 I with Ulisse from Ith'ca went for Troy,
 My name Achemdes: so advis'd my fire
 The poor Admaſtus; wou'd we ſtill were poor! 615
 Here they alarm'd, fleeing theſe fell abodes,
 Forgetful left me in the Cyclops' den,
 Fill'd with his dainties, gore and mangled limbs,
 Dark dwelling vaſt! His Giant-Head uprear'd
 Routs the ſtars. Gods! Avert ſuch peſt from earth!
 Nor mild his aſpect, nor of gentle ſpeech: 621
 On wretches' bowels feeds, and clotted gore.
 I ſaw him lying mid his den ſupine,
 Graſp in each maſſy hand one of our train;
 Break on a rock; wide ſwam the floor with blood:

Saw granch their limbs, oozing black ropy gore, 626
 Quick yet and quivering 'neath his glutted teeth:
 Not unreveng'd: nor bore such crimes Ulisse,
 Nor so forgot himself in dangers dire.

For while replete with chear, and drown'd in wine
 He lay, with head reclin'd, along his cave, 631
 Huge and asleep, disgorging gobbets raw,
 Foul blood and wine commixt; we th' aid of heaven
 Craving, conspire; set on him all around,
 And plunge our steel deep in his single eye; 635
 Whose vastness, hid beneath his forehead grim,
 Glar'd, like a buckler, or the Lamp of day:
 Glad so t' avenge our Friends' departed ghosts.
 But fly O wretches! fly, and now from shore
 Break every cable. 440

For vast as Polypheme, whose hollow den
 Enfolds his woolly milk-distended flocks;
 An hundred more, these winding shores around,
 Dire Cyclops! dwelling, range the lofty hills. 644
 Thrice the horn'd moon has fill'd her silver orb;
 While 'mid these woods and wild dens, dragging life,
 I've from yon summit spied these Giant-Shapes:
 Their strides and voices stun'd my trembling ears;
 My wretched food berries and stony fruit,
 Pluck't from the forests with uprooted herbs. 650
 This

This the first fleet my watchful eyes have seen,
Here touching; glad on this to fling myself,
Whate'er; suffice t' escape this hellish race:
This foul, O rather drag to any death!

Scarce had he spoke; ere on a mount we saw⁶⁵⁵
His bulk immense among the cattle move,
Swain Polypheme, advanc'ing tow'rd the shore
Huge, shapeless monster, dire with eye-ball gored;
Whose wielded pine-bole guide his steps secure:
His woolly sheep attend; they his sole joy, ⁶⁶⁰
Sole comfort: [hung too from his neck the pipe]
Now wading he, far as the rolling deeps,
Off his slab'd eye-ball, wash't the streams of blood;
Gnash't his teeth bellowing; stalk't then thro' the
Nor ting'd the billows his emergent sides. (main,
Thence we afar precipitate our flight; ⁶⁶⁶
Strait with the worthy suppliant silent launch;
And headlong sweep the seas with vying oars.
He heard, and tow'rd the sound up-heaves his strides:
His arm's vast orbit threatens a gripe; but fails; ⁶⁷⁰
Nor farther fording the Ionian gulfs,
Exasperate roars: wide ocean's every flood
Trembles with Latium's inmost land appall'd,
And AEtna bellows thro' his winding caves.
Forth from the woods and cliffs the Giant-Race ⁶⁷⁵
Rushing

Rushing alarm'd, fill wide the port and shores :
 Stand fretful: their grim eye-ball's hideous glare
 Fierce on us roll, and rear their heads to heaven.
 Assembly dire! So on a mountain-top
 Stand the sky-kissing oak, or cypress-cones, 680
 Jove's sacred forest, or Diana's grove.

Headlong we tack, where'er blind horror drives,
 And spread our canvas to th' auspicious gales.
 By Helnus warn'd from Scylla and Charybdis,
 Between whom lies the narrow path of life, 685
 Fatal to whoe'er deviate; back we steer,
 When brisk from bleak Pelorus' narrow seats,
 Gales waft us by thy mouth of living stones
 Pantagia! and Megros' bay, and Tapfus' flats.
 These learnt we from Achem'des, who had past 690
 This course, attending erst Ulisse's toils.

Within Sicania's bay an island lies,
 Fronting Plymmerium's billows, nam'd of yore
 Ortygia: where the fam'd Alphæus' streams
 Roll secret 'neath the Ocean; bubbling burst 695
 Up th' Arethuse, and mix Sicania's waves.
 Our bidden honours to its Genii paid,
 We pass the still Helorus' pregnant vales;
 Graze on the Pachnus' crags, and jutting rocks,
 And whom the Fates deign'd an eternal rest, 700
 Far

Far off see Camarine, see Gela's plains;
 Gela's vast city from the river nam'd:
 Then towering Agraga's prodigious walls,
 That ancient breeder of Heroic Steeds:
 Pass Seline's palm-grove's everchanging lines; 705
 And dire Lil'bæus' sands, and hidden rocks.
 Hence reach we Drepna's kind, yet joyless, port.
 For ah! here drove by the tempestuous seas,
 I lose the sole relief of all my cares,
 My fire Anchises. Here my weary soul 710
 Leav'st thou, dear fire? oft sav'd, but ah! in vain.
 Nor Helnus, many tho' the ills he warn'd,
 These griefs foretold me, nor the Harpy-Fiend.
 This last affliction clos'd my tedious course. 714
 Hence launching Heaven conducted to your coast.

AEneas thus to the whole list'ning Court
 Told his adventures, and the fates divine;
 Ceas'd; and retires in gentle sleep dissolv'd. 718

The

But th'anxious Queen now long her grievous wound
 Feeds in her veins, and pines with secret fires:
 Oft in her mind the hero, oft his race
 And fame revolving, 'prints his air, his words
 Deep on her breast, nor yields to peaceful rest. 5
 Now holding o'er the earth her radiant lamp,
 Aurora chas'd the dewy shades of heaven;
 When love-sick she her cordial sister greets:
 What dreams, my Anna! haunt my troubled soul?
 Who this new stranger now arriv'd our Court? 10
 How graceful! How heroic! Great in war!
 Firm I conclude, nor rash, his birth from heav'n:
 Base born the coward spirit. Ah! how tost
 He by the fates! What battles fought and sung!
 Were not my purpose fixt beyond a change, 15
 No bond connubial ere to enter more,
 Since my first love fly barb'rous Death bereav'd;
 Loath'd not my soul the hymeneal rites;
 This single folly might subdue her will.
 I own it, Anne! since my Sichæus fell, 20
 And brother's bloodshed stain'd our hallow'd Gods;
 None else e'er touch'd my sense, or frailty wrought.
 Ah! these old symptoms of my Virgin-Flame!
 But first yawn Earth, and close me in her womb;
 Jove's glaring arm first bolt me to the shades, 25
 Pale

Pale shades of Erebus and Night's abyfs :
Ere Virtue! I infringe thy facred laws.
Who won me firft, has ravish'd hence my heart :
His be it ftill, deep buried in his grave!

So faying, fill'd her breast with gushing tears. 30
Thou! she replied, dear to my foul as life,
Why lonely sad ftill pine away thy bloom?
Nor lovely children know, nor Hymen's Joys?
This, think ye, Afhes mind, or buried ghosts?
Grant it. Suffice yet none cou'd heal your grief 35
In Tyre nor Lybia; not great Arba's fuit,
Nor other Heroes the rich Afric rears
Triumphant. Why too check a grateful flame?
Nor once reflect you on your neighb'ring ftates?
Here the Getulians, brave unconquer'd race! 40
Th' untam'd Numidia, inhospitable Syrtes;
There the parch'd boundless deserts, Barca fierce
Wide raging; add the gathering storms of Tyre,
And our unnatural brother's dire alarms.
Sure our auspicious Gods, and Juno's grace, 45
Here have conducted the Dardanic fleet.
How will your towers rise, Sister! How your realms
By fuch an union! Carthage leagued with Troy,
How wide wou'd spread your glory thro' the world!
Come then, implore the Gods. Due offerings pay. 50
Carefs

Carefs your gueſt; detain with various pleas;
 How fierce the wintry main! how fell Orion!
 Shatter'd his navy! mercileſs the ſkies!

At this her kindling ſoul broke into love:
 Doubts end in hopes and breach of honour's ties.
 Firſt to the temple and the altars they 56
 Go ſuppliant; ſlay the wonted ſheep ſelect
 To the ſtate-founder Ceres, Bacchus, Sol;
 To Juno chief, who ties the nuptial bands:
 Fair Dido's ſelf held in her hand the bowl, 60
 And pour'd between the ſnowy heifer's horns;
 Danc'd at the ſmoking altars and the ſhrines;
 Heapt on her victims; o'er the open'd beaſt
 Hangs gaping, What the panting entrails ſhew! 64
 Blind ſeers! Ah! What or vows or ſhrines avail?
 While the ſoft flame, ſtill preying on her veins,
 Spreads thro' her boſom fierce the ſilent wound.
 Rackt with the fires unhappy Dido raves,
 Wide thro' the city. So the wounded ſtag, 69
 Whom in Crete's groves the ſwain ſurprizing ſhot
 Far off, nor knowing left the flying dart;
 Wide thro' the groves and Dicte's foreſt flies,
 Still bearing in his lungs the deadly ſteel.
 Then with her leads AEneas thro' her walls;
 Shews him the Tyrian wealth, and City's plan; 75
 Effays

Effays to speak but falt'ring checks her voice;
Day now declining, wants the feast renew'd;
Demands once more to hear the Trojan toils;
And fondly hangs on his repeating tongue.
When they retiring, Cynthia's silver light, 80
Set with the stars, inviting gentle sleep;
Lonely and sad she on the couch he left
Reclin'd, still hears and sees his absent form:
Or the fire's image taking to her breast,
Wou'd fain beguiling soothe her direful flame. 85
No higher rise her towers; nor martial youth
Train'd longer; nor her ports or bulwarks strong
Now thought of more: unfinish'd hang the works,
Huge walls, and war-machines that threat the sky.

High Juno, when she saw her thus enthrall'd, 90
Nor honour's ties cou'd check the madding pest;
Vented these accents on the Queen of Love.
A noble triumph and vast trophies win
You and your boy! A high immortal name!
One woman by two Gods decoy'd, o'ercome! 95
Nor I insensible, what jealous eye
You cast on Carthage, and her rising towers.
But when will end these our tremendous strifes:
Why join not rather in eternal peace,
And marriage-ties? Your wish is satisfied. 100

Love's

Love's madding ardour shoots thro' Dido's veins.
Let rise these realms 'neath our joint equal sway
Auspicious; Dido serve a Trojan Lord;
And bring her dowry of the Tyrian Towers.
Venus perceiv'd the sly intent, to shift 105
From Rome to Carthage the Imperial Seat,
And thus returns: Such tender who so blind
To flight; and rather cope with Juno's ire?
Wou'd smiling Fortune aid your gracious views.
But much I fear, if Fate or Jove permit, 110
Tyrians with Trojans in one town to dwell,
Or in one people mix, or enter leagues.
His consort you may suppliant search his will.
Go then. I follow. Juno thus replies:
Mine be that care. Now thou, our present work
How to accomplish, hear me brief explain. 116
A hunt AEneas, and th' unhappy Queen,
Mean in the woods; when this emerging Sun
Darts his first radiance, and unveils the world.
There I'll a pitchy storm of hail and rain, 120
While their troops haste to set the forest-toils,
Burst with my thunders rolling o'er their heads;
Drive them, dispersing thro' the sylvan glades;
To the same grot Troy's Gen'ral bring and Dido;
And if with mine your mighty will concur, 125
There

There join the pair with your eternal bands
 In Hymen's presence. Venus bow'd assent;
 Yet inly smil'd at the unravel'd plot.

Emerging now the gay Aurora rose
 Refulgent, when from town the chosen Youth 130
 Go with their nets, toils and steel-pointed staffs,
 Massylian horsemen, and sagacious hounds.
 The Queen delaying, at her palace wait
 Her Nobles: while with gold and purple clad,
 Her courser pawing champs the foaming bit; 135
 Forth at length coming heads her brilliant train,
 Clad in her Tyrian mantle richly fring'd,
 With golden quiver, tresses bound in gold,
 And purple vest with golden buttons claspt.
 With them the Trojan bands and gay Iulus 140
 March: and whose beauty far surpass't 'em all,
 Their Prince AEneas joins the royal train.
 As when his winter-seat, and Xanthus' streams,
 Apollo leaves, to see his native isle, 144
 And lead the dance; where mingling round his shrine
 The Dryops, Cretans, painted Scythians roar;
 He on mount Cynthus moves with flowing locks
 Neat, reg'lar, wove with gold and downy bays;
 Pois'd hangs his rattling quiver: march'd like him
 AEneas, nor less graceful shone his mien. 150

P

They

They ent'ring now the cliffs, and forest-dens,
 Lo! wild goats from the craggy summit chas'd,
 Down the steep mountains; while the crowded stags
 Thick bounding, o'er th' interminable lawns,
 Fly thro' the dusty clouds, and leave the hills. 155
 Troy's Hope amid the vales his fiery steed
 Spurs; and now these now those outstripping, burns
 'Mong the dull herds, to meet some foaming boar,
 Or tawny lion roaring down the cliffs.
 Now glooms the troubled sky: dread thunders roll:
 All Winter's horrors mingle, burst and fall: 161
 Wide the Phœnician, and the Trojan Youth,
 And Venus' grandson the Dardanian fly
 Dispersing: down the mountains rush the tides:
 In the same grot Troy's General met the Queen: 165
 The Earth, and Juno's high connubial Power,
 Gave signal: conscious flash the ethereal fires;
 And at the nuptials shriek the sylvan Nymphs.
 That day commenc'd her death; commenc'd her woes;
 No longer mov'd by Fame, or Virtue's form, 170
 Nor meaning Dido now a stol'n delight,
 Calls it just wedlock, gilds, avows the sin.

Strait wanders Fame thro' Lybia's mighty states:
 Fame! who of all plagues vaunts the swiftest wing;
 By motion lives; and strengthens, as she flies; 175

Small

Small at the first alarm; still swelling rears,
Treading the ground, her head among the clouds:
The first of whom, t' avenge herself on heaven,
Earth, say they, teem'd with Cæus and Enceldus,
Rapid of foot, and with a tempest's wing, 180
Dire monster huge, whose feathers o'er her frame
Hold, strange! as many wakeful eyes beneath;
As many loud-tongu'd mouths and ears erect.
She thro' mid heaven and shadowy earth by night
Flies bawling; nor soft slumber seals her eyes: 185
By day keeps watch, or on a palace-top,
Or lofty tower, alarming cities round;
Nor spreading lies less fondly than the Truth.
With various talk she now the Nations fill'd;
And fact or fiction sung with equal glee: 190
How sprung from Troy AEneas late was come,
Nor the fair Dido blush'd to call him Lord;
How they caressing all the winter long,
Their realms forgot, dissolv'd in shameless loves.

Thus the foul fiend her rumour spread around; 195
Then to the monarch Arbas bends her flight;
Alarms, inflames, and whets his vengeful ire.
Him the stol'n Nymph Gar'mantis bore to Ammon:
Jove's hundred temples vast bedeck his realms;
Jove's hundred altars with the wakeful fires, 200

The Gods' eternal watch; whose gates the flowers
 Deckt, and the floors the victim's blood enrich'd.
 He raves; and with the bitter news enrag'd,
 Before the altars, 'mid the sacred shrines,
 Suppliant with hands uplifted thus to Jove: 205
 Almighty Jove! to whom our Moorish Line,
 Feasting on painted beds, pour'd holy wines!
 'This seest thou? Or then Sire! thy whirling bolts
 Fear we for nothing? Blind thy clouded fires?
 So terrible! And vain their troubled roar? 210
 She who late wandring on our borders bought
 And built a town: she who from me her glebe
 Receiv'd: e'en she my vassal scorns my love;
 And takes AEneas to her bed and throne.
 While now that Paris with his eunuch-train, 215
 Vaunting his Lydian Mitre, scented locks,
 Enjoys his booty: we here at thy shrine
 Still heap our offerings to an empty name.

While on the altar leaning, thus he plain'd:
 Jove heard; and on the palace cast his eyes, 220
 And the fond pair to Fame and Virtue lost;
 Then gave to Mercury his high command:
 Son! Call thy winds; and on thy pinions glide,
 Down to the Trojan: who in Punic Tyre 224
 Now loitering, minds no more his destin'd feats.

Bear

Bear this my mandate on the flying winds :
Not such the son we hop'd from Beauty's Queen ;
Nor therefore sav'd him twice from Greece's blade :
But who might rule Mars' own state-pregnant land,
Italia ; who might prove high Teucer's blood, 230
Swelling his veins ; and dictate to the world.
Or if indifferent he to such a sway ;
Nor for himself will earn a deathless name ;
Why grudge his Ascany the Roman Towers ?
What means he, loitering in a hostile land, 235
Mindless of Latium and th' Ausonian line ?
Thence launch he. This the sum. This bear from me.
Strait he, obedient to his mighty fire,
First on his feet the golden sandals bound :
High on whose wings he o'er the earth and seas 240
Skimming, outstrips the rapid whirlwind's flight :
Then took his wand : which the pale ghosts from hell
Calls up, or drives beneath the gloomy Styx ;
Gives or breaks sleep ; and opens death-sunk eyes :
Lash'd on the wind ; and thro' the rolling clouds 245
Darting, spies Atlas' cap and lofty sides.
Atlas ! whose crown up-props the starry vault :
Whose hoary head of pines still in the clouds
Of horror wrapt, rebuffs the battering storms :
Snows veil his shoulders : thick his icy beard 250

And floods roll headlong from the Sage's chin.
Here first he on his equal pinions pois'd,
Lighted; and thence sprung headlong on the main.
Swift, as around the shores and fishy rocks
Skims the low seamew, o'er the chrystal plain; 255
So between Earth and the Etherial Blue
Flew o'er the Lybian shores; and cut the winds
Mercury darting from his grandfire's brow;
And pitching on the Punic tents, beholds
AEneas founding towers, and planning squares: 260
Girt with a sword whose golden jaspers shone
Starlike: and robes of Tyrian purple glow'd
O'er his fair shoulders; these the bounteous Queen
Had made, and rich embroider'd o'er with gold:
Him he assails: Then Tyre's foundation-stones 265
Lay'st thou, Uxorious! and her noble squares
Ah! planst, forgetting thy own destin'd realms?
Sent by the king of Gods to thee from high,
Who heaven and earth bolts into holy awe;
His mandate bear I on the wings of wind. 270
What mean'st thou, loitering on the Lybian Coast?
If thou indifferent to such glorious sway;
Nor for thyself wilt earn a deathless name:
Think of Ascanio's bloom, Iulus' hopes,
Thy rightful heir to the Italian Realms. 275
And

And Roman Towers. Thus spake Cyllene's Son :
 Nor yet had finish'd; ere from mortal eyes
 He fled, dissolving into liquid air.
 AEneas stood a statue dumb, aghast;
 His hair uprais'd with horror; chain'd his tongue :
 Longs to escape, and leave the pleasant lands, 281
 Struck with th' alarm of Heaven's Will reveal'd.
 Ah! how yet act? How face the raging Queen?
 How dare accost her? How begin his speech?
 His mind distracted, here now there inclines, 285
 Swift into different schemes, revolving all;
 Long wavering, firm at length on this resolv'd,
 Calls Mnestheus brave Sergestus and Cloanth:
 Bids silent rig the fleet; collect their friends;
 Get arms; and hide the views of such a change:
 Himself wou'd meanwhile, ere the easy Queen 291
 Appriz'd of such unthought-of breach of love;
 See her, and watch the softest hour of speech,
 What luckiest measures offer'd. Swift they all
 Obedient, execute his high command. 295

But she (for how deceive the Lover's eye?)
 Their fraud and her own hastening woes presag'd,
 Misgiving still tho' fortunate: impious Fame
 Adds to her rage, The Fleet, the March prepar'd.
 Incens'd she desperate raves thro' all the town, 300

Mad, as who their Triennial Orgies wild
 Dance frantic, rous'd by night when Bacchus moves,
 When Bacchus! Bacchus! rends Cithæron's crags.
 Thus she at length addres't the Trojan Chief:
 And cou'dst thou fly! perfidious! hope to hide 305
 Such heinous deed, and silent leave my land?
 Nor by our love withheld, nor plighted faith,
 Nor Dido's instant miserable Death,
 Thou e'en the wintry seas preparst to launch;
 Nor fearst the planets, fraught with spouting blasts,
 Cruel! What if no foreign land thou soughtst, 311
 Nor seats unknown, but ancient Troy yet stood:
 Wou'd e'en Troy tempt thee o'er the billowy main?
 Me fliest thou? By these tears, by thy right hand;
 And since my ruin'd state has no more left, 315
 By our connubial vows and seals of love;
 If e'er thou thoughtst me worthy, e'er in me
 Knew'st pleasure; spare my falling house. And Oh!
 If prayers may yet avail, thy purpose change.
 For thee incens'd I Libya's kings, Numidia's; 320
 My own Tyre's curse incurr'd; and lost for thee,
 What else had scaled the stars, my spotless fame.
 To whom this dying wretch abandonst thou?
 Stranger! since that the dearest name you own.
 Why stay I, till my Brother raze my towers? 325
Fierce

Fierce Arba chain and force me to his bed.
 Had I but bore thee, ere thy hasty flight,
 Some lovely offspring; might a young AEneas
 Play in my hall, displaying all his fire;
 I had not seem'd quite ruin'd, fool'd, betray'd. 330
 Duteous to Jove, he kept his eyes unmov'd,
 And struggling checkt his anxious swelling heart,
 At last returns: O Queen! Still shall I all
 Your countless debts upon me free confess;
 Still love your name, long as I know my own; 335
 Long as my spirit moves this corporal frame.
 Brief hear: nor wrong me so. No thievish flight
 Meant I to hide, nor e'er the Nuptial Bands
 Pretended, nor for such alliance came.
 Did the Fates leave it to my own free choice; 340
 Where to prolong my days, how end my cares,
 First shou'd dear Troy, and my surviving friends,
 Command my service: Priam's walls shou'd stand:
 My hand once more rebuild her vanquish'd tow'rs.
 But Phœbus sends me now to great Italia: 345
 To Italia Lycia's answer hence commands.
 This this my flame, my country. If from Tyre
 You on the Libyan Coast your Carthage rear;
 Why grudge us Trojans the Ausonian Lands?
 Why not we also seek a foreign realm? 350
 My

My Father's Ghost, oft as her dewy shades
 Night draws, or rise on Earth the starry fires;
 Warns me in dreams, and with an awful brow:
 My boy Ascanio's wrongs oppress my soul,
 Defrauded of his destin'd Latian Realm: 355
 E'en now Heaven's envoy sent by Jove himself,
 Witness they both! wing'd on a tempest brought
 His order. These eyes saw the form divine
 Ent'ring these walls; these ears too heard his voice.
 Cease; nor inflame me and yourself with plaints.
 Hence calls my Latium my unwilling steps. 361

While thus he spake; she from him turn'd askance,
 Rolling her eyes around; and view'd him o'er,
 Silent and fixt, till thus her fury burst:
 Thou, nor of Goddesses born nor Dardan's race, 365
 Perfidious! sprangst from Cauc'us's flinty rocks;
 And sucking drankst the Hyrcanian Tiger's dugs.
 For wherefore spare thee more? Why longer hope?
 Deign'd he my cries one groan? One tender look?
 Dropt he a tear, or pitied once my flame? 370
 Villain complete in all! Nor now high Juno
 Nor Jove beholds these deeds with equal eye.
 Faith is no more, nor Justice. Shipwreck'd, poor,
 I took him; cherish'd; fondly gave my realms; 374
 Repair'd his fleet; redeem'd his friends from death.

Spare

Spare my rackt brain, ye Furies! Now Priest Phœbus!
 Now Lycia's answer! Now from Jove himself
 Heaven's flying herald brings the dire command.
 Fit task of Gods! Fit t' interrupt their peace!
 Nor I withhold thee, nor refute thy plea. 380
 Go for your Latium! Tempt the winds and waves!
 And as I hope in the just powers of heaven,
 Drink their full vengeance on the eddying rocks!
 Call oft on Dido! I'll with horrors girt, 384
 Flash on thee: And by Death's chill hand releas'd,
 Will haunt thee, traitor! and inflict due plagues,
 Which Fame shall bring to soothe my ghost beneath.
 Ending abrupt, she shun'd the light of day:
 Fainted; and turning from his sight withdrew.
 He trembling, faltering, labouring long reply: 390
 Her maids of honour bear the sinking Queen;
 And lay her swooning on her royal bed.

AEneas, longing tho' to assuage her grief,
 And ease her cares with soft condoling speech;
 Oft groaning and dissolv'd in mighty love: 395
 Yet to the Gods obedient fits his fleet;
 His Trojans plying turn their ships from shore,
 And o'er the chrystal swim the pitchy keel,
 Bearing their leafy oars and unwrought oaks,
 Eager for flight. 400

From

From the whole town they marching crowd on shore:
 As when the ants a noble stack of corn
 Plunder for winter, hoarding in their cells;
 Forth the black legions marching bear the spoil,
 Thro' the mead's narrow track; some shouldering push
 On the big grain; some urge the lagging rear 406
 Chiding: o'er all the passes hot the toil.

This Dido seeing, how her passions wrought!
 How deep her groans! when the hot busy shores,
 Wide from her tower, she view'd before her eyes,
 And the vext ocean, echoing to their shouts. 411
 Where driv'st thou not, dire Love! the human breast?
 Again she falls to tears; again intreats;
 And suppliant yielding up her rage to love,
 Tries tho' in vain each measure, ere she die. 415
 O'er the wide shores see, sister! how they haste!
 Gathering around! Their canvas courts the gales
 And the triumphant seamen crown their ships.
 These severe woes if I foresaw awhile,
 I then might bear. Thy wretched sister help 420
 This once, my Anna! Thou alone hast power
 To awe the traitor; ever knew'st his thoughts;
 Alone canst win the Hero's gentle ear.
 Go, sister! suppliant greet the haughty foe:
 I join'd not the conspiring Greeks at Aulis, 425
 To

To raze old Ilion ; nor there sent my fleet ;
Nor raked abroad his Father's sacred dust.
Why shuts he 'gainst me his relentless ear ?
Why flies he ? Why not this last favour grant
My wretched flame, to wait for milder seas ? 430
I urge no more the marriage he disclaims ;
Nor that he quit for me his Latian realms :
Ask but a respite to my frantic pains,
Till Fortune break and form my soul to grief.
This last in pity, Sister ! oh ! indulge. 435
This favour added shall conclude thy toils.
Such prayers and tears th' afflicted sister bears,
And bears again : yet can no tears prevail,
Nor any prayers can win his easy soul.
Jove's Fate had stopt the gentle Hero's ears. 440
As when an ancient mighty Oak on Alps
This way and that the high conflicting Winds
Strive to o'erthrow, loud roaring, strewing Earth
Deep with the leaves, and shaking fierce his bulk :
Fast on his rock he stands ; and high as rears 445
His head in air, so dive his roots to hell.
Thus round the Hero their unceasing plaints
Buffet, and pierce his tender mighty breast ;
Firm yet his mind, and vain his falling tears. 449
Long harraßt by the fates th' unhappy Queen,
Craves

Craves death, and loaths the sight of heaven's concave.
What urg'd her fixt resolve, to leave the light :
She burning incense on her altar saw
The hallow'd wines discolouring, dire portent !
And turning, as she pour'd, to blood obscene ; 455
Yet this to none, not e'en her sister told :
Where in her hall the marble statue stood,
Held dear, and sacred to her former Lord,
Deckt with her snowy wool and holy leaves ;
Hence in her fancy heard his wellknown voice, 460
Calling, while Night invests the shadowy earth :
Oft lonely o'er her roof, the deathbed owl
Shrieks his long drawling melancholy moan :
Many predictions of her ancient seers
Fill her with horrors ; fierce AEneas haunts 465
Goading in dreams her fury : still she seems
All lonely wandring Libya's boundless plains ;
Forlorn still seeking her dear Tyrians lost.
So Pentheus frantic saw the Furies rise,
The double sun, and double Thebes display'd : 470
Or so driven o'er the stage, Clymnestra's son
Flies her wav'd torches, and her serpents dire ;
Scar'd with the Fiends of vengeance at his door.
She with despair now and the Furies fraught, 474
On death determines ; schemes her time and means,
Secret ;

Secret ; and greeting thus her sister sad,
Veils the design with the smooth front of hope :
I've found the way, dear Sister! give me joy;
How to regain him, or release my heart.
Near th' Ocean-border, and the setting sun, 480
Where on his shoulder th' AEthiop Atlas vast
Whirls the wide concave, set with flaming stars;
Hence came my Priestess, a Massylian born,
Who watch'd th' Hesperian Fane, the Dragon fed,
And kept the sacred branches on the tree. 485
Scattering her sleepy poppy and honey-sweets,
She vaunts with charms to disenthral the soul ;
And at her will infuse love's anxious cares ;
Arrest the rivers ; roll the planets back ;
Wake the Night-Ghost ; roar deep from underground ;
And draw the forests dancing down the hills. 491
Witness ye Gods ! and thou, my sister dear !
How loth I fly thus to the magic arts.
Secret oh ! then a pile within the court
Build me ; and crown it with the Traitor's arms,
Hung in our room, his robes, the bridal bed 496
My source of ruin. Pleas'd, as she prescrib'd,
I'll burn the curs'd memorials of my flame.
She ceas'd ; and o'er her face pale horror spread.
Nor Anne, th' intention of such specious rites 500
Suspecting,

Suspecting, or what phrenzy drove her soul ;
 Nor fearing worse, than when Sichæus fell ;
 Fulfils her orders.

Her secret pile then, vast in open air,
 Queen Dido built with pine-trees cleft and oaks,
 And crowns with fun'ral garlands wide around; 506
 Heaping o'er all his sword and raiment left,
 His bed and picture ; fixt on speedy death.
 Now th' altars built ; her priestess loose attir'd,
 Roars out her roll of Gods, Erebus and Chaos, 510
 And threefold maiden Hecat's triple Forms ;
 Pours the feign'd liquors of Averno's Fount ;
 By the full moon-light mown too brings her herbs,
 Ripe, and prepar'd with the black pois'nous juice
 And from the forehead of the dropping foal 515
 The dam's love pluck't.

The Queen at the altar-fires her holy cakes
 Crumbles, with one foot bare, and tuck't-up vest ;
 And calls the Gods, with the fate-conscious stars,
 To witness to her death, and whate'er power . 520
 Fails not avenging ill-requited love.

Night's gentle sleep o'er weary mortals reign'd :
 Hush'd were the woods, and billows sunk in peace :
 Arriv'd their height the rolling planets stood :
 Still the whole country ; beasts ; and painted birds 525

Or

Or skimming the broad Pools, or haunting brakes;
All wrapt in slumbers, 'neath the silent night
Sooth'd now their cares, and every toil forgot.
Yet not the heart-sick Queen; nor once in sleep
Sinks, nor her eyes nor breast admit the night. 530
Cares haunt her fancy: oft fierce love recurs;
And stormy passions struggling rend her soul.
Still brooding o'er her griefs, she thus revolves:
What had I best? Risk in my turn the scorn
Of my old suitors? Court Numidia's Lords? 535
And crave the nuptial bed so often 'sdeign'd?
Or follow th' Ilian fleet an abject slave?
Yes; for it joys me to have eas'd their toils;
And won their grateful sense of favours past.
Or were I willing, who'll admit? Nor proud 540
Insult me? Yet then so not know 'em, Wretch?
Nor feel their perjur'd fire Laomedon?
What? Fly alone then? Serve th' exulting crew?
Or with my vengeful Tyrians girt pursue? 544
And whom I scarce cou'd drag from Sidon's Yoke,
Again to sea command their swelling sails?
Die as due rather. Smite and end thy woes!
Thou at my tears, thou first my madding heart
Sunkst in these troubles, Anne! and gav'st the foe.
Oh! had I liv'd estrang'd to nuptial rites! 550

Q

Unblam'd,

Unblam'd, unblemish'd, from this anguish free ;
 Nor broke my vow to dear Sichæus' shade.
 Such the deep wailings of her troubled breast.

Now fixt on going, all things now prepar'd,
 AEneas on the deck reclin'd asleep ; 555
 When lo! returning the same Form divine
 Seem'd thus again to hail his slumb'ring soul,
 Like Mercury in all, in voice and look,
 His golden locks, his lovely blooming shape :
 What ? Hero! Sleepst thou in such critic hour? 560
 Blind to the gathering dangers o'er thy head:
 Nor hearst thou, Fool! th'inviting Zephyrs breathe?
 Nor thinkst, what vengeful wiles her spirit forms,
 Swol'n with wild stormy passions, bent on death.
 Hence, hence fly instant, while thou mayst escape:
 Or soon the sea will groan beneath her fleets ; 566
 And her dire torches blaze around the shores,
 E'en if the morn surprize thee loitering here.
 Fly instant. What so changeful compound odd
 As Woman? This said, vanish'd into night. 570
 Scared by the phantom, strait the Trojan Chief
 Sprung from his bed, and urges on his friends :
 Up Heroes! instant! Ply your flexile oars!
 Quick! Spread your canvas. Sent from high a God
 Lo! spurs again to weigh, and speed our flight. 575
 We

We follow thee, dread messenger! whoe'er:
 Obey triumphant thy repeated call.
 Be present, oh! and aid us. Guide the flars
 Propitious. Thus the hero speaking drew,
 And struck with flashing steel the mooring ropes:
 All with like ardour seize their oars, and fly, 581
 The shores abandon, now o'erspread the main,
 Whirl fierce the foam, and scate the chrystal blue.

Now o'er the world her rising radiance shed
 Aurora, leaving Tithon's saffron bed: 585
 When Dido from her tower the whitening light
 Saw, and the navy fly with equal sails,
 The shores forlook; nor vessel ride the port;
 Wildly she beat then oft her lovely breast,
 Tore her gold tresses: Gods! And shall he 'scape?
 Sly Pirate! Mock? Insult my royal power? 591
 To arms! To arms! My people all pursue!
 Haul from my docks the navies! Fire your brands!
 Embark! Launch! Spread your canvas! Ply your oars!
 What mean I? Where, where am I? Frantic Fool!
 Poor Dido! Touch thee now thy rigid Fates? 596
 Then ought they, when thou gav'st thy scepter. Lo!
 His faith and honour, charg'd with Ilion's Gods,
 And vaunting to have bore his hoary fire.
 Oh! Had I snatch'd him, torn, thrown o'er the waves

His scatter'd limbs! had stab'd his friends, his son!
 And serv'd him up to feast his father's maw!
 But doubtful th' issue of such combat. True.
 Whom fear yet dying? I had fir'd his camp; 604
 Had fill'd his deck with flames; the son and fire
 Razed with the name; flung on the wreck myself.
 Thou, Sun! whose radiance views the works on earth!
 Thou, Nuptial Juno! witness of my woes!
 Thou Hecat' howling nightly thro' the streets!
 Ye vengeful Furies! All ye Dido's Gods! 610
 Pity my sorrows! Lend your righteous aid!
 And hear my dying prayer. If the curs'd head
 Must reach the port, and safe arrive to land;
 If Jove and Fate have fixt that firm decree:
 Yet let him harras't by a martial race, 615
 Expel'd his realm, torn from Ascanio's arms,
 Stroll, begging succours; mourn his butcher'd friends;
 Stoop cringing vassal to a conqueror's will:
 Nor yet his realm or life's sweet light enjoy,
 But murder'd rot unburied on the sands. 620
 This my last prayer, this with my blood I pour.
 And you, my Tyrians! vex their latest heirs!
 Still send these victims to my ghost below!
 Nor join in love nor league the hostile states!
 May from my ashes rise some vengeful rod, 625
 To

To haunt Troy's relicks with the fire and sword!
Hence long as drop of vital blood remains,
Shores against shores be set, sea against sea,
Arms against arms; rage war thro' every age.

Thus she revolving in her anxious breast, 630
How strait to break off from the hated light,
Hail'd and addrest in brief Sichæus' nurse;
(Her own had mingled with the Tyrian dust;)
Dear Barca! go here fetch my sister Anna:
Bid her strait bathe in the pure running stream, 635
And bring the beasts the order'd sacrifice:
Come too thyself veil'd with the hoary wreath.
My rites begun, and vow'd to Stygian Jove,
I mean to finish, and with them my cares,
Setting the pile and Trojan Chief in flames: 640
The old nurse fondly ran with duteous speed.
She trembling, wild at the dire desp'rate act,
With bloody rolling eyes, and quivering cheeks
Blue spotted, pale e'en now all o'er as death, 644
Bursts into the upper chambers; furious climbs
Up the pile's summit; and unsheathes the sword
AEneas gave her with far other view.
Here she on th' Illian vests, and conscious bed,
Gazing awhile with tears, and pensive pause,
Flew on the couch, and thus with dying breath: 650

Ye pledges dear! while so it pleas'd the Fates,
 Receive this spirit! Free me from these cares.
 My life is finish'd, and my destin'd course.
 Now dives my mighty Ghost the Nether-World.
 I've plan'd a noble city; rear'd my towers; 655
 On fierce Pygmalion have aveng'd my spouse.
 Happy! Thrice happy, had the Trojan Fleet
 Ne'er touch'd pestiferous on my Lybian shores.
 Grasping her couch then, Die too unreveng'd?
 Yes, die I will: thus thus will dive the shades. 660
 Blast the damn'd stroller's eyes these blazing flames!
 And haunt him still my dire presageful death!

Scarce had she said; ere on her fatal steel
 Fal'n, her friends see her; see her bloody sword
 Reeking, and hands imbru'd. Loud from the court
 Wild uproar thro' the city spread the shock: 666
 Cries, lamentations, groans, and female shrieks
 Roar thro' the streets, and the wide-echoing skies.
 As if invaded by the foe had fal'n
 All Carthage, or old Tyre, in raging flames 670
 Roll'd o'er the mansions of the men and Gods.
 Alarm'd her Sister ran with wild despair,
 Breathless; and tore her hair, and beat her breast;
 Rush'd thro' the crowds; calls on th'expiring Queen,
 This thy intention? Thus delude my love? 675
 For

For this my pile? this th' altar and the fire?
 Ah! Where begin my plaint? Forsook; nor deem'd
 Worthy to share thy death. O hast thou call'd
 Me to thy sorrows, and untimely fates!
 For this then pil'd I, and invok'd the Gods, 680
 Only t' absent me cruel from this scene?
 With thee that poniard me, thy people, Lords,
 Stab'd; and all Tyre at once. Quick! Water here!
 I'll wash her wounds; and if yet unexpir'd
 Catch her last hovering breath. Arriving now 685
 Clasp'd to her breast, and chafed the dying Queen;
 And groaning staunches with her robe the blood.
 She her sunk eyes wou'd lift, but swoons again:
 Deep rattles in her breast the mortal wound.
 Thrice herself rais'd she on her elbow pois'd; 690
 Thrice fell supine; fought with her swimming eyes
 The light etherial, saw and deeply groan'd.
 Heaven's Queen's then pitying her protracted pangs,
 And dying struggle, sent her Iris down,
 To loose her frame, and agonizing soul. 695
 For dying nor by fate, nor just desert,
 But prematurely by love's hapless rage;
 Yet had not Proserpine her yellow locks
 Cut off, nor doom'd her to the Stygian Shades.
 Strait dewy Iris saffron-wing'd thro' heaven, 700

Deckt with the fronting sun's ten thousand hues,
Lights at her head : To Pluto sacred this
I carry duteous, and release thy soul :
Then cuts the lock. Strait all her vital warmth
Fled, and her spirit mingled with the winds. 705

The

Troy's Chief as he pursued his destin'd course,
Cleaving before the breeze the fable waves;
Saw from afar the unhappy Dido's walls
High blazing; nor knew whence the kindled flames:
But the dire pangs of mighty love befool'd, 5
And well-known outrage of a woman's spleen,
Fill'd with sad omens every Trojan Breast.
Now gain'd the ocean, seeing land no more,
But all invested round with sea and sky;
Wide o'er their heads a gathering tempest black, 10
Spread night, and storms, and hideous darkness thick:
Loud from the poop the pilot Palinure,
Ah! Why involve these tempests thus the heavens?
Or what sire Neptune! meanst thou? Then commands,
Lower your canvas, ply your mighty oars, 15
And turn my Boys! oblique your swelling sails.
Not Jove's insurance wou'd I take, AEneas!
Thro' such a clime to reach Lavinia's shore;
So from the troubled west the saucy winds
Roar, shift, conflict and wrap the air in clouds: 20
Nor can we conquer, nor at all resist.
Then let us follow Fortune's higher power,
Steer where she calls. Nor Sicily's friendly shores,
Your brother Ery's native soil, far off;
If right my skilful eye retrace the stars, 25
To

To him AEneas : How the winds prevail,
 Long have I seen, and thy resistance vain.
 Sail a new course. To me what dearer soil?
 Or where wish rather to repair my fleet ;
 Than what preserves my Trojan Friend Acestes, 30
 And whose lap holds my fire Anchise's bones.
 Strait for the harbour they with swelling sails
 Bless the kind zephyrs : swift the navy swam,
 And smil'd to reach at length the well-known strand.
 Viewing with wonder from a distant hill 35
 His friend's arrival, meets 'em kind Acestes
 Quiver'd, and clad in a grim lion's mail ;
 Bore by a Trojan to Crinifus' Flood.
 He not unmindful of his ancient Line,
 Hails his returning friends ; his rural stores 40
 Opes freely, and relieves their weary souls.

Th' ensuing Morn had breaking chas'd the stars,
 Clearing to day ; when from the shores AEneas
 Calls, and high standing thus address his host :
 Great Trojans ! sprung from the immortal Gods ! 45
 The annual circle now fulfills its months,
 Since we the relicks of my fire divine
 Inter'd, and built his sacred altars sad.
 This is the day I shall for ever mourn,
 For ever honour : so the Fates ordain'd. 50

Now

Now were I exile, thrown on Lybia's sands,
Toft on th' AEgean, or a flave in Greece;
My annual vows yet with the folemn pomp
Still wou'd I paying heap his offerings due.
Thus to the relicks of my honour'd fire, 55
Sure by the grace of providential Heaven,
Now are we brought, and amicable port.
Come all then joyous; folemnize the day;
Implore his gracious winds; and a fix't home,
To pay his hallow'd fhine thefe annual rites. 60
Two to each fhip the Trojan-born Aceftes
Gives of his oxen; feaft, invoke the Gods,
Your own, and whom Acefte your hoft adores.
When the ninth morn fhall over mortals fhed
Day's chearful radiance, and reveal the world; 65
I'll match my Trojans in the naval race;
And who excel in running; whose bold ftrengh
Whirls the fpear rather, and the flying dart;
And whose dire mafly gauntlet dares the foe.
Come all, ftrive, conquer, bear your due reward. 70
Be filence now, with garlands crown your brow.
Then with his mother's myrtle crowns his own,
So did Aceftes ripe and full of days,
Helym, Afcanio, all the attending youth. 74
Then from the council mid his thoufands went
He

He to the tomb: 'mid an unnumber'd train
 Here pious pours two bowls of Bacchus' wines,
 Two of new milk, and two of hallow'd blood,
 And scattering purple flowers, the silence broke:
 Hail holy Father! Hail you Relicks dear! 80
 In vain recover'd! Hail his Ghosts and Shades!
 Why gave not Fate with thee to see my Latium?
 And whoe'er Tiber, his Ausonian vales?
 Strait a sleek serpent from beneath the shrine
 Huge roll'd seven circles; seven long spiring folds;
 Clasps the tomb gently, to the altar slides: 86
 Deep azure streak'd his back; and spots of gold
 Flamed on his glowing scales; as the cloud-bow
 Imbibes the fronting sun's ten thousand hues.
 Astonish't saw AEneas; how his train 90
 Winding at length among the plates and bowls,
 He sipt the dainties; backward harmless flunk,
 Deep in the tomb; and quit his sacred prey.
 Therefore new honours to his father pays,
 Doubtful if that the Genius of the place, 95
 Or his fire's Dæmon; slays five sacred sheep,
 As many swine, as many fable steers;
 Pours out the wines; calls great Anchises' Ghost,
 And Manes long from Acheron return'd.
 Due from his rank, each his blith off'ring, bring 100
 The

The Trojans; load the altars; flay the steers;
 Some range the cauldrons; some on grass reclin'd
 Build fires, and roast on spits the hallow'd entrails.

Now came th' expected day, when Phaeton's steeds
 Drew the ninth morn in her full radiance clear. 105
 Fame then, and great Aceste's name, had call'd
 The country round; and fill'd the blithsome shores,
 To see th' AENEADS: some to join the list.

'Mid the wide circus first were set to view
 The prizes, sacred tripods, garlands green, 110
 The palm victorious, arms and purple vests,
 Talents of gold and silver. Brisk the trump
 Plays from a middle mount, The games begun.

First the lists enter with their mighty oars
 Four well-match't gallies, chosen from the fleet. 115
 Mnestheu's strong rowers drive the active Dolphin,
 Mnestheus the Founder of the Memmian name:

And Gyas the Chimæra's mighty bulk,
 Huge as a tower; with triple bank of oars,
 All rising true beneath the Trojan force. 120

Sergestus, Father of the Sergian line,
 Rides the great Centaur: the blue Scylla rides
 Cloanth, the fire of our Cluentian House.

Far in the ocean to the foaming shore
 Fronts a vast rock; whose sides immerst rebuff 125

Bleak

Bleak winter's billows, dashing on the flars:
 Still in a calm its brow emerging stands;
 Where cormorants basking find a sweet retreat.
 Here from a leafy oak his verdant goal
 Plants fire AEneas for the seaman's mark, 130
 Whence to return; where wheel their circuit wide.

Arrang'd by lot then, high on deck the chiefs
 Stand, in effulgent gold and purple clad;
 The crews their temples veil with poplar wreaths,
 And glazed with oil their naked shoulders shine: 135
 Seated, with outstretch't arms all grasp the oars;
 Fix't wait the sign exulting; now chill fear
 Sinks their heart throbbing; now wisht glory lifts.
 Now shrill the trumpet sounding, off they all
 Dart in a moment: huzza's rend the skies: 140
 With in-drawn arms upwhirl the foaming friths;
 Abreast cleave equal furrows: wide the deep
 Gapes, with the oars and triple beaks convulst.
 Less swift the combat o'er the Olympian plain,
 When starting rapid bowl the headlong cars; 145
 Nor so the drivers their given waving reins
 Shake, and o'erhanging ply the shadowy lash.
 Then with the general shouts, and friendly claps,
 Rung the whole grove: the voice o'er th'inward shores
 Rolls; and thick echoes from the hills rebound. 150

Passing

Passing the rest, now foremost, skims along
 Mid peals of triumph Gyas: him Cloanth
 Next follows, better man'd, but pond'rous mafs!
 Slow moves his pine. At equal distance next,
 The Dolphin and the Centaur strive for third. 155
 Now Dolphin wins; now by her heaves the Centaur
 Victorious; now together ride abreast;
 Their long keels plowing deep the briny tides.

When drawing tow'rd's the rock, and near the goal;
 Far in the ocean the victorious Gyas, 160
 Loud to Menæte his pilot calling, Why?
 Why to the right so far? Here guide my course.
 To shore! to shore! Shave me the left-hand rocks.
 Launch far who will the ocean. But Menæte 164
 From the blind shelves turn'd cautious to the main.
 Whither still wand'ring? Gyas calls again:
 To shore! To shore! Menæte! and lo! Cloanth
 Sees at his stern, advanc'd by a shorter cut;
 Where between Gyas and the roaring rocks,
 Inward he rode to left; and sudden shot 170
 Clean by the foremost to the open main.
 Strait the young hero, fired with desperate rage,
 Tears trickling down his cheeks, shoves dull Menæte;
 Nor his crew's safety minding nor own rank,
 Into the sea hurls headlong from the stern. 175
 Himself

Himself the captain his own pilot now,
 Heartens the crew, and whirls the helm to shore :
 While from the deep long struggling rose at length
 He old, drench't, heavy; and with dropping vests
 Climbs up the rocks, and basking sits aloft. 180
 All laugh't to see, how plung'd he, how he roll'd,
 Now how he vomits thick the briny waves.

Here blith hope smiling fires the hindmost twain,
 Sergeste and Mnesthe, to pass the ling'ring Gyas.
 Nearer the rock Sergestes got a-head ; 185
 Yet not surpass him by a whole keel's length :
 Part before ; bears on part the Dolphin's beak.
 Mnestheus on deck then, walking thro' his crew,
 Urg'd and inflamed ; Now now O ply your oars,
 Hector's old Friends ! whom I in Troy's last hour 190
 Chose my associates : now put forth the strength,
 Now all you shew'd of courage in the Syrtes,
 Th' Ionian, and thick-rolling Malea's waves.
 Now ask I not the palm ; nor push for first.
 Tho' oh ! if---But win they whom Neptune will. 195
 What ? Last ? That heinous shame forbid, my boys !
 Thus far O conquer ! They with utmost strife
 Prone tugging shake the brazen poop ; and fierce
 Spring o'er the plain : thick panting quake each limb ;
 Parcht their mouth ; bath'd all o'er in tides of sweat.

Indulgent

Indulgent Fortune gave the glory with't. 201
For furious bearing on the rocks Sergestes;
His bark embarrass'd in the inner course,
Unhappy stuck on the projecting rocks: 204
Wide shook the crags, and on their point the oars
Struck crackling: fiercely dashing hung the prow.
All with wild uproar rise th' entangled crew;
Get each his iron-pike, and sharpen'd pole;
And heave up from the gulf their broken oars.
But the blith Mnestheus with success elate, 210
Speeds true his train of oars; invokes the winds;
And down the tides skims o'er the open main.
As from her cavern sudden rous'd the dove,
Where deep within she nurs'd her tender young, 214
Flies thro' the valley; scared her fluttering wing
Beats o'er a tower: thence springing th' air serene,
Swift with a level pinion, cleaves the sky.
So Mnestheus' Dolphin now the final course,
By her own rapid quickning motion, flies:
First leaves he struggling in the rocky shelves 220
Sergestes, calling out for aid in vain,
And learning now to run with broken oars.
Thence after Gyas and Chimæra's mass,
Bereft of pilot, therefore yielding soon;
Now at the close sees none before but Cloanth; 225

Aims at him straining with his every nerve.
 Then shouts redouble: all would help the weak:
 Their kind huzzas thick rend the etherial vault.
 These their got glory blush so near to lose,
 Indignant; nor for triumph life wou'd spare. 230
 Those with success elate, new brace their nerves;
 And had with Cloanth equal shared the prize,
 Had he not stretching both his hands to sea,
 Address the Gods thus with his votive prayers:
 Ye Gods of Ocean! ye whose plains I run, 235
 I'll at your altars there a milk-white bull
 Slay, if you speed my vow; the entrails spread
 O'er the salt tides; and pour my joyous wines.
 His suppliant accents reacht beneath the deep
 Nereus and Phorcus' choir with chaste Pan'pea. 240
 The Sire Portunus pushing on her flight,
 Swift, as a tempest or the arrow's wing,
 She flew to land, and shelter'd in the port.

AEneas then convening all, as wont,
 Cloanth the conqueror by the herald's voice 245
 Proclaims; and crowns his brow with verdant bays:
 Then gracious to each ship three stately bulls,
 Rich wines, and a large mass of silver gives,
 And with distinguish'd honours crowns the chiefs:
 The conqueror with a golden robe; whose fringe

Glow'd

Glow'd wide with purple in a double maze: 251
 Where th' inwrought royal youth in Ida's grove,
 Swift-footed archer! tires the bounding flags
 Hot, panting, whom Jove's armour-bearer wing'd.
 Snatcht, seizing in his talons thence aloft; 255
 Vain his old guardians stretch their hands to heaven,
 Vain his hounds wailing furious snuff the sky.
 But to whose virtue held the second place;
 With brilliant clasps, and triple lace of gold,
 The mail himself had from Demoleus stript 260
 Victorious, where the Ilian Simois rolls;
 Gave him for ornament and sure defence.
 Scarce cou'd his servants' shoulders bear the folds,
 Phegeus and Sagaris. Oft with that yet clad,
 Demoleus' foot had chas'd his straggling foes. 265
 He to the third two brazen cauldrons gave;
 Two silver boats with curious figures wrought.

Now such rich presents proud to bear away,
 Parade they all with purple fillets crown'd:
 When from the cruel rock hard-struggling, rent,
 Stript of his oars on one side, feeble, maim'd, 271
 Sergeste ridiculous drags th' inglorious bark.
 Oft so a snake, caught basking in a track,
 Crusht by a brazen wheel oblique, or ston'd
 And mangled left half-dead upon a rock, 275

Fleeing writhes many a long distortion vain :
 Part fierce with glaring eyeballs, hissing neck
 High rearing; part fore wounded, maim'd, trails flow
 His intricate and self-revolving folds.

So rowing aukward moved the tardy ship : 280

Yet with spread sails and prosperous gales arriv'd,
 AEneas gives Sergeste the promis'd meed,

Joying the ship was saved and friends return'd :

Gave too a slave skill'd in Minerva's art,

The Cretan Pholoe with her suckling twins. 285

This combat ended, goes the gracious chief

T' a verdant plain, with woods and winding hills

All round encircled : mid the valley spread

A theater ; where with many thousands sat

He in th' assembly on a rising couch 290

Invites, who will, to run the rapid course,

And fires his heroes with the prize in view.

All round him crowd the Trojans and Sicilians :

First Nifus and Euryal :

Euryal fam'd for beauty and youthful bloom, 295

Nifus for pure affection to the Boy.

Next follows one of Priam's blood Diores :

Salius with Paron next, he of Epire,

This an Arcadian from Tegæa sprung.

Then the Trinacrians Helym, Panope, 300

Bred

Bred in the forests, fire Aceste's friends :
 With many more sunk in dark fame's abyfs :
 To them around him thus the Ilian chief :
 Come, and imbibe my words with friendly ear!
 None here dismiss I with an empty hand. 305
 Each shall two Cretan darts of burnish'd steel
 Bear, and a battle-ax with silver graced.
 Certain to all be these. The foremost three
 Crown'd with pale olive shall more prizes bear :
 The first victorious a rich harness steed : 310
 The next a quiver full of Thracian shafts,
 Round which the Amazon's broad belt of gold
 Folding, was claspt with a round conic gem.
 This Grecian helmet satisfy the third.

This said, they take their rank ; and signal given,
 Start in a moment ; flying leave the lines, 316
 Swift as the wind ; impatient eye the goal.
 Nifus the first off, far before 'em all,
 Darts, like a tempest, or the lightning's wing.
 Nearest to him, vast space yet interven'd, 320
 Salius pursuing, leaves not far behind
 Euryal third.

Next Helym follows : whom lo ! following close,
 Diores flying almost treads his heel ;
 Breathes o'er his shoulder ; and if more to run 325

Had past him, or had doubtful left the prize.

Now almost run the course: they near the goal
 Breathless approach; when in a bloody plain
 Slided poor Nifus, where had victims kill'd
 Spread o'er the verdant surface lakes of blood. 330
 Here he now vaunting conqueror, cou'd no more
 Hold firm his step, but tottering fell along,
 Prone in the filthy slime, and sacred gore;
 Nor yet forgot Euryal, nor his loves:

But thro' the slippery springing crosses his track, 335
 Fells Salius rolling o'er the muddy sands.

Thus aided, darts Euryal's conquering foot,
 Flies in the first mid claps and loud huzzas.

Next Helym comes: Diores! thou the third.

Here Salius bawling thro' the circus wide 340

Fills all th' assembly; chief the noble peers,

And claims the triumph as unjustly lost.

All partial view Euryal's graceful tears,

And virtue lovelier for his noble mien.

His friend Diores argued much aloud: 345

Who won the third palm, but in vain had won

If the first triumph were adjudg'd to Salius.

Then fire AEneas: You shall bear, my Boys!

Each his due meed; nor my fixt rule be changed.

Yet let me pity a worthy friend's mischance. 350

This

This said, an huge Numidian lion's mail
 Gives him, with pond'rous shag and golden paws.
 Then Nifus: if the vanquisht bear such meeds,
 The fal'n so pitied; what on Nifus' worth
 Confer you, who the first palm justly won, 355
 Had not like Fortune frown'd on me, as Salius.
 Thus he; and shews to view his face and limbs
 Besmear'd with mud. The fire with gracious smile,
 And ordering forth the shield Didmaon wrought,
 And Grecians plunder'd, Neptune! from thy shrine;
 Presents the hero with the noble meed. 361

When the race over, and his gifts confer'd:
 Now whose'er bosom swells with martial strength,
 Stand forth, with lifted arms and gauntlet high;
 So saying sets a double meed in view; 365
 The conqueror's bull with golden ribbons deckt;
 A sword and curious helm to chear the worse.
 Strait his broad face and vast o'ertowering strength
 Rears Dares, honour'd with a loud huzza:
 He who alone thy gauntlet, Paris! dared; 370
 And who near where sepulchred lies great Hector,
 Victorious Butes! thy gigantic bulk
 Proud to have sprung from the Bebrycian house,
 Struck; and it dying measured flat the sands.
 Such Dares towering gave the challenge first; 375

Shew'd his broad shoulders; and his outstretch'd
Tossing alternate, beat the hissing air. (arms,

His match they seek. Not of the Nations one
Dared face the hero, or the gauntlet touch.

Blith he then thinking all to cede the palm, 380

Advanc'd t' AEneas; nor demurring more

Holds the bull's horn firm with his left, and thus:

Hero! if none dare face me, why demur?

How long becomes it to detain me thus?

Bid me lead off your meed. The Trojans all 385

Crying, Give give the Hero! His the palm!

The old Trinacrian king rebukes Entelle,
Sitting beside him on the flowery turf:

Thou! of our Heroes once the first in vain!

Let then so patient undisputed go 390

Such prize? Where's now our master, the divine,

Vain-boasted Erys? Where thy wide renown

O'er Sicily? Where the trophies deck thy roof?

Not I to ambition lost; nor yield the palm,

Routed by fear. But flow age, chilling frost! 395

Locks my numb veins, and frame's exhausted powers.

Had I as once, in what exulting trusts

That villain, had I now my youthful nerves;

Not I, an hireling for a stately bull, 399

Had come; nor presents mind I. Answering thus,

Forth

Forth in the midst his massy gauntlets huge
Whirls he; those the brave Erys' brawny arms,
Braced with the rigid hides, were wont to wield.
All view amazed the monstrous seven bull-hides
Strong, tough, and thick in-laid with lead and iron.
Great Dares stood aghast and far recoils. 406
Anchises son too, rolling here and there,
Admir'd the weight, and belts, those folds immense!
Then the old Hero thus to him addrest:
But had you the great Herc'les gauntlet view'd, 410
His armour and dire combat on these shores!
These yet of old your brother Erys wore;
E'en yet bespatter'd see with blood and brains.
With these he met great Herc'les. I with these
Fought, while pure blood shot vigour thro' my veins;
Ere envious age spread o'er my temples gray. 416
But if the Trojan these our arms decline;
If such your pleasure and Aceste approve;
These I resign; nor ask, but equal arms.
Quit thou, thy terrours! Doff thy Trojan gloves.

Thus he; and throwing off his double vest, 421
Strips bare his mighty limbs, vast bones, and arms;
And stands amid the sand a bulk immense.
AEneas ordering equal gauntlets forth,
Like armour binds on both the heroes' hands. 425

Forthwith

Forthwith on tiptoe stood they both erect;
And undismay'd stretcht out their arms aloft :
Far from the blow threw back their lofty heads,
And mingling hands with hands, provoke to rage.
This on his youth and nimble foot relies : 430
That his strong massy limbs ; but slow his knees
Shrink trembling ; sickly pantings shake his frame.
Many the mutual wounds they tofs in vain ;
Many on their hollow sides and breasts rebound,
Dire echoing. Thick the ears and temples round 435
Flies the fierce gauntlet ; smites the crackling jaws.
Firm his first station kept the old Entelle ;
Waved but his bulk still watchful from the blows.
But he as storming an high city's wall,
Or arm'd investing a mount's lofty tower ; 440
Now here now there, if any place his eye
Rolling may find, springs many a vain assault.
Entelle his right hand o'er him rising shews,
High rearing. He quick saw the falling stroke ;
Turn'd from the death his head ; and nimbly 'scaped.
Entelle his forces pouring on the wind ; 446
Th' old champion's weight by his own effort falls,
Fierce on the earth. Decay'd so falls on Ermanth,
Or mighty Ida, the uprooted pine.

Troy and Sicilia's youth all anxious rise : 450

Shouts

Shouts rend the sky: Acestes running first,
Kindly lift from the earth his ancient friend.
Nor by the fall dismay'd, nor ling'ring he
Springs to renew the fight: wrath wakes his strength:
Shame fires his nerves, and hero's conscious worth:
Fierce drives he Dares headlong o'er the plain: 456
Now deals his right now left redoubled blows,
Unintermitted: thick as clattering hail,
Whirl'd on a roof; so thundering on his head,
Routs with each gauntlet this way and that the foe.
No farther letting then their wrath proceed, 461
Nor hot Entellus' fury; fire AEneas
Ended the combat, snatcht the Trojan thence,
And thus the fainting champion's anguish sooth'd:
What frenzy, hapless youth! so fires thy soul? 465
Feelst thou not his, a more than mortal power?
Yield to the God. So saying, parts the fight.
His comrades bear him, with weak trailing knees,
Head hanging and revolving; and his mouth 469
Thick belching clotted gore, teeth, broken gums;
Off to the ships; and th' offered sword and helm
Accepting, leave Entelle the palm and bull.
Proud of the prize and glorying in his might:
Great Hero! says he, and you Trojans! learn, 474
Both what the forces braced my youthful frame;
And

And what the death your Dares timely 'scaped.
 Thus he ; and fronting full the stately bull,
 That flood his prize, and with his right-hand back
 High poising 'mid his horns the gauntlet dire,
 Dashed thro' his smashing skull the flying brains. 480
 Down he expiring quivering falls along.
 Then flow these accents from the hero's breast:
 Erys! This nobler victim take for Dares.
 Here conqueror I my arms and art resign.

The fire invites then with the arrow's wing, 485
 To strive who will ; and sets the prizes forth.
 His mighty hand the Centaur's mast aloft
 Fixt, and a tether'd stockdove flying round,
 The archer's mark, hangs on the lofty mast.
 They all advancing, in a brazen helm 490
 Threw each his lot : the first with loud huzza
 Outflew Hippocoon's, son of Hyrtacus :
 Next followed Mnestheus' whose the naval palm,
 Mnestheus! whose temples the green olives grace.
 Eurytion's next thy brother, Ilion's boast, 495
 Pandar! whose arm, ordain'd to break the truce,
 Whirl'd first thy jav'lin on the Grecian hosts.
 Last in the helm deep lay Acestes' lot.
 For he not fear'd to cope with youthful nerves.
 All with vast strength then bend their flexile bows,
 Each

Each for himself, and drew their quiver's shafts.
First from the twanging nerve thy dart thro' heaven,
Hippocoon! whizzing cut the springing gales;
Flew, and fixt full on the aspiring bole.
All the mast trembled: the affrighted dove 505
Sprang quivering: wide resound the vast huzzas.
Next with drawn bow the hero Mnestheus stands:
Fixt were his arrow and his eye aloft;
But hapless fail'd his steel to reach the dove,
Nor more than brake her linen tether's knot; 510
Where foot-tied hung she from the lofty mast;
And springing wings the gales and dusky clouds.
Quick then, for long with arrow drawn to head
Had stood Euryteon; he his brother's aid
Invok'd, and eying her triumphant flight, 515
The fluttering dove shot 'neath a dusky cloud.
Down she dropt; leaving with the stars her life,
And falling brought the arrow deep infixt.

Rob'd of the palm Aceste alone remain'd;
Who yet his arrow thro' the æther whirl'd, 520
To shew his strength, and fierce-resounding bow.
Here sudden met their eyes a wondrous sight,
Soon found portentous, from the great event
And what dire omen sang too late the seers.
For thro' the vapours flying th' arrow fired; 525
Shot

Shot a long flame, and thro' th' etherial winds
Dispersing vanish. So the stars of heaven
Bolting athwart, oft draw their streaming locks.

Fixt in amazement; suppliant look to heaven
Troy and Trinacria's sons: nor great AEneas 530
Forbad the omen: but the blith Aceste
Embracing, he presents the royal gifts:
Accept, O Sire! whom the Olympic king
Thus proclaims worthy the prime meed select.
This old Anchise's present, hence be thine, 535
This embost goblet; which the Thracian Cisseus
Erst on my fire magnificent confer'd,
His friendship's dear and monumental pledge.
Then with green laurel crowns his royal brow,
And gives before 'em all the palm t' Acestes, 540
Nor good Eurytion grudg'd the preference given;
Tho' he alone brought down the towering bird:
The next with presents graced, who cut the cord:
The last, whose arrow flying shook the mast.

Nor yet the games dismissing, fire AEneas 545
Calls young Iulus' friend and guardian up,
Epdes, addressing thus his faithful ear:
Go, bid Ascanio, if his youthful band
He holds now ready and his harneft troops,
Come pay his honours in his brilliant arms. 550

Then

Then orders all th' intruding crowds retire
From the wide ring, and leave an open field.
Onward they march before their fires: alike
Shine on their manag'd courfers. Their advance
Wide shouting view Troy and Trinacria's Youth.
All with trim'd laurels deckt alike their locks, 556
Brandisht two corneil launces tipt with steel.
Some a light quiver on their shoulder pois'd;
Down on whose breast the golden collar hung.
'Three troops of horse parade with each a chief; 560
Each troop six couple shine in just array,
Following their chiefs of equal age and arms.
The first gay squadron leads the noble Priam,
Named from his grandfire thy great heir, Polites!
Spreading a house thro' Latium. His a steed 565
Of Thrace, white-spotted, dappled, forefeet white;
Beam'd on his lofty front a silver star.
Atys the next, whence sprang our Attian Line;
Atys the youth to young Iulus dear.
Last, and in form excelling all, Iulus 570
High rode the Tyrian steed fair Dido gave,
The pledge and dear memorial of her love.
The other youths ride fire Achate's steeds,
Bred in Trinacria. 574
Pleas'd with the sight, all hail the panting youths;
Clear

Clear tracing in their mien the ancient fires.
 Round the whole ring, and their enraptur'd friends,
 Range the gay cav'ry; draw up; then from far
 Gave Epdes' shout and thund'ring lash the sign.
 Wide the like squadrons fly; and each divides, 580
 Opening the choirs. They summon'd wheel again;
 And meeting fierce rush on with hostile arms;
 Pervading run; return by various routs,
 Each to his ground; alternate rounds with rounds
 Intangling, wage the shew of martial fight: 585
 Now fly expos'd behind; now rallying push,
 Desp'rate; and now at peace march off abreast.
 As on Crete's summit the wall'd Labyrinth
 Weaves a dark passage, with unnumber'd tracks
 Blind and perplex't; where your returning steps 590
 Deludes the lost inextricable maze.
 E'en so the Trojan Youth their rapid steps
 Intangling, wove in play their wars and flights:
 As Dolphins swimming thro' the liquid seas,
 Playful cut Libya's or Carpathian waves. 595
 This dance accustom'd and these combats first
 Ascanio, when he rais'd thy circling walls,
 Long Alba! brought; and erst the Latins taught.
 As himself taught, with him as th' Ilian youth,
 So taught his Albans theirs. From them direct 600
 Great

Great Rome receiv'd; still holds the ancient game;
Calling it Troy, the boys the Trojan band.

Such were the combats paid the sacred fire;
When fickle Fortune changes now the scene, 604
Ere the tomb's various games were solemniz'd.
Heaven's Queen her Iris to the Trojan ships
Sends, breathing tempests to assist her flight,
Restless; nor yet had quencht her ancient spleen.
Springing along her bow's unnumber'd hues,
Unseen the maid descends with rapid speed; 610
Kens a vast concourse; and reviews the shores,
The port abandon'd, and neglected fleet:
While Troy's dames far off on a bank retir'd,
Weep their Anchises lost; and o'er the deep
Look weeping: Ah! what friths, what oceans more
Wait yet our fainting spirits! Thus they all 616
Sigh for a mansion, sick of naval toils.

Not inexpert of guile, she 'mong 'em flies;
And throwing off her radiant form and vest,
Stands Beroe, Doryclus' ancient spouse, 620
Famed in her day for birth and pregnant womb.
And thus advancing 'mid the Trojan dames:
Unhappy we! whom no kind sword of Greece,
Drag'd to the death, beneath our country-walls.
Ah! for what ruin more, by fate reserv'd! 625

S

Since

Since Troy in ashes, these seven annual suns,
 What friths, what lands, inhospitable rocks,
 What stars not traverst, while we o'er the main,
 Roll'd in the tides, pursue the flying Latium. 629
 Here our own Erys reign'd; here good Acestes.
 Why not here build fair Freedom's sacred state?
 My Country! and you snatcht from the foe in vain,
 Gods! shall I never more see Troy rebuilt?
 Ne'er see Hectorean Xanthe and Simois roll?
 Come on then, let us fire the ships accurst! 635
 For in my dream th' inspir'd Cassandra's form
 Gave me a blazing brand: Here be your Troy!
 Here be your country! Lo the arms at hand!
 Heaven calls, why stay we? See his altars yon!
 Neptune's own self inspires, and lends the brand. 640
 First she then desperate snatcht the raging fire,
 High in her right-hand flaming; brandisht, whirl'd.
 Aghast the Matrons with amazement struck,
 Stood trembling; till of all in Priam's house
 Pyrgo the eldest nurse thus cries aloud: 645
 Not Beroe here, my Friends! nor this the Trojan,
 Doryclus' consort. Mark her air confest!
 Celestial grace! How flame her rolling eyes!
 What mighty spirit! What count'nance, voice and gait!
 Beroe have I myself but just now left, 650
 Sick,

Sick, and repining she must stay alone;
 Nor share the honours, paid Anchises' name.
 Thus to the matrons she.

While they yet doubtful, and with eyes malign,
 Viewing the ships, hang 'tween the wretched love
 Of this, and call of yon their destin'd realms; 656
 Pois'd on her equal wings aloft lo! Iris
 Flying cuts 'neath the clouds her bow immense.
 They saw; and thunderstruck by frenzy driven,
 All shouting rake, snatch, throw the sacred fires; 660
 Rob the crown'd altars; lit the leaves and shrubs
 Thick whirling. Rages Vulcan's force unchecked,
 Fierce o'er the decks, oars, painted poops of fir.

News to the noble circus at the tomb
 Eumelus brought, The ships on fire! When lo! 665
 Turning they see black rolling clouds of smoke.
 Ascany first whose ardour led the bands,
 Spurs now away for the disorder'd camp;
 Nor can his breathless guardians check his flight.
 What this strange frenzy? What, O what your view?
 Dear wretched matrons! Not your foe, not Greece 671
 Here pitch: but your own hopes you fire. See here
 Your Ascany. Then flung his tingling helm,
 In which he fought the mimic games of war.
 And swift AEneas follow'd with his bands. 675

But they dismay'd wide o'er the shades disperse ;
 Fly to the woods, rocks, dens, to hide their guilt ;
 Stung loath the vital light : now Juno's rage
 Shook from their breast, change melting tow' rds their
 But ah ! not so relent the blazing fires, (friends.
 Unconquer'd : 'neath the unctuous oak the tow 681
 Lives, belching heavy clouds : Fumes o'er the keel
 Creep eating : deep the pest enraps the whole :
 Nor Heroes' might nor waters whirl'd avail. 684

Then from his shoulders rends the chief his vest ;
 And with stretcht hands implores the aids divine :
 Dread Jove ! if thou yet not abhor'st the name
 Of Trojan ; if thine ancient pity more
 Looks on man's troubles, save my burning fleet 689
 And Father ! snatch my Troy's low state from death.
 Or O, (what else remains ?) Let thy red arm,
 If that my due, here bolt me down to hell.
 Scarce had he ended, ere with bursting clouds 693
 Raged the dark monstrous tempest : thunders shake
 Earth's mountains, vallies, plains : down the whole
 heav'n

Drive their black cataracts thick the hideous blasts ;
 Fill the high vessels ; and the half-burnt oaks
 Drench, till extinguisht the whole fiery fumes.
 All but four ships escap'd the fatal pest.

Aeneas' breast yet troubled at the loss, 700

Now here, now there, revolves his mighty cares ;
Here in Sicilia's plains his seat to fix
His fates renouncing, or for Latium steer.
Then the fire Nautes whom Tritonian Pallas
Chief had inspir'd with the prophetic rage, 705
Unfolding what portends heaven's mighty wrath,
Or what enroll'd in the great book of Fate ;
Thus with soft accents cheers the pious chief :
Where'er heaven calls thee, or recalls thee, go !
Hero ! Whate'er thy fate : bear : conquer all. 710
Thou hast of Dardan blood divine Acestes.
Take thou his friendship to thy council-board.
To him surrender who surviv'd their ships,
With whoe'er loathe thy state and noble views,
The hoary fires, and matrons sick of sea, 715
All of weak frame and timorous ; these collect ;
Let build a mansion for their fainting souls,
And name from him by leave their town Acesta.
Fired at the motion of his prescient friend,
Yet his great soul a thousand cares distract, 720
And the night's fable chariot scaled the pole ;
When lo ! from heaven descends his Father's form,
Anchise ; and pour'd these accents on his ear :
Thou dearer far than life, while life remain'd,
My son ! still harra'st by the Ilian Fates ! 725

I from the king of heaven, whose pitying eye
Lookt down at length, and checkt thy navy's fires;
Come to enforce sage Nautes' high advice.
Be duteous. Thy heroic youth elect
Lead to Italia. Nations rough and fierce 730
Wait there thy sword imperial. First yet Dis
Calls to his mansions thro' the Avernian Gulf.
There meet thy fire. For not with Tartara's fiends
And dismal shades enthrall'd, I sweet Elysium
Range with the blest. There will the holy Sibyl 735
Lead thee on offering thy black victim's blood;
And shew thee thy whole race and future walls.
Adieu. The dank night whirls her headlong hours.
Fierce feel I breathe Aurora's panting steeds.
Then vanish mixing the ethereal winds. 740
Where, cried AEneas, breakst thou hence away?
Why fliest? Or who witholds thee from my arms?
Then wakes the embers and the slumbering fires;
And hoary Vesta with the Ilian Gods
Suppliant with cake and incense rich adores; 745
Strait calls his friends, and first the king Acestes;
Shews Jove's command, and his dear fire's advice,
And what the purpose now himself had form'd.

Soon they determine; nor Aceste demur'd;
Name for the town the Matrons, and whoe'er 750
Cold

Cold unambitious souls, wisht here to stay ;
 Repair their decks, and relicks of the fires ;
 Renew the oars and cordage all complete :
 The number small, but breath'd a martial flame.
 Meanwhile AEneas plowing plans the town ; 755
 Lots out the houses, here calls Troy, there Ilion.
 Aceste the Trojan smil'd to take the sway,
 Call'd a court ; chose a senate ; framed the laws.
 Kissing the stars on Erys' top they raise
 Fair Venus' temple ; and t' Anchise's tomb 760
 Ordain a priest, and hallow an ample grove.
 Nine days now the whole nation feasting paid
 Due off'rings ; when becalm'd spreads flat the deep,
 And soft gales springing call again to sea : 764
 Now o'er the winding shores spread mournful cries.
 In fond embraces spend they day and night.
 Now e'en the matrons, and who lately loath'd
 The ocean's fight and unresisted power ;
 Long to partake the voyage and its toils :
 These mild AEneas chear'd with soft addrefs ; 770
 And wept commending to his dear Acestes :
 Three calves to Erys, to the Storms a lamb
 Bade to be kill'd, and all the ships unmoor'd :
 Crowning his brow with th' olive-foliage trim'd,
 Stands far off at the prow ; a goblet holds ; 775

Strews th' entrails o'er the surges; pours the wines;
And on the poop obtains a springing gale.

They vying dash the waves, and sweep the plain.

Venus' fair bosom meanwhile rackt with cares
Addressing Neptune vents her plaintive sighs: 780

Juno's fierce rancour and insatiate breast

Force me, dear Neptune! t' every abject suit:

Whom nor old time nor any vows assuage,

Nor Jove's high will, nor Fate can break or sooth,

She not content to raze, with rage accurst, 785

Troy's town, wide Asia's pride; and thro' all pains

Drag the few left, haunts the fal'n Ilion's grave,

Raking her bones. Why raging so, she knows.

Yourself my witness, how the Libyan main 789

Late she embroil'd; heaven sudden with the deep

How mingled, trusting in th' AEolian Storms.

Thus in your empire dared she.

Lo too, her Furies drove the Trojan dames;

Burnt foul the ships; and forct the ruin'd fleet,

Their friends to abandon on a coast unknown. 795

What now I ask, safe may they ride thy waves!

May they arrive Laurentian Tiber's vales!

If just my prayer, if Fate vouchsafe us walls.

Thus he who tames the billowy deep return'd:

Well may you, Venus! in my realms confide: 800

For

For thence your birth ; nor I unworthy, who
Have checkt you oft the heaven and ocean's rage,
Oft have by land, witness yon Xanthe and Simois,
Watcht your AEneas, when Achilles drove 804
Troy's armies dashing breathless 'gainst the walls,
Hurl'd to hell thousands, fill'd the groaning floods:
Nor cou'd the rolling Xanthus find a way,
Down to the main. Then I from great Pelides
AEneas, grappling with unequal Gods, 809
Snatcht in my ambient cloud, when deep upturn'd
This trident's wrath my own built perjur'd Troy.
Still stands my mind unalter'd. Quit your fears.
Safe shall he reach your wisht Ausonian port:
One only missing swallow'd in the gulf,
One head redeeming all. 815

Thus chearing the blith Goddess, strait the Sire
Yokes his wing'd courfers ; bits their foaming rage ;
Draws up ; then springing throws 'em all the reins ;
Skims the blue chariot flying o'er the main :
The billows at his thund'ring axle aw'd, 820
Sink to a plain : wide flee the clouds of heaven :
Unnumber'd forms attend him, monstrous Whales,
Old Glaucus' choir, Palæmon Ino's son,
Phorcus' whole army, and the daring Tritons ;
To left the chaste Pan'pea, Thetis, Melte, 825
Cymodoce,

Cymodoce, Spio, Thalia and Nefæe.

Here fire AEneas' anxious heart expands

Once more with smiles of gladness: bids the masts

All to be rais'd, and sails to spread their arms.

All ply at once; and now alike the left 830

Now the right canvas slacken; whirl at once

The high horns shifting: blith the navy flies.

First Palinurus leads the mighty train,

The rest obedient strive to keep his track.

Now the dank night her highest goal in heaven 835

Scal'd; and their limbs in peaceful rest dissolv'd

The crew beneath the oars along the deck,

When Morpheus, wing'd from the etherial stars,

Dispersing chas'd the shades and pitchy fogs

Bringing thee guiltless, thee a direful dream 840

Pal'nure! and lighting on thy lofty stern

The God in Phorba's likeness thus addrest:

Pal'nure! The ocean's self will speed thy fleet.

Gales steady wafting give an hour of rest.

Reclining steal from toil thy weary eyes. 845

Myself awhile will execute thy charge.

He yawning answer'd with half-open'd eyes:

Think you, I th' ocean-smiles and placid waves

So little know, to trust that monster fell?

Trust my AEneas to the lying winds? 850

I so

I so oft caught by the heaven's false serene ?
Thus he; and grasping quitted not the helm,
Fixing his eyes intently on the stars;
Lo his branch, drunk with Lethe and Styx's power
Soporific, o'er his temples Morpheus shook; 855
And struggling he, relaxt his swimming eyes:
Then soon as rest o'erpowering loos'd his limbs;
Fierce on him fell, and rending part away
Of poop and rudder, whirl'd him on the waves
Headlong, and oft imploring aid in vain. 860
Then sprung he, flying thro' the etherial winds.

Safe yet along the plains the navy rode
Dauntless relying, Neptune! on thy word:
And now advancing reacht the Syren-rocks, 864
Erst dangerous, white with the unnumber'd bones;
Then hoarse far echoing with continual foam.
His pilot lost, the floating errant ship
AEneas saw, and thro' the mighty waves
Guides it, deep-mourning his companion lost:
Thou! too secure in the heaven and ocean-smiles,
Liest naked, Palinure! in foreign strands. 871

So spake he weeping; gave his fleet the reins;
 And gliding up to the Eubœan Cumæ
 Turns the prow seaward. 'Th' anchor's griping tooth
 Holding then firm the ships, their crooked poops
 Fringe the shores. All the Youth with ardent glee
 Spring on firm Latium; seek the seeds of fire 6
 Hid in the flints; storm the thick savage dens
 And forests, find and shew the running streams.
 The good AEnneas to high Phœbus' tower
 Pen'trates, and thy far lonely grot immense, 10
 Dread Sibyl! into whom the Delian God
 Shewing things future, breathes his mighty soul.
 Now reach they Trivia's Groves, and golden roofs.
 Erst Dædal, say they, flying Minos' power,
 Dared on his rapid pinions thro' the sky 15
 Swim a new track up to the frozen bears;
 And skimming pitch'd at length on Cumæ's tower:
 First landing here to Apollo sacred hung
 His feather'd oars, and rais'd a temple vast:
 Graved on whose gate Androgeos' murder see! 20
 And Athens' hapless people, doom'd to pay
 Annual seven sons: there stands the fatal urn:
 There from the deep emerging, Crete arose:
 Here the dire flame, the bull, thy stoln embrace
 Pasiphea! and the mixt amphibious birth, 25
 The

The Minotaur, curst love's foul monument.
 Here the high rais'd inextricable maze :
 Pitying th' enamour'd Princess, Dædal's self
 Thro' the dark winding and deceitful paths
 Gave the conducting clue: and Icar! thou 30
 Hadst, had not sorrow hinder'd, grac'd the scene ;
 Twice he essay'd in gold to grave his fall ;
 Twice dropt the Father's hands. Now they the whole
 Wisht to review, when with Achates came
 Phœbus and Trivia's priestess Deiphobe, 35
 Glauco's sage daughter, who addrest the king :
 Not this the season to regale your eye.
 Now from the herd seven steers unbroken kill,
 As many offer chosen from the flocks.
 Thus she t' Aeneas; nor the rites delay'd, 40
 Calls up the Trojans to the lofty fane.

Scoop'd thro' th' Eubæan rock the grot immense
 With hundred av'nues wide and hundred mouths ;
 Whence the sage Sibyl's hundred voices roar :
 Here when arrived, Now says she, ask your fates.
 The God the God behold! Thus at the doors 46
 Crying, her looks her colour instant changed ;
 Trim'd locks dishevel'd flew: her panting breast
 Swells, and wild madding heart: expands her form :
 Voice more than mortal's: heaves her frame inspir'd
 Now

Now with th' approaching God. Yet then thy prayers
 Delayest thou Trojan? Ne'er till then will ope
 The direful mansion's mighty mouths. This said,
 Stood silent. Horror shook each Trojan Frame
 Chilling. When thus the rev'rent suppliant king:
 Phœbus! whose hand still pitying Ilion's toils, 56
 Guided the shaft from Paris' Phrygian bow
 On great Achilles! Led by thee I launch'd
 So many seas around the spacious lands,
 Remote Massylia, and the Syrte's plains: 60
 Have seiz'd at length the flying Latium's coast.
 Thus far if Ilion's fortune haunt our steps,
 You also hence may spare the Trojan Race,
 All ye Immortals! who on Ilion frown'd,
 And the great Dardan Name: and thou, dread Sibyl!
 Skill'd in the future! oh! I ask no more 66
 Than Fate's own promise, grant to fix in Latium
 Troy's wand'ring Gods and harra'st heav'nly Pow'rs.
 So will I build to Trivia and Phœbus Fanes
 Of solid marble; keep his sacred days; 70
 Thy own great Temple in my kingdom rear;
 There keep thine oracles, and hidden fates,
 Sung to my house; and dedicate thy Priests.
 Only thy numbers trust not to the leaves,
 To fly dispersing 'fore the sportive winds. 75

O sing

O sing my dest'ny. She within her grot
O'erpower'd with Phœbus swelling now immense
Raves, struggling from her breast to shake the God.
But he the more distorts her foaming mouth ; 79
Curbs her wild heart ; and shapes her tortur'd frame.

Now the grot's hundred doors prodigious oped
Spontaneous, thus returning thro' the air :
O thou escap'd from the false hideous main !
Yet greater toils await thee : safe to Latium 84
Troy's sons shall come : that anxious care dismiss :
But rue their coming. Wars, tremendous wars
I see, and Tiber's foaming tides of blood :
Here too thy Simois, Xanthus, Doric Camp :
A second Peleus' son in Latium born,
Sprung from celestial blood : and Juno still 90
Haunting Troy's sons ; while suppliant beggar thou
Roamst each Italian nation, every town :
Still fame their bane an hospitable spouse,
False to her bed and country.

Yet shrink not. Meet thy ills with bolder front, 95
Outbraving fortune. Thy first safety springs,
Whence least thy hope, from an Achaian State.

Thus from her secret mansion sung the Sibyl
Direful and mystic ; bellowing thro' her grot
Truth wrapt in clouds : so high Apollo shakes 100
Her

Her galling chains, and goads her madding breast.
 Her frenzy ceasing, and her vocal rage,
 Replies the Hero : No sad trials, Maid !
 New or surprizing can attack my soul ;
 Long since forestalling and o'ercoming all. 105
 One thing I ask, since this t' Infernal Dis
 Leads, and the rolling Ach'ron's gloomy gulf ;
 Grant me to visit and embrace my fire :
 Shew me the way ; and ope thy sacred doors : 109
 Whom thro' the flames and storms of flying darts
 These shoulders rescuing, bore from mid the foes.
 Infirm yet with me he the unbounded seas
 Roam'd, and endur'd each clime and ocean's wrath
 Beyond the strength and peaceful lot of age.
 He sent me suppliant to thy sacred grot, 115
 Joining my prayer : O on the fire and son
 Have pity ! Thou ! the sov'reign not in vain
 Placed by dread Hecat o'er th' Avernian groves.
 If Orpheus cou'd recall his consort's ghost,
 Charm'd with his Thracian and melodious lyre ;
 If Leda's sons by alternate death redeem'd 121
 Pass and repass so often ; why add Theseus ?
 Why great Alcides ? I too sprung from Jove.
 Thus pray'd the suppliant, and the altar held. 124
 Thou sprung, replied she, from th' immortal Gods
 Troy

Troy and Anchises! Easy down to hell.
 Wide day and night the gate of grievly Dis.
 But thence to climb, returning up to Day:
 This, this the trial few, whom gracious Jove 129
 Or their own virtuous ardour rais'd to heaven,
 Sprung from the Gods have equal'd. Thick the woods
 Round it, and black Cocytus' winding stream.
 But if your soul so longs, so warm aspires
 Twice o'er the Stygian pool to visit Tart'rus
 Joying t' atchieve such mad laborious task, 135
 Remember. Secret in a shadowy tree
 A golden bough its golden foliage shoots,
 Sacred to Stygian Juno, deep involv'd
 In the wide-shadowing groves and dreary vales.
 Ne'er must you hope to see the Nether World, 140
 Till from this tree you've pluckt the golden branch.
 This grateful off'ring Proserpine demands.
 If one be pluckt, another golden branch
 Fails not to shoot the like metallic bloom.
 Explore and find it, and devoutly pluck. 145
 For free and easy yields it to the hand,
 If fate admits thee: else not any force
 Nor steel of thine can rend it from the flock.
 Besides unknown to thee thy lifeless friend
 Lies, ah! with blood polluting all thy host; 150

T

While

While you consulting loiter at my grot.
First to his seat restore him and entomb.
Bring the black sheep. This off'ring first be paid.
So thou the realms untrod by living foot 154
Shalt see, and Styx's groves. Then seal'd her lips.

He with dejected eyes her grotto leaves;
Enters the groves; and much the dark event
Revolving, sad leans on his faithful friend
Achates, who dividing sooth'd his cares.
Much they converse inquiring, Who she meant? 160
What lifeless friend? What corse yet uninter'd?
Soon as they came, lo! on the sandy shore
Misenus, slain by an untimely death;
AEol's famed offspring, whose alarming trump 164
Waked thro' the hosts the flames of martial rage:
Erst the great Hector's friend. By Hector's side
In war distinguish'd both for trump and spear:
But falling he to Achilles' conqu'ring sword,
The hero join'd AEneas Ilion's Chief,
Nor then espous'd a less illustrious cause. 170
But as he once tuned o'er the echoing seas
His vocal shell, and fondly dared the Gods;
The envious Triton snatcht, (if worthy faith)
And whirl'd him, plunging on the foaming rocks:
Strait rais'd they all a melancholy groan, 175
Chief

Chief the good king. Then they, as Sibyl bade,
 Immediate his sepulchral altar build;
 And weeping rear ambitious to the clouds;
 Seek the old groves, the lofty savage-holds;
 Fell the pines; ply on oaks the echoing ax; 180
 Cleave with the wedge the ashen beams and trunk;
 And down the mountains roll the mighty beech.
 First in these labours great AEneas' self,
 Urging his friends, and with like armour girt;
 Thus with a heavy heart revolves his cares, 185
 And o'er the boundless forest prays aloud:
 Oh! wou'd the tree t' our eye its golden branch
 Shew in so wide a grove! since all things true,
 Too true of thee, Misenus! sung the Maid.
 While he yet speaking, lo! a pair of doves 190
 Full in his view came flying thro' the heaven;
 And on the verdure pitching, smiled the Chief
 His mother's doves to see, and thus implores:
 Oh! shew, if way there be, and wing your course
 Strait for the forest, where the golden bough 195
 Shades the rich foil: nor lost forsake me thou!
 My heavenly Mother! Saying thus, he stopt,
 Marking what signs they bring him; where they tend.
 They feeding onward hopt with fluttering wing,
 Far as the ken still of a following eye. 200

Now near the mouth of the Avernian Stench
 Spring they, and gliding swift the liquid air
 Perch on the wish'd-for seat, the double tree,
 Whose gold refulgent tinged the branches round:
 As the oak's gluy shrub in winter-frost 205
 Shoots the new foreign foliage; and enwraps
 The yellow excrescence round the lofty bole:
 So in the shady tree the blooming gold
 Glow'd; and so crackled in the gentle wind.
 AEneas snatch'd, and broke the ductile gold, 210
 Impatient bearing to the Sibyl's grot.

Meanwhile on shore they weeping their Misene,
 Paid the last debt his melancholy shade.
 First they with unctuous pines, and timber cleft,
 Rear a vast pile; its sides with fable leaves 215
 Weave; and in front the funeral cypress set:
 And crowning all with his refulgent arms,
 Get cauldrons; boil with foaming liquors fill'd;
 Wash, and anoint the cold and stiffen'd corps:
 Then deep lamenting lay out on the bed; 220
 And heaping spread his purple garments o'er:
 Then on their shoulders bear the pond'rous bier,
 Sad duty! hold beneath, as wont their fires,
 The torch behind 'em; burn the incense heapt
 Victims and goblets of the liquid oil: 225
 And

And now the body faln, and flame extinct,
 Pour on the relicks and hot embers wine.
 The gather'd bones Chrinæus' urn receiv'd,
 And thrice his rosemary and olive-branch
 Sprinkled fount-water o'er the choir around. 230
 Thus purg'd he, and pronounc'd the last adieus.
 And good AEneas rear'd a stately tomb,
 Deckt with Misene's own armour, oar and tube,
 'Neath the sky-kissing mountain now from him
 Bearing its everlasting name Misene. 235
 This done, they execute the Sibyl's charge.

Deep lies a cavern vast with hideous yawn,
 Fenc'd with crags, fable floods, and gloomy groves:
 No pinion there can safe pursue its flight:
 So from its black tremendous jaws exhale 240
 Thick vapours baleful, o'er th' etherial vault;
 Deriving thence its Grecian name Aornus.
 Here first the four black steers the Sibyl fet;
 Sprinkled their foreheads with the hallow'd wines:
 And plucking 'tween the horns the topmost hairs,
 Pour'd the first offerings on the sacred fires, 246
 And call'd on Hecat's powers in heaven and hell.
 They stab the victims; and the reeking blood
 Catch in wide bowls. The king a fable lamb
 To the twins, Earth and who the Furies bore, 250

Slew ; and to Proserpine a barren cow ;
 To Styx's king the nightly altars built :
 And th' offer'd bulls laid on the flames entire,
 On the roast entrails pouring costly oils.
 But at Aurora's early dawning ray, 255
 Hark! the firm soil deepbellowing, mountain-woods
 Trembling, and hounds dire howling thro' the shades
 At her approach. Hence! hence! Ye souls prophane!
 Cries the stern Goddefs. Clear the solemn grove.
 Thou enter, snatch, unsheath thy flaming sword. 260
 Now Prince! for courage, now for dauntless breast,
 This said, she raging dived th' infernal womb.
 AEneas follow'd bold with equal steps.

Ye Gods who rule the Ghosts! Ye silent Shades!
 You Phleg'thon! Chaos! Night's wide silent Realms!
 Permit my tongue, and fully oh! impower 266
 T' unfold your myst'ries in the dark profound,
 Lonely in Night's obscure they thro' the shades
 Thro' Dis' void empire pass and airy cells: 269
 As by the wading Moon's faint glimmerings roam
 Pilgrims the woods; while shadowy clouds o'er heaven
 Roll, and black Night withdraws wide Nature's hues.
 Where open first the jaws of hell's abyss;
 Lo! Sorrow's den with the revengeful Cares,
 The pale Diseases, Age the rueful churl, 275
 Fear,

Fear, dire-advifing Hunger, fordid Want;
With thefe tremendous fpecters Labour, Death,
Death's brother Sleep, diforder'd Fancy's Joys.
And fronting thefe, were War with murders arm'd,
The Furies' iron beds, and Difcord mad 280
With fnaky locks and bloody fillets bound.
Within expands its wither'd branching arms
A large and difmal Elm; where empty dreams,
They fay, inhabit, cleaving to the leaves.
With thefe the many favage monftrous Shapes 285
Keep fentry; the amphibious Scylla, Centaurs,
The hundred-handed Briareus, Hydra fell
Dire hissing, and Chimera girt with flames,
The Gorgons, Harpies, and the three-fhap'd Geryon.
AEneas ftruck with horreur, fnatcht his fword: 290
And turning furious with his brandifht fteel;
Know, fays fhe, th' airy unembodied Spirits
Flit in void shadowy images of Forms;
Elfe had encountring pierc'd th' unwounded fhades.
Hence march they t' Acheron's Tartarean flood, 295
Whofe troubled whirlpool thick, unfathom'd, vaft,
Into Cocyte boils belching all the fands.
Thefe fullen currents ruled the boatman dire
Foulhideous Charon; whofe chin's thick gray beard
Hung clotted; eyes were fixt and flaming balls. 300

And filthy o'er his back the knotted rags.
 Himself the canvas spreads, and with his pole
 Shoving his sable bark transports the dead.
 Old yet the God vaunts a fresh blooming age.
 Here to the bank unnumber'd crowd the hosts, 305
 Matrons and husbands, and discharg'd from life
 Great Heroes' bodies, boys, unmarried girls,
 And young men buried in their parents' fight:
 Thick as in groves at autumn's early blast
 Slide the leaves falling: or as from the sea 310
 Light the wing'd shoals on land; whom Winter grim
 Drives o'er the Ocean to the sunny hills.
 All stand imploring first to gain the pass;
 Stretch forth their hands; sigh for the farther shore.
 But the stern God now these now those admits; 315
 The rest shoves far off driving from the strand.

Astonisht at the uproar, cries AEneas;
 What means this concourse, Goddess! to the bank?
 What want the ghosts? Or how distinguish'd leave
 These the shore, those yet swim the livid streams.
 To him the ancient priestess briefly thus: 321
 Anchises' Son! own'd offspring of the Gods!
 This the Cocytus' gulf and Stygian pool;
 Whose power attested awes Almighty Jove:
 All these around a poor unburied crowd: 325
 The

The boatman Charon : passing yon th' inter'd.
 None o'er these direful banks and currents hoarse
 Pass; ere their bones have found a peaceful rest.
 Flitting they stray these shores a hundred years :
 Admitted then to the wisht lake return. 330

Aeneas halting made a solemn pause,
 And pensive pitying their unequal lot,
 Sees doleful there, bereav'd of funeral rites,
 Leucaspe and Lycia's admiral Oronte.
 From Troy these riding o'er the stormy main, 335
 Roll'd ship and crew in the same gulf o'erwhelm'd.

Lo too advanc'd the pilot Palinure !
 Who bound from Libya, as he view'd the stars,
 Fell from the poop, and dived amid th' abyfs.
 Wrapt in his dismal shade scarce knew Aeneas : 340
 Yet hail'd him first, What God, my Palinure !
 Snatcht from our eyes, and plung'd thee in th' abyfs?
 Say, for in this alone fallacious found,
 Phœbus deceiv'd me with an answer vain ;
 Who thy arrival on the Latian Shore 345
 Sung: but oh! where his promise? Where his faith?
 Nor thou deceiv'd by high Apollo's shrine ;
 Nor plung'd me heaven, replied he, in th' abyfs.
 For as my duty, holding fast your helm
 Hero ! I rent it forcibly, and fell 350

Headlong,

Headlong, and drew it with me. By the seas
 I swear, no fear about myself I felt;
 But left her pilot and her armour lost,
 Your bark but ill resist such swelling tides.
 Three stormy nights I rolling o'er the main, 355
 Scarce the fourth morn before the driving blast,
 High on a billow, cou'd Italia see;
 Swam flow for land, and safe had just arriv'd:
 When the fell boars in my drench't garments clog'd,
 And grasping eager at th' emergent crags; 360
 Came sword in hand, and vainly gap'd for spoil.
 Now winds and billows roll me on the sands.
 But oh! by heaven's sweet light, and vital air,
 By thy late fire, and blooming hopes Iulus,
 Snatch me from this distress: or oh! inter: 365
 Thou matchless canst: then seek the Velin port,
 Or if, oh! if thy Goddess-Mother's hand
 Shew thee a way hence, (for without the Gods
 You dared not pass these floods and Stygian pools,)
 Deign me your pitying hand: transport me o'er,
 And give me death's sweet peaceful rest secure.

To him thus answer'd the Prophetic Maid:
 Whence, Palinure! that dire ambitious thought?
 Thou Styx's lake, the Furies' rigid waves,
 See uninter'd? And hence unbidden go? 375

Hope

Hope not thy suppliant voice will bend the fates.
 These words receive yet to assuage thy woes.
 Soon shall the neighb'ring wide-surrounding states,
 Moved by heaven's omens, consecrate thy bones;
 Rear thee a tomb; pay there thy offerings due; 380
 And give the place Palinure's eternal name.
 The shade a respite felt of all his pains;
 Smiled; and enjoy'd the land preserves his name.

Thence they their march pursuing tow' rds the flood,
 The boatman saw 'em from the Stygian waves 385
 Passing the silent groves approach the bank,
 And thus address the chief with haughty strain:
 Whoe'er thou arm'd our waters dar'st approach,
 Say, wherefore com'st thou? Nor a step advance.
 Here dwell the Shadows, Sleep and drowsy Night.
 None living bear I in my Stygian keel, 391
 No joy to me Alcides' visit brought;
 Theseus nor Prithous o'er my lake convey'd,
 Sprung tho' from Gods, and of unconquer'd strength;
 Seizing hell's Porter he in massy chains, (throne:
 Bound and drag'd trembling from our Monarch's
 These from his bed wou'd ravish Pluto's Queen.

Briefly thus answer'd the Amphryfian Sage:
 Here no such snare intended; cease thy wrath;
 Nor force is meant. Safe may the monster den'd 400
 Eternal

Eternal barking, scare the bloodless ghosts :
Chaste may Persephone keep her uncle's court.
AEneas, Ilion's pious Hero fam'd,
Means in the Nether Realms to see his fire.
Thou, if unmov'd with such a pious Form, 405
This branch yet, (shewing from beneath her vest,)
Revere thou. Instant calms his swelling rage.

She ceas'd: He gazing on the awful gift,
The rod of fate, till now so long unseen ;
Turns, making for the shore, his sable poop: 410
Then th' other spirits on his spacious decks
Turns off; and clears the vessel; then receives
Mighty AEneas. Groaning 'neath his weight,
Drank the thin leaky bark the livid waves ;
The sage and king at length transporting safe, 415
Lands on th' unsightly mud and sedges gray.

Lo ! thro' these realms huge Cerb'rus triple-
Roars; and enormous lies along his den. (mouth'd
Thick o'er his neck she seeing swell the snakes,
Throws him the drowsy cake of honied drugs. 420
He mad with hunger, wide his triple throat
Oped, snatcht: his monstrous fretful back relaxt ;
Sunk, and supine prodigious fill'd the den.
Hell's keeper now asleep, the Hero past
Swift to the irremeable water's bank; 425

And

And list'ning hears strange voices, dismal cries,
The souls of infants weeping at the gate;
Whom Fate's remorseless hand bereav'd of life,
Snatcht from the breast, and sunk in the hideous
Near these the Martyrs in fair Virtue's cause. (grave.
Nor e'en these mansions wanted votes or judge. 431

His silent Council here strict Minos call'd;
Shak'd the dire urn; pronounc'd the crime and doom.
Here who else guiltless by their own hand fell,
Disconsolate Shades! and spurn'd the hated light
Indignant. How they wish in th' Upper Air 436
Now to endure the ills of want and toil!

But Fate forbids: the melancholy pool
And ninefold winding fullen Styx enthralls.
Nor far hence, lo! wide-spreading every way
The Fields of sorrow: that the name they bear. 441
Here whom fell Love's consumption cruel pined,
Hide in the lonely glades and myrtles thick
Deep buried; nor e'en Death absolves their cares.
Here Phædra, Procris; and the sad Eriphyle, 445
Shewing her cruel son Alcmaeon's wound;
Pasiphae, Ephadne; and with these Lamaia
Stalks, and who once a martial youth, now maid
Cæneus, whom Fate restored to former shape.

With these the wounded Dido bleeding fresh, 450

Stray'd

Stray'd the wide forest: whom the Trojan Chief
 Now seeing near, knows thro' the shade obscure,
 Faint; as who sees the first returning moon,
 Real or imagin'd, thro' the dusky clouds.
 With eyes dissolv'd and love's sweet accent he: 455
 Unhappy Dido! True then my sad news,
 Told of thy death and violent despair?
 Fain ah! by me too? By the stars I swear,
 By heaven, and whatever Justice rules beneath;
 Forc'd and unwilling, Queen! I left your shore. 460
 For the stern Gods, as now thro' these drear shades,
 These noisome regions and the night profound,
 Drive me by strict command. Nor cou'd I think
 Your grief wou'd rise so desp'rate for my flight.
 Stay; nor withdraw thee from my wishful eyes. 465
 Why fly you? Ne'er will Fate unite us more.

Thus he her flaming and fierce glaring wrath
 Fain wou'd assuage, dissolving into tears.
 Stern looking on the ground, she turn'd averse;
 Nor to his words one feature soft'ning, stood 470
 Like a flint Statue, or Marpesian Rock.
 And with a scornful air recoiling, flew
 To the drear forests; where her former Lord
 Ecchoes her sighs, and equals all her love.
 Yet with her rigid fate AEneas shockt,

475

Weeping

Weeping and pitying far pursues her steps.
 Thence on advances to the farthest fields:
 Here dwell retired the noble sons of War.
 Here meets he Tideus, and renown'd in arms
 Parthenopeus and thy pale shade Adraſte. 480
 Here thoſe much mourn'd above in battle flain,
 Long train of Trojans, ſees and deeply groans,
 Therſil'chus, Medon, Glaucus, thy three ſons
 Antenor! Polyboetes Ceres' Prieſt,
 Still on his car Ideus, ſtill bearing arms. 485
 Thick ſtand the ghoſts on right and left around;
 Nor one view ſatisfying, long to ſtay;
 Long to embrace and hear, Why thither come?

But Greece's kings and Agamemnon's troops
 Seeing th' arm'd hero glitter thro' the ſhades, 490
 Ran wide diſperſing; turning ſome their backs,
 As wont they, to their navy; raiſing ſome
 Small feeble cries, that baulk'd their gaping throats.

Here ſaw he Deipho's body mangled o'er,
 The ſon of Priam; cruel gaſht his face, 495
 Face and both hands, hackt temples and ſhorn ears,
 And noſtril's trunk, diſfiguring hideous wound:
 Scarce cou'd he know him ſo deform'd, abaſh't,
 And hiding: then addreſt with well-known voice:
 Brave Deipho! ſprung from Teucer's mighty Line!
 Who

Who such a cruel vengeance cou'd exact? 501
Whose power so boundless on thee? Fame had sung,
In Troy's last hour how thou with Grecian Blood
Glutted and spent, layst on thy slaughter'd heaps:
Strait I an empty tomb on Rhœteum's shore 505
Rear'd, and aloud thy Manes thrice invok'd;
There fixt thy name and armour; and if found
Thy corse had buried, ere my Country left.
In nought, returns he, have you fail'd to pay
The debt of friendship to my fun'ral shade. 510
But my hard fate and Helen's murd'rous crime
Plung'd in these evils. These her tokens left.
For our last night how spent in false delights,
You can remember; and with too much cause.
While scaled the fatal steed our lofty tower 515
And pregnant teem'd an army from its womb;
Feigning a dance then, round her Orgies led
She her Troy-Bacchanals; and midst 'em waved
Her direful firebrands, calling up the Greeks.
I then o'erpower'd with care, and toil, and sleep,
Kept my curst bed; and lay dissolv'd in rest 521
Sweet and profound, as gentle Death's repose.
My worthy consort clears my house of arms;
Had from my pillow stole my faithful sword;
Opens my gates; and calls her Menelaus. 525
Hoping

Hoping forsooth t' oblige her former Lord,
 And so t' obliterate all her ancient crimes.
 Brief, he and the base Ith'can source of fraud
 Bolting invade my room. Ye Gods! on Greece
 That debt repay, if just my vengeance craved. 530
 But thou yet living say, What chance hath brought?
 If here the errours of the ocean drove,
 Or call of Gods, or what distress compel'd
 Down to these gloomy funless foul abodes.

Thus they; and now Aurora's rosy steeds 535
 Upspringing rapid the ethereal Heights;
 Perhaps had wasted all their time allow'd,
 But his guide Sibyl thus reminds him brief:
 Night hastens, Prince! we weep the hours away.
 Here the road parting to two regions leads. 540
 The right thro' mighty Pluto's realm extends
 To sweet Elysium: but the left inflicts
 Pains on the vile, and impious Tart'ra shews.
 Forbear, says Deipho, mighty Sage your frowns.
 See! I return, and join my dismal Choir. 545
 Go thou our glory. Share a better fate.
 Scarce had he spake, ere whirling he withdrew.

Aeneas turning 'neath the left-hand rock
 Sees the broad walls with triple rampart girt; 549
 Where ambient Phleg'thon fierce his billowy flames
 U Rolls

Rolls raging, rends and whirls the roaring crags.
On solid adamantine pillars hung
Immense the gate no human force can shake
Nor all heaven's Gods : high flood the tower:
And pale Tisiphone in her bloody vest 555
Sate at the entrance wakeful day and night.
Hence groans and cruel scourges heard afar,
Harsh grating irons, drag'd and clanking chains.
Aghast he stood swallowing the horrid din.

What guilty specters, Virgin! what the pains 560
Inflicted yon? What howlings rend the air?

Thou first (replied she) of the Ilian Chiefs!
None holy enter that accursed gate.
But she, who set me o'er th' Avernian Gulf,
Conducting taught me all the vengeful plagues. 565
There the Crete Rhadamanthus rigid reigns,
Hears, and condemns, and forces each t' unfold,
What guilt above with fond concealment vain
He heap'd; and expiates late his dying soul. (shakes
Th' Arch-Fiend's right hand o'er these insulting
Her ninefold scourge: her left with rearing snakes
Goads, calling up her Sisters, direful train! 572
Now screaming horror o'er th' harsh-jarring hinge
Wide ope the sacred portals. Lo! What Guard
Sits in the porch! What Form the entrance keeps!

More

More fell within, vast Hydra's fifty throats
 Yawn, belching pitchy tempests. Tart'ra's womb
 Shoots twice the depth wide headlong 'neath the
 As high o'er mortals the etherial vault. (shades;
 Here Earth's old offspring, Titan's sons, who erst 580
 Thunder-struck still roll bellowing thro' th' abyfs.
 Here lie th' Aleian Twins, prodigious length!
 Whose hands wou'd scaling storm the pow'rs of hea-
 And shove the monarch from his lofty throne. (v'n;
 Here saw I Salmon suffering cruel pains: 585
 Who Jove-like flasht his fires, and thunders roll'd.
 Borne by four steeds, and with his waving torch,
 Thro' the Greek people, he 'mid Elis' Town
 Rode; and triumphant divine honours claim'd.
 Fool! who the clouds, and matchless glowing bolt, 590
 Ap'd with his twinkling brags, and rattling car.
 The Sire Almighty 'mid his rolling storms,
 Not on him cast a smoky quivering torch;
 But bolted headlong in a whirlwind's rage.
 Here Tityon, child of the all-teeming Earth, 595
 I saw; whose mass o'er nine whole acres lay
 Prodigious: the fiend Vultur's crooked beak
 His deathless liver, and plague-fruitful bowels,
 Pounces, hacks, digs, regales, dives deep the breast:
 Ne'er rest the Fibres torn, respringing raw. 600

Why name the Lap'thæ, Ixion and Perithous ?
O'er whom the millstone hanging, tottering, dire,
Seems now now falling. Splendid propt on gold
Spreads the high jovial couch the regal feast :
Beside the hungry skel'tons sits the fiend ; 605
Their stretcht hand eager bars to touch the food ;
Springs up ; and thund'ring shakes her blazing brand.
Here who with rancour thirsted brother's blood :
Expel'd their Parents ; fraud on Clients hatch'd ;
Or brooded lonely o'er their wealth amast, 610
Nor (these how num'rous!) tith'd it for their friends :
Th' adulterer slain ; and whose arm'd deadly feuds
Impious nor Patron awes, nor plighted faith :
All dungeon'd wait their torments : Ask not what ;
Nor what the fate nor specter haunts their souls. 615
Some roll a millstone : some on wheel-spokes stretcht
Hang tortured : sits, and shall eternal sit,
Unhappy Theseus : and of all the damn'd
Phlegias the most accurst, roars thro' the shades,
Be warn'd ! Learn Justice ! Nor contemn the Gods.
One sold his country ; and a Tyrant fixt, 621
Firm on his throne : made, unmade laws for gold.
This storm'd his daughter's bed and lawless joys.
Here all, whose heinous monstrous crimes had sped.
Ne'er had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
Lungs

Lungs of brass, cou'd I all the forms of guilt 626
Number, nor all the torments hell inflicts.

'Thus speaking Phœbus' aged priestess adds :
Hence now proceed we; and the offering due
Hasten to pay. Wrought in the Cyclops' forge 630
Yon fronting walls see! and the portal-arcs.
Here must we lay the sacred gift prescrib'd.
Strait they together thro' the dusky paths
Speed with a rapid flight, and reach the gate.
At entrance sprinkling o'er him holy drops, 635
He on the fronting portal hangs his branch :
The Sibyl's rites now duly all perform'd,
Enters the happy groves, green flowery fields,
Landskips of joy and beatific bowers,
An ampler sky spreads here light's purple vest, 640
Mild o'er the plains : Here their own sun, own stars.
They or in meadows spring their agile limbs ;
Strive jocund ; wrestle on the golden sands ;
Step the smooth dance, or chaunt the solemn song.
Here in deep flowing robes the Thracian Priest 645
Shakes vocal raptures thro' th' harmonic seven ;
Or lyric now his quill, now fingers strike.
Here Teucer's ancient and illustrious line,
The mighty Heroes born in happier days,
Ilus, Assar'cus, Troy! thy Founder Dardan. 650

Arms he afar off views, and empty cars,
 Spears fixt in earth, and grazing all around
 The steeds unharnest. The same taste for arms
 And cars while living; the same care to keep
 Steeds plump and sleek, employs the buried ghosts.
 Lo! on each hand the Choirs along the lawn 656
 Feasting, and swelling high their joyous hymns
 Within the fragrant laurel-grove, whence high
 Po thro' the forests rolls his mighty streams.
 Here they, who for their country fell in war: 660
 Here, who had lived pure and unblemish'd priests;
 And pious bards, who pleas'd Apollo's ear:
 They who invented arts and polish'd life,
 Or earn'd by worthy deeds an honour'd name.
 All on their heads a snow-white garland wore. 665
 To these around her Sibyl thus addrest,
 Chief to Musæus; he the numerous choir
 Centring o'ertow'r'd, and won their reverent eye,
 Ye happy Spirits! and thou worthy bard!
 Say, in what clime, what mansion dwells Anchise 670
 Whom we to see, have past dread Ach'ron's floods.
 Brief to her thus the Hero then replied:
 Fixt seat have none; we thro' the shady groves,
 Rills and fresh meadows, and the downy banks,
 Expatiate free: but you, if so inclin'd 675
Come

Come from yon summit, take an easy path.
Then first advancing shews the gilded plains.

Now from the hills descending they arrive
Where was Anchise within the verdant vales,
The souls predestin'd for the upper light 680

Reviewing anxious ; and the august line,
As happen'd, of his own late offspring dear,
Their several fates and fortunes, tempers, deeds.
Seeing AEneas thro' the lawns advance,
He stretch'd immediate both his chearful hands,
And down his cheeks tears falling, thus address: 686

Com'st thou at last? Has thy known pious love
Forc'd the drear passage? Once more see thy face?
My Son! and in sweet converse hear thy voice?

So my presageful mind indeed conceiv'd, 690
Reck'ning the times: nor vain my anxious hope.

What lands, what mighty oceans hast thou past;
Ere here arriv'd! In what vast perils tost!

How fear'd I for my son in Libya's realms!

Dear Father! says he, your own frowning shade 695
Oft haunting, forc'd me here to these abodes.

My navy rides the Tuscan. Give your hand.

Give, Father! nor withdraw you from my arms.

Thus, and with bursting tears bedew'd his cheeks.

Thrice he essay'd his arms around his neck: 700

Thrice in vain grasping, fled his hands the shade,
Light as the wind, and like a fleeting dream.

Now saw AEneas in the winding vale
A secret grove and whisp'ring shrubs, and Lethe
The river swimming by the peaceful seats. 705
Round it unnumber'd crowds and nations flew:
As o'er the meadows bees in summer's pride
Invade each flower, and round the lilies fair
Thick hov'ring, hum loud murmurs o'er the plains.
Struck with the sudden sight, AEneas asks 710
The hidden cause: What still those farther brooks?
Or who the mighty crowds, that fill the banks?
Thus then the fire: The souls again by Fate
Destin'd for mortal life, at Lethe's streams
Drink long oblivion, and care-driving cups. 715
These to relate thee, and display to view,
Long have I wish'd, and number all my race
T' increase thy joy with mine in Latium found.
Can any leave, Sir! this for th' upper air?
Great souls again to their old sluggish mass 720
Return? Whence, Wretches! such dire thirst of life?
I'll teach thee, Son! nor hold in long suspense.

Anchise then all in order full unfolds.
First penetrates the heav'n, earth, liquid plains, 724
Sol's starry sphere, and moon's resplendent globe
A vital

A vital spirit; and a mind infused
Pervading, moves the whole frame organiz'd.
Hence men, and cattle, and the feather'd kinds,
And all the wonders 'neath the chrystal main.
Lives in these seeds the pure ethereal fire 730
Vig'rous; if checkt not by the corporal ills,
The earthy mafs, and dying organs blunt;
Whence fear they, covet, grieve, rejoice, nor look
From their deep dungeon dark to th' upper skies:
Nor when the wretches leave the vital light, 735
Drop they the ills yet; nor extirpate all
Th' infectious stains of flesh; but deep within
Feel many grafted long inhelive grow:
Therefore with pains afflicted, pay the debt
Due to old crimes. Some to the empty winds 740
Hang bleaching: others in the vast abyfs
Wash off their guilt ingrain'd, or purge by fire.
We each his *Manes* suffer: thence dismiss
Range wide Elyfium; where the blessed Few
Dwell: till the period's circling years complete 745
Have purg'd off every groffer blemish; clear'd
Th' ethereal fenfe, and purified the flame.
All these here, soon as roll'd the thousand years,
Fate calls unnumber'd, down to Lethe's freams:
That they, all mem'ry loft, may th' upper fky 750

Content

Content revisit in a mortal mould.

Thus spake Anchise ; and with his son takes Sibyl,
Forth 'mid th' assembly, and the noisy crowd :

Then takes a summit ; whence the whole long train
Advancing he might see, and clearly know. 755

Now come ! what glory waits the Dardan Race,
Who the descendents of th' Italian stem,
And what great heroes shall our name adopt,
I'll clear unfold thee ; and thy fates display,
Yon youth see ! leaning on his shining spear, 760
Dwells next the light. He destin'd first to Air,
Shall mixing with the blood of Latium rise
Sylvius, an Alban by a Lavinian spouse,
To thy gray hairs conceiv'd, and in the woods
Posthumous born a king and sire of kings, 765
Stem of Long Alba, our imperial house.

Next him the glory of th' Ilian line see Procas !
Numitor, Capys, and with thy name graced
Sylvius AEneas ; nor for pious arms
Less famous, might he Alba's scepter sway : 770
What youths ! Lo ! What heroic strength they shew !
And veil their temples with the Civic Oak ?
These thy Nomentum, Gabii, strong Fidenæ ;
These on the hills shall raise thy Coll'tine Towers,
Pometii, Inuus Castrum, Bola, Cora : 775

Thus

Thus they hereafter call'd; now nameless lands.
 Here too his grandfire's firm support, whom Ilia
 Sprung from Assar'cus, bore the God of war,
 Romulus! See his head and double crest!
 E'en now Jove's honours mark him for the skies. 780
 Lo! The auspicious Chief! by whom dread Rome
 Her empire o'er the earth, and soul thro' heav'n,
 Shall spread, inclosing wall'd her seven towers;
 Pregnant of heroes: as Ber'cynthus' dame: 784
 Who turret-crown'd her car thro' Phrygia drives;
 Vaunts her fair offspring; clasps her hundred sons
 Immortals all, enthron'd above the skies.

Here bend, oh! here thine eyes. See this thy race!
 Here thy own Romans, Cæsar here, and all
 The Julian House bound for the upper sphere. 790
 This this the Hero, thy oft promis'd seed,
 Cæsar August, heav'n-born, who th' age of gold
 Shall in Italia, Saturn's realm, renew;
 Shall o'er the Inds and Garamantes stretch
 His empire, wide beyond the starry spheres, 795
 Sol's annual path; where on his shoulder borne,
 Whirls Atlas the wide concave's flaming stars.
 E'en now at his foretold ascension quake
 The Caspian Kingdoms with Mœotis' plains;
 And roars the troubled sevenfold Nile alarm'd. 800
 Nor

Nor Herc'les travers'd so immense a tract:
 Tho' he cou'd chace the brazen-footed hind,
 Tame Ermanth's wilds, and scare thy Hydras, Lerna!
 Nor thou, whose conquering car with viny reins
 Bacchus! the tigers whirl down Nisa's Fells. 805
 Still doubts our heroism then to spread its fame?
 Or Fear withhold to fix in Latium's soil?

But who yon olive-crown'd bears holy things?
 His locks bespeak him, and his hoary beard, 809
 Rome's king the first; whose laws shall found her state,
 From the small city Cures' barren soil
 Call'd to a mighty empire. Tullus next
 Dissolves his Country's peace; and wakes to arms
 The slumbering heroes, calling to renew
 Their ancient triumphs. Next bravading Ancus, 815
 Catching e'en now the crowd's applauding breath.
 Yon see the Tarquins! There the godlike soul,
 Brutus th' Avenger, and the rescued *Rods*;
 He first the Consul's power and rigid *Ax*
 Receives; and forth his own conspiring sons, 820
 Moved by fair Freedom, calls to instant death.
 The hapless fire, howe'er hereafter judg'd,
 Zeal for his country rules, and glory's thirst.
 The Decii, Drusi, stern Torquatus' ax,
 Yon! and Camille with the recover'd gold. 825

The

The Ghosts yon shining see! in equal arms,
How friendly now in the dark shades oppress!
But ah! what wars, if they to light ascend,
Dire will they wage! What fields of blood will shed!
The one from th' Alpine hills, and strong Monæcus;
Th' other his son, leads on the eastern hosts. 831
Oh! Oh! Forbear, my Boys! such deadly feuds;
Nor turn your forces on your Country's bowels.
Thou first oh! spare, whose birth derives from heav'n!
Thou my own blood! Drop, drop thy lifted sword.
This to the Capitol from Corinth's flames 836
Shall drive triumphant in his Grecian Spoils;
Shall ruin Argos and Ag'memnon's Tower,
And on th' unmatched Achilles' heir avenge
His Ilian fires, and Pallas' shrine profaned. 840
How the great Cato or Cossus leave unsung?
The Gracchi; or War's double thunderbolt
The Scipios, Libya's fall; or th' yeoman dread
Fabricius; or the sower named Serranus?
Where spent d'ye snatch me, Fabii? Thou, the Great!
Protracting singly shalt redeem the State. 846
Let others softer form the breathing brass;
More living features from the marble draw;
Plead more commanding; guide the rolling spheres,
Bid rise the stars, and fix the wand'ring fires: 850
Thou,

Thou, Rome Imperial! rule the nations wide:
These be thy arts to dictate terms of peace,
Spare suppliants, and triumphant crush the proud.

This adds Anchise to their admiring ears:

See! in his regal spoils Marcellus move! 855

How towers the conqueror o'er the Martial Train!

He, Rome! thy troubled tottering state shall fix,

Mount, chase, fell Carthage and the rebel Gaul,

And the third trophy rear to Jove Quirinus.

Then thus AEneas, seeing by him walk 860

A youth of noble mien and brilliant arms,

But front unjoyous and dejected air:

Who, Sire! is he attends the Hero's steps?

Son? or some other of his mighty line?

What yon his murm'ring train? How like his guide?

But o'er him hovers night's black dismal shade. 866

To him Anchises, bursting into tears:

O seek not, Son! thy heirs' tremendous griefs.

Him will but Fate just shew on earth: nor more

Vouchsafe his stay. Too great the Roman Name 870

Seem'd to th' Immortals, were such gifts secure.

What deep groans, Mars! thy crowded walls will

And Field of heroes; How the funeral pomp (heave,

Shock Tiber, rolling by the new-built tomb!

No hopeful branch of th' Ilian Line shall lift 875

So high his Latin fires: nor rising Rome

Ere so exulting vaunt an offspring fair.

Ah! Pious Youth! What ancient Faith! How brave!

His arm unconquer'd none had safely dared

Meet in the field; or walk'd he 'gainst their hosts,

Or spur'd the hero on his foaming steed. 881

Dear Youth deplor'd! Cou'd rigid Fate relent,

Thou wert Marcellus. Bring each blooming flower.

These will I strew: heap these at least, my Son!

And pay thy shade the solemn honours vain. 885

Thus ranged they freely o'er the region wide
Reviewing all within the fields of light.

Now had Anchises, leading thro' the whole,

Fired his son's spirit with his rising fame;

Then tells the hero all his future wars, 890

Laurentum's nations, and Latinus' walls;

How to escape, or bear his every toil.

Twofold the Gates of Sleep: the one of Horn

An easy exit to the Real Shades,

But glowing Ivory that, where up to Day 895

Th' Internals lead th' Unvisionary Shapes:

Here then his son, with the prophetic guide,

Anchise addressing, lets thro' th' Ivory Gate.

Thence he his fleet revisiting and friends,

Coasted directly for Caieta's port,

Anchor'd, and rang'd his ships along the shore. 901

The

Thou to our shores too high AEneas' Nurse,
 Caieta! dying gav'st eternal fame:
 Still live thine honours: still thy relicks vaunt
 In great Hesperia to have stamp't a name.
 Now built the tomb, due solemn rites perform'd,
 And calm the wide abyfs; the pious chief
 Spreads sail, and launching on pursues his course
 'Fore the soft breathing gales; till th' evening moon's
 And starry radiance trembling gild the main.
 Passing the nearest shores of Circe's isle: 10
 Sol's affluent child! who o'er the hallowed groves
 Still swells her song, and in her dome superb
 Burning sweet cedar for her evening lights,
 Runs her shrill shuttle thro' her silken web.
 Hence heard the groans of angry lions gall'd, 15
 Spurning their chains, and roaring 'neath the night;
 And bristly wild-boars; and the folded bears
 Raging: and monstrous wolves with hideous howl:
 Erst human forms; whom Circe's baneful drug
 Had cloth'd with brutal shapes, and savage hides. 20
 From such dire change to save the pious host,
 Neptune withdraws 'em from the fatal shores;
 Fills their spread canvas with auspicious gales;
 And speeds their passage by the eddyng shelves.

Now blusht the ocean-rays, and rapid high 25
 Shone

Shone in her rosy car the golden Morn;
 When sudden falln the winds with every gust,
 The strong oars vex the heavy chrystal main.
 And here AEneas spies a spacious grove;
 Where rolls the Tiber his delightful streams, 30
 Fierce-eddyng tides, and beds of golden sand,
 Forth to the ocean: thick above and round
 Basking the birds, or skimming oft the waves,
 Trill'd thro' th' enchanted skies, and roam'd the
 Bids hither steer, and turn the prow to land, (groves:
 And joys t' arrive up the o'ershaded streams. 36

Now come, Erato! what the state of things
 Chief in old Latium, and who reign'd; when first
 The foreign armies toucht th' Ausonian shore:
 The war's prime source too will I full unfold. 40
 Prompt thou the bard, O Goddess! Horrid wars
 I sing, and fields of blood, kings' deadly feuds,
 The Tuscan bands, Hesperia all in arms.
 A grander scene now rises to my view:
 A greater labour. Now his towers and state 45
 Latinus ruled, in long and settled peace.
 Famed son of Faunus and Laurentum's nymph,
 Maurica: Faunus son of Picus; he
 Calls Saturn sire, the founder of his line.
 To King Latinus Fate an offspring male 50

Gave none, or ravisht in the earliest prime.
 An only Daughter propt th' imperial house,
 Now blooming, now mature for nuptial joys,
 And fought by all Aufonia's princely youth,
 Listen'd to who in form surpass't 'em all, 55
 Turnus of fires heroic. Him the Queen
 Long'd to adopt, and give her daughter's charms:
 But heaven's repeated dire portents forbad.

Within the palace deep a Laurel grew,
 With sacred locks, for years devoutly kept, 60
 Which finding, when he founded first the towers,
 To Phœbus consecrates the fire Latinus,
 Laurentum naming thence his rising state.
 High upon this a wondrous cloud of bees,
 With hideous whizzing thro' the liquid air, 65
 Light on the top; and knitting feet with feet,
 Hung from the leafy bough the sudden swarm.
 I see an Alien Hero, sings the Seer,
 Arrive from the same quarter; guide his hosts
 To the same point; and perching rule the tower. 70
 And while on th' altar burns her incense pure
 The fair Lavinia by her father's side,
 Lo direful! caught the fire her flowing hair;
 Burns in a crackling flame her head attire;
 Feeds on her regal locks, her crown of gems: 75
 Involves

Involves her all in clouds of ruddy light;
 And Vulcan's power spreads thro' the palace wide.
 Th' appearance strange they all tremendous deem'd,
 To her the pledge of high illustrious fates,
 But to the people boding dreadful wars. 80

The King alarm'd goes to his prescient Sire
 Faun's deep oracular grove beneath Albunia,
 The vastest wood that ere had sacred fount
 Murmuring, and shades exhaling fell Mephitis.
 Here come th' Italian and OEnotrian states 85
 Perplex'd for counsel: here his gifts the priest
 Brings of slain sheep; and 'neath the silent night
 Lies on the skins dispre'd, and courts a dream.
 Then sees a thousand wondrous flitting forms:
 Hears frequent voices, and in converse free 90
 Enjoys the heaven and nether Gods of hell.
 Here too then fire Latinus' self consults:
 Devoutly flays his hundred woolly sheep,
 And lying on their skins and fleeces spread,
 Deep from the grove this sudden answer hears: 95
 Match not thy Daughter to a Latian Spouse:
 Nor O my offspring! trust the bed prepared.
 A Foreign Suitor comes, whose blood shall raise
 Our name to heaven: and whose descending heirs
 Shall under foot bring all the circling sun 100

Surveys from sea to sea; reduce and rule.

Thus the fire Faunus in the silent night.

Nor hid the king these warnings in his breast;
 But Fame wide-flying round th' Ausonian states
 Now had divulg'd, when th' Ilian youth arrived 105
 And mooring deckt the green and winding bank.
 The chief, his nobles, and Iulus' bloom
 Repose beneath a high wide-shadowing tree;
 Get meats; and on the verdant meads reclin'd
 Serve on wheat cakes; (So Jove himself had warn'd;)
 And Ceres' tables crown with woodland fruits. 111
 Now ate the viands, nor yet hunger fill'd;
 They greedy fell on Ceres' slender boon;
 Nor spare their hands prophane, and daring jaws,
 The crust of Fate, their rounded trenchers squared.
 Ah! too our trenchers eat we. Cries Iulus, 116
 Nor hinting more. That word their earliest pledge
 Of labours ended, (he yet speaking,) first
 Caught the good fire, and mused with holy awe:
 Hail thou my fated and long promis'd land! 120
 And you, O hail! ye faithful Gods of Troy!
 Here is our seat, our country here. For thus,
 I now recal, my fire reveal'd the fates.
 When famine, son! shall on a coast unknown
 Force thee for lack of food to eat thy board: 125

Then

Then end thy labours; settle; nor forget
 There first to found thy city, and immure.
 This then the famine: this the dread event,
 Ending our woes.

Come then explore we by Sol's early light, 130
 What clime this, who inhabit, where immured,
 And joyous from the port take different routs.
 Now pour your bowls to Jove; invoke my fire
 Anchises; and with wines recrown the board.
 Thus saying, round his brow a garland green 135
 Wraps; and the Local Genius, Nymphs, and Earth
 Prime of the Gods, and Rivers yet unknown
 Invokes: the Night too and her rising host,
 Th' Idæan Jove, and next the Phrygian dame
 His heavenly mother, and his fire below. 140

Now thrice th' Almighty thro' his blue serene
 Thunder'd; and bright with dazzling rays of gold,
 Shaking his lance, displays his cloudy skirts.
 Sudden the rumour thro' the Trojan bands:
 Now dawns the day to build our promis'd walls. 145
 Pleas'd with the omen, they their splendid feast
 Vie to prepare, and full-crown'd bowls of wine.
 Now o'er the world Aurora's radiant lamp
 Rising; they search the borders, city, shores,
 Dispersing: here the fount Numicus' Lake: 150

Here Tiber rolls : here Latium's heroes dwell :
Then sends AEneas from each order chose,
An hundred nobles to the royal tower,
All with Minerva's sacred garland veil'd,
With gifts to sue for Troy the monarch's grace. 155
While instant they obeying speed to court,
Himself with deep intrenchment lays his walls;
Prepares the ground ; and his first seat on shore
Forms, like a camp with banks and battlements :
'They bending onward view'd the Latin towers, 160
Grand seats and palaces : now nigh the walls
Saw boys before the town and blooming youths
Ride sportive, or controul the dusty car :
Bend the strong bow ; fierce whirl the quivering dart ;
Dare mutual to the race, or hardy blows. 165

A knight advanc't, back to the royal sage
Brings word of heroes in a foreign garb
Arriving ; he then to the audience hall
Commands 'em, sitting on his grandfire's throne.
High in the city, on hundred columns rose 170
Laurentian Picus' palace vast, august,
In th' awful groves his Ancestors rever'd.
Here kings receive the scepter, bear the rods
Auspicious ; this the senate, temple this :
Here sacred banquets : here their victims slain : 175
On

Here on long boards the fathers wont to sit.
Here wrought the grandfires' long continued Line
In antique Cedar: Italus, fire Sabinus,
Vine-planter, holding low his crooked hook.
Old Saturn, Janus with his double front, 180
Stood in the porch with th' other founder-kings,
Whose wounds heroic faved the threaten'd state.
Unnumber'd arms too on the sacred posts,
Curv'd scimitars, and captive-chariots hung,
The crests of helmets, massy bars of gates, 185
Javelins, and shields, and beaks from vessels rent.
Girt with the *Trabea*, and Quirinus' staff
Holding, and in his left a buckler fat
The horseman Picus, whom th' enamour'd Circe
Struck with her golden rod, transform'd with spells
Into a bird, and gilt his spotted wings. 191

Such th' awful temple and the ancient seat,
Where fat Latinus calls the Trojans up:
And entering hails 'em thus with gracious speech:
Dardans! for not to us your city strange, 195
Nor line: but known, ere here your navy steer'd.
Say, Wherefore come? What cause, or what the
gains

Brought you o'er th' azure seas to Ausonia's shore?
Or wandring lost? Or by the tempests driven,
Such as oft harrafs pilots on the deep, 200

Sought you our channels for a port secure?
 Fly not our dwellings, nor the Latin name,
 Saturn's race, uncontroul'd by bond or law,
 By nature just, th' old God's example form'd.
 Now I remember the dark ancient tale 205
 Th' Ausonian sages told, how sprung from hence
 Pierc't Dardan into Phrygia's realm and Ida,
 And Thracian Samos, now called Samothrace.
 From this his native Tuscan Corys he
 To heav'n's gold starry court admitted, now 210
 Ranks with the Gods, and his own altar claims.

He said; and Ilneus graceful thus returns:
 Great King! high Faunus' heir! no hideous storms
 Drove us o'er th' ocean-billows on your coast:
 Nor we miss'd by stars, or shores unknown. 215
 But all with joint consent arrive your towers,
 Expel'd an empire, late the noblest, Sol
 E'er rising saw thro' his ethereal range.
 Jove our first founder. Jove the Dardans claim
 Their grandfire. Sprung from mighty Jove, our king
 Th' Ilian AEneas sends us to your coasts. 221
 What hideous tempest from the fell Micene
 O'erpower'd Idæa's plains: by what fates driven
 Europe and Asia's worlds conflicting met,
 Know they, if any 'yond the ocean-tides 225

Dwell

Dwell the Earth's bounds; or centring heaven's four
Gasp in fierce Sol's interminable sands. (zones

That deluge 'scaped o'er vast unnumber'd seas,
We crave for Ilion's gods a mansion small,
Safe shore, air, water, nature's common gifts. 230
Nor we to a king disgraceful: nor your fame
Light will redound; nor die your grace confer'd.
Nor e'er Ausonia rue embracing Troy.

By AEneas' fates I swear; and mighty arm
Tried, or by friends, or by a Martial foe; 235
Many our alliance (slight not you, that first
We suppliant come with wreaths of proffer'd peace,)
Have fought and union, many states and realms.
But heav'n's high fates have forc't t' explore your soil
By strict injunction. Hence your Dardan sprung, 240
Now returns, urged by Phœbus' awful voice,
To Tuscan Tiber, th' awful fount Numicus:
And sends thee of his former fortune these
Small presents, rescued from the flames of Troy:
His sire Anchises' golden censer this: 245
These Priam wore, while to th' assembled states
Dispensing law: this scepter, this tiara,
These vests Troy's noble Ladies wrought.

Thus Ilneus: meanwhile with a down-cast look
Stedfast and fixt Latinus sat, and roll'd 250

His

His eyes intent. Nor so attract the king
The gold and purple, or thy scepter, Priam!
As paus'd he in his daughter's nuptial bed,
Revolving deep th' old Faunus' oracle.
This then the destin'd stranger sung should come; 255
My daughter claim; and equal share my throne;
Th' auspicious founder of an offspring brave,
Great, and heroic to subdue the world.
Then with a smile: Heavens prosper my designs,
And their own omens. Trojan! take thy wish. 260
These gifts I scorn not: nor while reigns Latinus,
Shall you want fertile glebe, or Ilion's wealth.
Let but AEneas, if so dear our name,
So long'd our friendship and alliance firm;
Come here, nor dread my amicable fight. 265
Accept your king my hand the pledge of peace.
Now to your master this my answer bear:
I have a daughter, whom to a Latian Prince
Nor my fire's oracles, nor heaven's portents,
Permit to give. Sons from a foreign coast 270
Wait Latium, (sing they,) whose high blood shall raise
Our name to heaven. This he the fates require,
Divines my soul; and as I hope, aright.
This said, and chose from his sleek shining steeds,
Which stood three hundred in the lofty stalls, 275
Ordering

Ordering for all the Trojans forth to lead
 The winged steeds in purple trappings gilt,
 Gold collars hanging down their stately chest,
 Cover'd with gold, and champing yellow gold :
 A chariot for their prince with harness pair 280
 Of race celestial, nostrils breathing fire:
 Whose grandfires Circe from her father stole,
 Her female mixing with his fiery steeds.

With these Latinus' gifts and words, th' Aeneiads
 High mounted blith return, and bring a peace. 285
 When lo! advancing from Inachian Argos,
 Jove's cruel consort rides th' Etherial air,
 And far off seeing the gay Trojan chief
 And Dardan fleet on the Sicilian Pach'nus :
 Their walls now rising, and their settled seats; 290
 And ships forfok: stands fixt in bitter grief:
 Toft then her head, and thus her bosom vents:
 Damn'd race! Damn'd Phrygian Fates still thwarting
 Perverse! Cou'd they or fall on Sigeis' plains, (mine,
 Or captives yet be took? Or burn in flames 295
 Of th' Ilian wreck? Thro' hosts, thro' fires around
 Forc't they a passage. So my powers at length
 Tired, or my Furies glutted sink to rest.
 Expel'd their country, fierce too o'er the seas
 Dared I to haunt, and bar Troy's strolling fleet; 300
 Exhausting

Exhausting all the heaven and ocean's force,
 What 'vail'd me Syrtes? Scylla? or thy gulf,
 Charybdis? Their wisht Tiber enter'd, they
 Laugh at the main and Juno. Mars cou'd crush
 The Lap'thæ's giant-race; Jove's self cou'd yield 305
 OEneus' old kingdom to Diana's rage.

What thy crime, OEneus? Or the Lapithæ's?
 But I Jove's mighty queen, who nought untried
 Hapless have left, but spent my invention's plagues,
 Am foil'd by AEneas. If my own powers fail, 310
 I will enlist me whate'er else I find;
 If heaven I cannot, hell shall join my train.

What if not given to hinder Latium's realm;
 And Fate ensures him a Lavinian queen:
 Yet may I long protract the rising state. 315

Yet may I both the monarch's people raze.
 These lost shall buy the son and father's league:
 Troy's and Rutulia's blood endower thee, maid!
 War's goddess give thy hand. Nor big with brands
 Teem'd Hec'ba only Hymeneal Fires. 320

This too a son of Venus, second Paris;
 Again to falling Troy a fatal bride.

Thus she; then hideous lights on Earth, and calls
 From the dire sisters' gloomy seat below
 Baleful Alecto, who sad war affects, 325

Rancours,

Rancours, and plots, and every heinous crime.
 Loathes Pluto's self the monster; loathe her all
 Hell's sisters; so to various shapes she writhes,
 Features so fell; so thick shoots grisly snakes.

Whom Juno instigating thus addrest: 330

This work atchieve me, Virgin! born of Night!

Help, oh! nor see my powers infrin'g'd, or Name

Dishonour'd: nor let Troy adopted mix

Latinus' race, or fix in Latium's soil.

Thou canst the loving brothers arm to fight; 335

Spread feuds; raze families. Thou indwellings throwst

Brands, whips and deaths. Thou vauntst a thousand

Thousand arts fatal. Shake thy fruitful breast. (names,

Scatter the peace agreed. Sow crimes of war. 339

Fire all the youth to claim, and snatch up arms.

Then seeks the Fiend with Gorgon-poisons fraught
 First Latium and Laurentum's royal walls:

Silent besetting queen Amata's porch,

Whom Troy's arrival and her Turnus' suit

Inflamed with woman's cares and boiling spleen. 345

On Her she from her azure locks a snake

Cast thro' her bosom, piercing deep her heart;

Whose madding bite might all the house embroil.

He sliding 'mong her robes, and marble breast

Rolls unperceiv'd; and playing on her Rage, 350

Inspires

Inspires his venom; glows around her neck,
 Now a gold chain; now fillets her attire;
 Thrids her curls; wanders fleck then o'er her frame.
 When first the pest spread in the liquid poison,
 Her senses touching, wraps her bones inflam'd; 355
 Nor yet her breast's whole soul imbibed the fires;
 More gently, and as mothers wont, she thus,
 Sore weeping for her child and th' Ilian match:
 To an exile then of Troy Lavinia given?
 Nor Sire! once pitiest, or thy child, or self; 360
 Nor Mother's bowels; who the first wind sees
 Launch the false pirate with my ravisht child.
 Pierc't not to Sparta thus the Phrygian swain,
 Transporting Helen to the Trojan towers?
 Where now thy faith? Thy wonted public cares? 365
 Thy so oft plighted hand t' our kinsman Turnus?
 If Latium ask from foreign lands an heir;
 And thou resolvst, to obey thy father Faunus:
 Whate'er land owns not our imperial sway,
 That deem I foreign; this the sense of heaven. 370
 And Turnus' line, if traced up to the source,
 Vaunts In'chus, 'Crifius, and Micenæ's realms.

When trying these persuasives vain, she sees
 Latinus fixt; and thro' her vitals deep 374
 Gliding, the snake's mad breath possest her mass:

Then

Then storm'd the wretch, by the fell monster stung
Shameless and frantic o'er the city wide.
As 'neath the twisted lash the whirling box,
Which in vast orbits boys thro' spacious halls 379
Ply, in grave sport intent; whipt, tortured, driven
Runs wide around, while fixt the stupid throng
And beardless youth gaze on its spinning force,
Redoubled every stroke: so giddy flies
She whirling thro' the squares and madding crowds:
Into the woods then, Bacchus' Orgies feigns, 385
Acting more heinous crimes, more desperate rage.
Snatches and hides her daughter in the woods,
Robbing the Trojans of their destin'd bride.
Bacchus! Thou Bacchus! worthy alone the maid:
For thine (she roars,) the brandisht viny spears. 390
Thee dance they round, to thee let grow their locks.
Wide spreads the cry, till Fury-stung the Dames,
All with like ardour, drive for new abodes;
And roaming spread the winds their neck and hair.
While others rend the skies with trembling shrieks,
And brandish, girt with skins, their viny wreaths: 396
Flames in the midst the Queen with blazing pine;
Sings Turnus' and her daughter's nuptial hymn;
Whirls round her bloody eyes with aspect fell:
And, Io! Io! all ye Latin dames! 400

If

If e'er your pious breast lov'd poor Amata;
E'er felt a mother's right and tender pains;
Rend now your tresses, celebrate my Orgies.
Thus thro' the woods and savage deserts round,
Alecto and Bacchus goading, drive the queen. 405

Thinking enough here first her furies rais'd,
Latinus' measures and whole house embroil'd;
Next the sad Fiend springs on her dusky wings,
Strait to the intrepid Rutlian; whose high walls
Great Danae founded for the Acrisian bands, 410
There driven by tempests: Ardua call'd of yore;
And still preserves it Ardea's mighty name,
But state no more. Here Turnus on the walls,
Now in black midnight slept away the hours.
The fiend her fury-frame and features grim 415
Doffs; and transforming stoops an ancient nurse,
Plows her foul front with wrinkles; takes grey hairs,
Binding with fillets, and with olive-branch,
Like Calbe Juno's nurse and temple's priest
Appears, and thus address the royal youth: 420
Forego then, Turnus! all thy labours vain?
To th' Ilian colony renounce thy realm?
The king thy bride and dowry, earn'd with blood,
Denies thee, and invites a foreign heir.
Go, fool! and meet th' ungrateful perils now! 425

Go

Go! Fell their Tuscan foes. Give Latium peace.
 Thus greets thee, fluggard! lost in easy dreams!
 By me express the high Saturnian queen.
 Come then and arm thy youth; and sally forth,
 Joyful to war. Yon pitcht besides the streams 430
 Troy's leaders fight thou. Burn their painted ships.
 Go! Heaven commands thee. Let Latinus' self,
 If he not instant yield thy challeng'd bride,
 Know thee, and feel at length brave Turnus' arm.

Here he deriding the prophetic maid 435
 Answers: The fleet to Tiber's channel brought,
 Not, as thou thinkst, my ears are uninform'd.
 Vain these thy mighty terrours. Nor of me
 High Juno so unmindful.

But thou old, rusty, long past bearing truth, 440
 Harraſt with needleſs cares 'mid th' arms of kings
 Grand-dame! conceivſt false-boding terrours, fool'd.
 Go thou the Gods, their ſtatues, temples mind:
 Leave war and peace to men. Their province war.
 At this Aleſto firing into rage, 445
 Ere he yet ended, ſhook his frame appal'd:
 Eyes fixt in froſt: ſo all her Hydras hiſt:
 So vaſt form open'd. Then her fiery balls
 Rolls, and rebuffs him; ſtruggling more to ſay:
 Shoots from her trefſes up two angry ſnakes: 450

Y

Stuns

Stuns with her lash, and vents her foaming rage;
Lo! I old, rusty, long past bearing truth
Mid th' arms of kings with fancy's terrors fool'd:
View these here. I from the dire sisters come;
Wars in my hand and murders bearing. 455

This said: she throwing on the youth a brand
Fixt 'neath his breast the black and smoking fires.
Horror dispers'd his dream: his bones and limbs
Burst into sweat, and bath'd all o'er his frame. (round,
Arms! Arms! He roar'd, tost, sprung up, raved a-
Raged mad and desperate for the martial steel:
Swoln too with ire, as when a bellowing flame
Heapt crackling on a wavy cauldrons sides;
Up-dancing boils the liquor; storms unchecked,
And deep rolls up the smoky foaming tides, 465
Scorning the bounds. Black fly the fumes aloft.
Then to Latinus on his breach of peace,
Deputing his young peers, he calls to arms
To save Italia, and expel the foe:
Himself enough for Troy and Latium's king. 470
Thus while he spake, and vowing hail'd the Gods;
The Rutlians spur'd each other on to arms:
This by his bloom and noble presence moved;
That his high lineage, that the hero's deeds. 474

While Turnus rous'd the Rutlians' daring spirits,
Springs

Springs on her Stygian wings the fiend to th' Ilians,
Views on a new device the shore around,
Where fair Iulus gin'd, or chas'd the beasts,
Here on his dogs a sudden fury breathes,
And toucht their nostrils with the well-known scent,
Burning to hunt the Stag, the source of ills: 481
Which first inflam'd the rustic minds to war.
This of a beauteous form, and noble horns,
Erst from his dam a suckling took, and nurst
Old Tyrrhus with his sons. For he o'erlook't 485
The royal herds, and faithful rang'd the lawns.
Their sister Sylvia train'd him to her rule;
Weaving soft garlands graced his antlers round;
And comb'd the fawn, and wash't in chrysal founts.
Mild to her hand, familiar at her board, 490
Stray'd he the forests: still to th' wonted gates,
Home to his mistress, bounding, hies at eve.
Him straying far Iulus' hungry hounds
Rous'd, as he haply down the flowing stream
Had swam, and cool'd him on the verdant bank.
Ascanio's self, enflamed with noble praise, 496
Level'd an arrow from his bended bow;
Nor fate his hand misguiding, drove to head
The hissing murder thro' his flank and loins.
The wounded creature back then homeward flies;

Comes groaning to his stall, all bloody; moans; 501
 And as imploring pierc't the echoing roofs.
 First the fair Sylvia, beating wild her breast,
 Cries loud for aid on all the robust swains.
 They (for the fiend lurkt in the secret woods,) 505
 Come sudden: this with sharpen'd firebrand arm'd,
 That with a knotted club: what each cou'd find
 Snatcht he exasperate. Tyrrhus calls his clan:
 An oak then haply with his wedge's force
 Cleft he, deep braying with the wielded ax. 510
 Th' arch-fury long on watch, now seiz'd her hour;
 Scales the stalls' roof; from the high summit sounds
 The rural signal; and with winding horn
 Swells her infernal blast: whence wide around
 Trembled the groves, and deep the thund'ring woods.
 Heard the far Trivia's lake, and sulf'rous Nar 516
 O'er his white currents, and Velinus' founts:
 And mothers frighted hug'd their infants close.

Swift at th' alarm, when sung th' astounding trump,
 Meet from all quarters, snatching fury's arms, 520
 Th' unconquer'd yeomen; while too Ilion's Youth
 Pour aids t' Iulus from their standing camp,
 And form their ranks; nor now in rustic fray,
 Boxing with knotty clubs, and harden'd flakes,
 Wage doubtful war. Thick as a harvest-field, 525
 Stand

Stand dreadful their drawn blades; whose dazzling
 Repels Sol's radiance on the silver-clouds. (glare
 So at the springing storm the whitening waves
 Slow swell the ocean: higher still the tides
 From the bare bottom dash now on the skies. 530
 Here in the front with hissing arrow shot,
 Almon the eldest son of Tyrrhus fell,
 For deep beneath his throat had stuck the wound,
 And bloody stopt his vocal breath of life.
 Lay round him many with the old Galeus 535
 Pacific, interposing, sing'lar, just,
 And rich of yore in his Ausonian lands:
 Five bleating flocks; five home-returning herds,
 And fallows working still a hundred plows.

While in the field thus raging equal Mars 540
 Absolv'd her word, provok'd to bloody war,
 And clast the horrors of the first attack:
 Leaves the fiend Latium; wings the vault of heaven;
 And thus the haughty conqueror hails the queen:
 Lo! finisht for you Discord's deadly feuds. 545
 Jove's self confirm now, if he can, the league:
 So have I dash't on Troy my Latian gore.
 And if you please will send my Rumours forth,
 Into the war to draw the neighbouring states
 Auxiliar, all enflamed with Mars's rage: 550

Will scatter arms, and fill the regions wide.

Enough of fraud and terrour, she replies ;
 Deep-laid the grounds of war ; close fight commenc'd ;
 The fray's chance-weapons turn'd to bloody arms.
 Such be th' alliance, such the nuptial rites, 555
 Cel'brate Latinus and great Venus' son.

'Thy range licentious thro' th' etherial skies
 Permits no farther heaven's imperial fire.

'Vaunt! I if fortune offer more of toils,
 Myself will manage. Thus as Juno spake, 560
 Her snaky rattling wings expanding, shoots
 She to Cocytus from th' etherial heights.

Centring Italia 'neath the lofty mounts
 Miraculous lies, and famed on many a coast
 Amfandus' valley, where the leafy groves 565
 O'erhang on each side drear, and thro' its crags
 Roaring, the cataracts' whirling Vortex rolls.
 Here the dire cave ; grim Pluto's air-vents fell ;
 And here opes bursting Acheron's gulf immense,
 Wide its pestiferous jaws : There dived th' abhor'd
 Arch-Fury, disencumbering earth and heaven. 571

Nor meanwhile less augments the war complete
 Juno's last hand. The swains all rush to town
 Unnumber'd, from the field bear back the slain ;
 Young Almon and Galesus' mangled face ; 575

Conjure

Conjure Latinus, and implore the Gods.
Lo mid the outcries threatning fire and sword,
Comes the fierce Turnus: Why call Troy to reign?
Why Phrygia's race adopt? Why me expel?
And who the wilds had travers'd Bacchus-struck, 580
Dancing in choirs; (for great Amata's name;)
Their sons from all parts teasing cry for war:
Instant war's plagues, against the omens, all,
'Gainst heaven's decrees, urg'd by her power demand,
And clam'rous gather round the monarch's court.
He like the ocean's unmov'd rock resists. 586
As the huge rock in a vast tempest's rage,
Firm on his base mid barking billows stands,
Vain roar the cliffs and foaming crags around,
And seaweeds dashing from his sides recoil. 590
But when he saw th' infatuate voice prevail,
And Juno's cruel nod controul the whole:
Conjuring oft the Gods, and th' Ether-Void:
The storms of fate bear down my ruin'd state.
Wretches your guilty blood shall pay th' offence.
Chief thou curst Turnus! thou expect thy doom. 596
Soon wilt thou own the Gods, but own too late.
Myself just entering now my peaceful port,
Lose but a funeral pomp. Nor saying more,
Close in his palace, left the reins of state. 600

A custom Latium erst, thence Alba's realms
 Held sacred, now the world's high queen confest
 Rome holds; when first they wake to battle Mars:
 Or on the Getæ bear the plagues of war;
 Hyrcania, Arabia, Ind; and chase the Dawn, 605
 And the Eagles redemand with Parthia's doom.
 Twofold the gates of war, so call'd of yore,
 Sacred to Horror and the cruel Mars,
 Bolted with hundred brazen bars, and steel's
 Eternal force: still Janus keeps the watch. 610
 These when the Fathers have resolv'd on war;
 In his Quirinal gown, and Gabine robe
 The Consul's self throws wide the grating doors,
 And war declares: then follow all the youth,
 And brazen trumpets wind their hoarse assent. 615
 Thus they against th' AENEIADS call Latinus
 War to declare, and ope the fatal gates.
 He from the direful office back recoil'd,
 Nor daring touch 'em, hid him in the shades.
 Then Juno's self heaven's queen descending, forc't
 The lingering gates; and on the grating hinge 621
 War's iron pillars fierce Saturnia burst.

Ausonia from her slumber wakes to rage.
 Some march on foot: some high on fiery fleeds
 Paw in the dusty clouds: all cry for arms, 625
 Some

Some their smooth targets, and their jav'lines bright,
 Burnish with chalk; or whet the battle ax;
 Or joy in standards born, and th' echoing trump.
 Thus five great cities on their anvils forge
 War's weapons: strong Atina, Tibur's Pride, 630
 Ardea, Crustum'ri, and Antumnæ's towers:
 Hollow safe helmets; wattled fallows bend
 To bossy targets; corselets frame of brass,
 Or of the ductile silver active greaves: 684
 To war their scythe and ploughshare, war their all
 Yield the fired swains: reforge their father's swords.
 Now sounds the trump: war's word like lightning
 This snatch't his helmet: that his snorting steeds (flies.
 Yokes; or puts on his shield, and triple lace
 Of golden mail; and girds his trusty sword. 640

Ope now your Helicon, and prompt, ye Nine!
 What kings were rais'd to war; what armies each
 Led to the field; e'en then how fair Italia
 Flourisht with heroes, flamed with martial arms.
 For you remember, Deities! you can tell. 645
 Hardly to us hath reacht the breath of fame.
 First arms to war fierce from the Tuscan coast
 His bands Mezentius, who contemn'd the Gods,
 Near him his son young Lausus' graceful bloom
 Inferior only to high Turnus' mien: 650

Lausus

Laufus the horseman and the huntsman famed,
Leads from Agille in vain his following train,
His thousand ; worthy a better father's rule ;
Nor to have call'd the proud Mezentius fire. 654
Crown'd with the palm next shews his rolling car
And conquering courfers great Alcides' son
Great Aventine, and on his father's shield
The Hydra, girt with hundred crawling snakes.
Him on mount Aventine the priestess Rhea
Teem'd in the woods to the etherial light 660
By stoln embrace ; when the Tyrrhian God,
From Geryon slain, came conqueror to Laurentum,
And wash't th' Iberian herds in Tiber's streams.
Piles they to battle and the deadly pike
Bear, and round daggers with the Sabine broach.
Himself on foot a vast grim Lion's hide, 666
Rough, bristly, grinning dire with ivory teeth,
Whirl'd round his head ; thus to the royal court
Stalks horrid, clad an Hercules compleat.
Next the two brothers, leaving Tibur's walls ; 670
So from their brother Tiburs named the town :
Brave Coras and Catillus, Argive youths,
March in the front amid the thickest darts.
So when descending from a mountain's height,
Two cloud-born Centaurs, Omle and Othry's snows
Leave

Leave with a rapid motion; cede the woods 676
High, aw-struck, flat, with all the crashing groves.
Here too the founder of Præneste's towers:
Of Vulcan born among the herds a king,
Found on a hearth too, such the ancient fame, 680
Cæculus, whom wide the rural legion guards;
Who in Præneste dwell, or Juno's Gabii,
Beside cold Anio, or the Hernic rocks
Bedew'd with rills: who rich Anagnia's chear
Taste, or the Am'son's. All yet had not arms, 685
Loud shield, or rattling chariot; whirling most
Lead livid bullets; some two jav'lins bear,
And veil their heads with wolfskin tawny caps.
With left foot naked march they on to war,
And with raw leather-buskin on the right. 690
And Messap famous horseman, Neptune's Son,
Whom Fate preserved from hostile fire and sword;
His now long-flumbering clans, unus'd to war,
Rais'd to resume the steel, and march abroad.
These lead the Fescennines and just Falisci. 695
With who hold strong Soracte, Flavinia's plains,
Ciminus' mount or lake, and Cap'ne's groves.
Marching in equal ranks they sang their king.
So 'mid the liquid clouds the snowy swans
From food return'd; with long distended throats 700
Swell

Swell tuneful raptures o'er the echoing streams,
And Asia's distant pool responsive.

Less seem'd the hosts a brazen army drawn,
Than from the ocean like an airy cloud
Of sea-fowl hoarse, and flying to the shore. 705

Lo from the ancient blood of Sabines Clausus
Leads his great army, himself an army seems.
From whom deriving spread our Claudian tribe
Thro' Latium, Rome embracing then the Sabines.
With him Amtern's vast cohort, th' old Quirites, 710
All Er'tum's bands, the olive-bearing Mut'scæ;
Those of Nomente, Velinus' Rosean plains,
Tetrica's rugged rocks, Severus' mount,
Casperia, Foruli, Hymella's streams:
Tiber who drink and Fabris; whom cold Nursia 715
Sent with the Hortinian troops, and Latin clans,
And whom sad Allia's direful streams divide,
Thick as the billows Libya's chrystal rolls,
When fierce Orion drives the winter tides;
Or thick as early summer's ripening ears 720
On Hermus' plain, or Lycia's golden field;
Ring the shields: trampled quakes the dusty earth.
Hence Agamemnon's son, the foe of Troy,
Halefus yoked his steeds, and snatch't to Turnus
A thousand nations fierce; whose fallows bear 725
Bacchus'

Bacchus' rich Massic: whom too from their hills
 Sent the old Aurunes: who too left thy shore,
 Sid'cine! who Cales, and Vulturnus' ford
 Inhabit, and the rough Saticulum: (darts
 And th' Oscan bands. These their round missile
 Bear tied, so wont they, to a pliant thong: 731
 Shielding their left-hand, fight with crooked swords.

Nor shall my Muse leave OEbal! thee unsung,
 Whom to old Telon Nymph Sebethis bore,
 While he o'er Teleboan Capreae reign'd. 735
 But not content the son with his demain;
 Wide to his sov'reign power subdued around
 Sarraftes' nations, and where Sarnus flows,
 The Ruffæ, Bat'lum, and Celenæ's fields,
 And whom strong 'Bella's orchards view below: 740
 Whirling as wont the Teutons, barbed darts,
 And wearing helmets of the bark of cork;
 Brafs-glittering bucklers, brazen glittering swords.
 Thee too the Nurfæ-Hills to battle sent,
 Ufens! auspicious warlike chief renown'd. 745
 His clan the fiercest, wont to hunt the woods,
 The AEqui nourish't in a hardy foil.
 In arms they till the ground, still booty fresh
 Joy to convey, and live on plunder's hoard.

Came too from the Marruvian race a priest, 750

His

His helmet with the happy olive wreath'd,
 Sent by the king Achippus, valiant Umbro:
 Whose soporific charms and gentle hand
 O'er the snake-kind and Hydra's pois'nous breath,
 Had power to mitigate the raging bite: 755
 But could not heal the gash of Dardan spear,
 Nor his own wound avail'd his soothing charms,
 Or herbs collected in the Marſian hills.
 Thee Angia's grove, thee Fucine's glaſſy waves,
 Thee wept the liquid lakes. 760

Went too Hippol'tus' noble warlike ſon,
 Great Virbius, whom Aricia bore and ſent;
 Bred in Egeria's grove, and near the ſhore,
 Where Dian's rich and gentle altar ſtood. 764
 Fame ſings, Hippolte when by the ſtepdame's art
 His blood ſpilt glutted the blind father's rage,
 Torn by th' affrighted courſers, up return'd
 To the etherial ſtars, and heavenly air,
 Recall'd by Pæan's herbs and Dian's love.
 Then Jove incens'd, that from the nether ſhades 770
 A mortal reſcend the vital light,
 Frown'd on the art's inventor Phœbus' ſon,
 And bolted headlong in the Stygian waves.
 Hippolte Diana in her ſecret ſeats
 Hid, and entrusted to the nymph Egeria: 775
 Where

Where lonely lives he in the Latian groves
 Ignoble, changing his for Virbius' name.
 Therefore from Dian's fane and sacred groves
 Driv'n the hornfooted steeds: since they on shore
 Scar'd by Sea-monsters flung the hero's car. 780
 Nor less the son yet o'er th' unbounded plain
 Dares bowling lash his fiery steeds to war.

First in the van, lo! Turnus' noble mien
 March't arm'd superiour by the graceful head:
 Whose triple-plum'd high-crested helmet shew'd 785
 Chimæra's jaws disgorging AEtna's fires,
 Still fiercer roaring with the direful flames,
 As the shed blood enflames the kindling fight.
 On his light buckler, lo! with lofty horns
 Io, the heifer's finish'd form in gold, 790
 Great argument! the virgin's guardian Argus.
 And her fire's river pouring from his urn.
 Follows a shower of foot, and shielded ranks,
 Thick o'er th' extended champion: th'Argive youth
 Th'Auruncan forces, Rutlians, old Sicani, 795
 Sacranian files, the Lab'ci's painted shields,
 With who the Tiber-woods, Numicus' shore,
 Or cultivate the rough Rutulian hills.
 And Circe's ridge: what fields th'Auxurian Jove
 Guards, and the blith Feronia's verdant groves: 800

Where

Where Satur's black pool lies; and Ufens cool
Through the deep valleys straying dives the main.

Came too with these Camille of Volscan line,
Heading her squadrons drawn in brilliant arms.

Not she Minerva's distaff wont to tease 805

And arts effeminate: but heroic Maid!

War's toils to bear, run and outstrip the wind.

Oft o'er the waving corn Camilla flew

Untouching, nor would bruise the tender ear.

Now o'er the ocean on a billow hung 810

Rapid, nor tinged the brine her tender foot.

Forth from the town and country, all the youth

And matrons crowding at her swiftnefs gazed

Gaping astonish't, how the purple robes

Graced her fair shoulders! how her buckled locks

Claspt with gold! how her Lycian quiver hung!

How wav'd her steel-tipt pastoral myrtle-spear. 817

War's signal Turnus from Laurentum's tower,
 Soon as he rais'd with the shrill trumpet's sound,
 Shook his rein'd fiery steeds, and clasp'd his arms:
 Strait spread th' alarm; and with confusion wild
 Latium's confederate states, and all their youth 5
 Rage desperate. First the chiefs Messapus, Ufens,
 And heaven's grand foe, Mezentius from around
 Raise succours, and exhaust the country wide.
 Ven'lus dispatch they to great Diomed's court
 For succours, shewing: 'Th' Ilians now in Latium;
 Aeneas' fleet arriv'd, and vanquish'd Gods; 11
 How he demands the realm, as due by fate;
 And now engaging to him many states,
 Spreads wide in Latium a respectful name:
 What schemed he further; how if fortune smiled,
 Would push his conquests, he could better judge,
 Than or king Turnus, or the king Latinus. 17

All this in Latium the Dardanic prince
 Sees, boils, and fluctuates with a tide of cares:
 Now here, now there quick his divided mind 20
 Snatch't to all sides, and every scheme revolv'd.
 So if in brazen vats the wat'ry glare
 Trembling reflect the sun, or radiant moon:
 The image flits around; now upward darts;
 And strikes the cieling of the lofty hall. 25

Z

Night

Night reign'd o'er weary mortals thro' the globe,
 And beasts and birds in slumbers lay dissolv'd;
 When on a bank 'neath heav'n's cool azure vault,
 The fire deep troubled at the plagues of war,
 Reclining late indulg'd his frame to rest. 30

The guardian here sweet-flowing Tiber's God
 Rose to his eye among the poplar boughs,
 Veil'd with fine azure cambric flowing deep,
 And interwove his locks with shady reed;
 And mild addressing thus reliev'd his thoughts: 35
 Offspring of heaven! who from the foe our Troy
 Rebringing now hast saved th' eternal towers:
 Thou long in Latium and Laurentum wish't,
 Here thy fix't mansion, thy fix't country Gods.
 Shrink not at war's alarms. The pow'rs of heaven 40
 Remit thee all their anger.

And lest this vision seem an empty dream;
 Thou on the shore a fow beneath the oaks
 Shalt find immense with thirty head of young,
 White, lying on the ground, her sucklings white. 45
 Here shalt thou build thy toils a settled rest.
 Hence in thrice ten revolving years shall rise
 Afcanio's noble town, from them named Alba.
 Sure what I say. Now how the enterprize
 Thou may'st atchieve victorious, briefly hear. 50

From

From Pallas sprung th' Arcadians on these coasts:
 Who following king Evander, fought his wars;
 A mansion chose, and on the mountains built,
 Naming from him, the city Pallanteum.

These wage with Latium a perpetual war. 55

These to thy camp take thou thy firm allies.

Myself will by the banks and river strait,

Aiding thy oars, there lead thee up the stream.

Rise hero! Pay with the first dying stars

Due prayers to Juno. Melt her rigours dire, 60

Suppliant with vows. So my just honours thou

Shalt pay victorious. I whose plenteous streams

Graze on these banks, and cut the fertile meads,

Am the blue Tiber river dear to heaven:

Here dwell, and flowing head my imperial towns. 65

This said, he plung'd in the wide lake's abyss,

Deep diving. Left of night and sleep, AEneas

Rose, and th' ethereal sun's gay orient light

Viewing devoutly, in his hands a wave

Of Tiber caught, and thus address'd the skies: 70

Ye Nymphs! Laurentian Nymphs! whence rivers

And thou, sire Tiber! with thy holy streams! (spring,

Receive AEneas, and from perils save.

Thou! who our toils thus pity'st, whate'er fount

Holds thee, or whate'er foil thy windings grace: 75

Still shall my honours crown thee, still my gifts.
Horn'd River! king of the Hesperian waves!
O now be present, and approve thy powers.

Thus saying, chose two gallies from the fleet,
New rigg'd, and clad his friends in complete arms.
Lo! then miraculous sudden meets his eye, 81
White in the woods with her like-colour'd young,
The sow recumbent on the verdant shore.
Offering to Juno this the pious chief
Slays, and at th' altar placed with all her flock. 85
That whole night Tiber his high-swelling tides
Check't, and back-rolling flood with silent wave,
Still as a gentle lake, or curling pool,
Spreading a plain to the unlabouring oars.
Their destin'd course they speed with gleeful shouts.
Swift glides the compact fir: the gazing waves 91
And groves admire th' unwonted brilliant shields,
And heroes' painted keels how swim the streams.
Their oars they plying ceaseless day and night,
Gain the long windings, and thro' forest-glades 95
Cut the green foliage in the chrystal plain.

Now had Sol's fires the heaven's mid orbit scaled,
When th' walls and fort and thin-strown house's tops
Rise far to view. Tho' equal now to heaven,
Great Rome was then Evander's humble state. 100

Swiftly

Swiftly they turn the prow, and reach the town.
 That day by chance the king his solemn rites
 To Herc'les and the faints, before the town
 Was paying in the grove with his son Pallas,
 All the young nobles and poor senate call'd. 105
 The blood and incense at the altar smoke.
 When the tall ships they mid the shady grove
 Saw gliding up and ply the silent oars:
 Struck at th' alarming sight, all from the feast
 Rise; but not suffering t' interrupt the rites 110
 Bold Pallas flies, advancing sword in hand;
 Yet far off on an em'nence: Wherefore, Sirs!
 Tempt you an unknown path? Say, Whither bound?
 Whence sprung? Where dwell ye? Bring you peace or
 Aeneas answers from the lofty poop, (war?
 Holding to view the peaceful olive branch: 116
 Troy's sons you see against the Latins arm'd,
 By them expel'd, still vex'd with haughty war:
 Bound for Evander. 'Tell him, how arriv'd
 The Dardan chiefs crave his confederate arms. 120
 Struck with the name, then Pallas stood amazed:
 Land, O whoe'er thou! speak before my fire,
 And Stranger! come to our hospitable Gods.
 Then takes him by the hand with warm embrace.
 On from the river haste they to the Grove. 125

Then thus AEneas kindly greets the king:
 Thou best of Greeks! to whom by fortune led,
 I come a suppliant with this holy branch:
 I never fear'd, tho' you a Grecian chief,
 Arcadian, and in blood allied the Atridæ. 130
 But my prov'd piety, heaven's awful signs,
 Our kindred fires, your fame o'er all the world,
 To you, Sir! join me, following pleas'd my fates.
 Dardan, prime founder of the Ilian towers,
 From great Electra, say the Grecians, sprung, 135
 Arriv'd to Troy: Electra Atlas' child,
 Whose mighty shoulder bears th' etherial spheres.
 Mercury your father; whom the blooming May
 Conceived, and bore on cold Cyllene's top.
 And May, if fame may win our credit, sprang 140
 From the same Atlas bears the starry skies.
 Thus from one stem dividing both are come.
 Hence nor by legates, nor by previous arts
 Trying your measures; but in person come,
 Have thrown myself and fortune on your power,
 By the same race pursued, as you, with war: 146
 Nor we expelled, will Daunia then demur
 T' enslave the whole Hesperia's inmost realms,
 And hold what th' Upper sea and Nether laves.
 Plight with us faith. We too have martial breasts; 150
 Have

Have youth and vigour, prov'd in war's alarms.

Thus while he spake: Evander looking fixt
His eyes and countenance and whole person view'd,
Then thus: How pleas'd, thou bravest son of Troy!
I know thee, and embrace! How in thy words, 155
Features and voice recal thy mighty fire,
Anchise. For coming to his sister's court
Hesion of Salamis, the monarch Priam
Forward advanc't to cool Arcadia's plains.
Then on my cheeks first blush't the youthful bloom.
Much I admired his generals, much himself, 161
But chief Anchises' far superior mien.
My youthful soul enamour'd, burn'd to accost,
And joining hands engage the hero's faith.
I hail'd and fondly led him up to Pheneus. 165
A noble quiver he with Lycian darts
Gave me at parting, a gold-broider'd vest,
And the gold-harness now my Pallas rides.
Hence what you ask, I give my plighted hand:
And when the radiant morn shall gild the world, 170
Hence will dismiss you, fraught with men and arms.
Meanwhile these rites, (since here in friendship come,)
Annual and strictly kept; now kind with us
Cel'brate, commencing hospitable ties.
Then calls to set again the chear and bowls: 175

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Ranges the heroes on their grassy seats,
 To his own couch with shaggy lion's hide
 Taking AEneas, and his maple throne.
 Then the choice youth elate, and holy priest,
 Bring the bull's roast-meat; and the baskets fill 180
 With Ceres' finest gifts; and Bacchus pour.
 Then feast AEneas, and the Trojan youth,
 On a whole ox's chine, and hallow'd bowels.

Now fill'd their hunger, thus th' Arcadian king:
 No blind devotion these our solemn rites, 185
 This annual feast, the Heroe's altar here,
 Impos'd, or ignorance of th' immortal Gods.
 But saved, my Trojan friend! from perils dire,
 These sacred honours grateful we renew.
 There on its rocks suspended, see the cliff, 190
 Th' wide-scatter'd fragments, the mount's mansion
 And the long train of crags, stupendous wreck! (waste,
 Deep in the vast recess there lay the cave,
 Where dwelt the man-beast Cacus' hideous form:
 To the Sun-beams impervious. Still the ground 195
 Smok'd with fresh slaughter: on the haughty doors
 Men's faces pale hung, 'smear'd with horrid gore.
 Himself the son of Vulcan, whose black fires
 Thick he disgorging stalkt a monstrous mass.
 Time to our aid long-wishing, brought at length 200

The

The God's arrival. For the avenger came,
Girt in the spoils of triple Geryon slain,
Herc'les! and conqueror here his bulls immense
Drove with his herds t' enjoy this water'd vale.
But Cacus' fury, leaving nought untried. 205
Or of dark treach'ry, or of heinous act;
Turn'd from his stalls two bulls of stately bulk,
As many heifers of superior form:
And lest their steps direct betray the theft,
Drag'd by the tail; and with inverted trace 210
Snatcht to his cave, and hid in shady rocks.
His search no marks directed to the cave.
But from the stalls soon as his fodder'd herds,
For change of pasture, the Amphitryon led,
At parting low'd his heifers, Wide their plaints 215
Fill'd the whole grove, and their dear echoing hills.
One from the den immense return'd the cry,
And lowing frustrates Cacus' watchful hopes.
Then Herc'les' gall swell'd black with boiling rage,
Snatcht up his arms, and ponderous knotted club,
Ran, and th' aerial mountain's summit gain'd. 221
Then first we saw grim Cacus roll alarm'd
His eyes aghast. Swifter than Eurus, flies
He to his cavern on the wings of fear:
Skulks deep within; and bursting th' iron chains, 225
Lets

Lets down the massy rock his Father's art
 Hung o'er his cave, and blocks the pillar'd jaws,
 Lo! furious comes Tirynthus, views around
 All access, turns his eyes now here, now there, 229
 Grinding his teeth; thrice views with boiling ire
 The whole mount Avent; thrice the rocky mouth
 Storm'd in vain; thrice sunk fainting in the vale,
 Stood a sharp cliff with craggy rocks around,
 O'er the vast cave, projecting high to view:
 Where direful roosted every bird of night: 235
 Prone its brow westward hanging o'er the flood.
 He from the east push't straining; shook and rent
 Loose from the deepest roots; thence sudden forc't
 Headlong. The fall convuls't the echoing spheres,
 Wide start the banks. Back roll th' affrighted tides.
 And Cacus' royal cavern opening vast, 241
 Disclos'd to view each inmost gloomy hold:
 As if Earth's womb convuls't should gaping wide,
 Unlock hell's dungeons, and reveal the realms
 Pale and abhor'd of heaven with the hideous gulf:
 Day's radiance darting on th' astounded ghosts. 246
 On him thus caught in unexpected light,
 Deep pent within the rock and braying dire,
 Herc'les thick bolting calls for all his arms,
 And plies with trunks and millstones' monstrous
 weight. He

He then, for now from danger no escape, 251
Deep from his jaws vast fumes incredible
Disgorging, wraps his house in blackness dark
Blinding his eyes; and rolls within his den
Night's driving vapours, darkness, fire and pitch. 255
Vex't and exasperate Herc'les thro' the fire
Flew headlong; where the thickest billowy blasts
Raged thro' the caves, of smoke and pitchy clouds:
Here in the darkness belching vain his fires, (prest;
Seiz'd, grasp't, and cramp't him strangling; close com-
Squeez'd out his eyeballs, and throat's vital blood.
Forcing the doors then the black mansion opes,
Draws the steers ravish'd and with oaths denied,
And drags th' unshapely carcase by the heels
Forth to light. All insatiate gazing view 265
The monster's dreadful eyes and features grim,
Rough bristly breast, and jaws' extinguish'd fires.
Thence to his memory every joyous age
This day have kept. And first the great Potitius
And Pinrius' house, the priests of Hercules, 270
Built in the grove this altar sacred still,
And dear to us and every future age.
Boys! then in honour of the hero's worth
Bind garlands round your hair. Reach forth the bowls.
Hail our great God, and pour the grateful wines. 275
Thus

Thus he, when Herc'les' mixt-hued poplar shade
Knit in their locks, and hanging by the leaves,
The holy bowl too holding; strait they all
Pour joyous on the board, and hail the saints. 279
Now down the heaven, when came the evening star,
And all the priests and first Potitius walk't
Waving lit torches, clad in the wonted skins:
The feast renewing, they the second chear
Rear in full baskets on the altar piled.
Then round the smoking altars dance to song 285
The Salii, all with poplar garlands crown'd,
Blith here the blooming, there the hoary choirs:
Hymning Alcides' deeds, how first his hand
Crush't the fly stepdame's two prodigious snakes;
How too he razed the Martial cities famed, 290
Troy and OEchalia; how his thousand toils
'Neath king Eurystheus by stern Juno's fates
Surmounted. Thou the cloud-born Centaurs slay'st,
Hylus and Pholus, Hero! Thou the Crete's
Dread monster, and Nemea's lion vast. 295
Thee Styx fled trembling; thee hell's porter fled,
Stretcht o'er his bloody den's half-eaten bones.
No form dismays thee; nor Typhæus' self,
Towering and arm'd, Nor thou confounded, sawst
Round thee the Hydra's thick invading heads. 300
Hail!

Hail! Jove's own'd offspring thron'd among the Gods!
Deign us and thy own rites thy present aid.
Such praises hymning they throw over all
Both Den and Cacus' self expiring fires.
Wide the loud forest rings, and hills rebound: 305

Thus they, the solemn rites concluded, speed
All to the town returning. Th' ancient king
Now on AEneas leaning, now his son
Walkt, and with various talk beguil'd the way.
AEneas turns his quick admiring eyes. 310
Wide round the scenes enamour'd, asks, and pleas'd
Hears full the monuments of ancient worth.

Thus the old Founder of the Roman tower:
These groves the native Fawns and Nymphs possess
And men from trunks of solid oaks disclos'd, 315
Who nor knew rule nor culture nor the plow;
Or wealth to accumulate, or spare the hoard:
But lived on wild-fruits, and the salvage chace.
First from the high Olympus Saturn came
Flying Jove's bolt, dethron'd, expel'd his realm.
He the rude race, wide scatter'd o'er the hills, 321
Settled; and gave 'em laws: and Latium call'd
This coast, where first he found a seat secure.
The golden age beneath that monarch smiled,
He in such peaceful calm the nations ruled; 325
Till

Till fading gradual came a baser age,
The rage of war, and lust of regal wealth.
Then pour'd Ausonia and Sicilia's clans,
And oft Saturnia's region changed its name.
Then kings : and Tybris' rough gigantic size, 330
From whom th' Italian stream was Tiber call'd :
And ancient Albula has lost its name.
Expel'd my country I follow'd Ocean's bounds,
Till Fortune fixt me and resistless Fate
Here in this clime : here my dread mother's voice
The nymph Carmente and high Apollo led. 336
Then walking onward shews the holy shrine,
And the Carmental port, so call'd in Rome
Of yore in honour of Carmenta's name :
The Nymph prophetic, who had first foretold 340
Th' Aeneads' greatness and Pallantum's fame.
Then the vast grove, brave Rom'lus fixt Asylum,
Shews ; and beneath the cold rock the Lupercal,
Sacred to Arcadia's God Lycæan Pan.
Next Argilete th' inhospitable grove : 345
Attests the place, and tells how Argus slain :
Then the Tarpeii, and the Capitol,
Now rich in gold, then rough with thorny wilds.
E'en then the swains, with pious horror struck,
Dreaded the scene : e'en then the wood and rock.

In

In this grove, fays he, this hill's leafy top 351
Dwells (who unknown) a God, th' Arcadians fay
Jove; and have feen him oft his fable fhield
Shake in his right, and drive the rolling clouds.

Here too the towns behold with ruin'd walls, 355
And th' ancient Heroe's ftanding monuments.

This the Sire Janus, that old Saturn built,
Janiculum this, and that Saturnia call'd.

Thus he, when they the poor Evander's court
Arriving, view'd around the lowing herds; 360

Where now Rome's Forum and Carinæ's fquares.

Now at his feat, Thefe gates, fays he, the great
Alcides enter'd, this his palace famed.

Dare defpife riches, Friend! and prove thyfelf
Worthy a God; nor fcorn my needy ftate. 365

Thus faying, into his low palace leads
The Ilian chief; and placed him on the bed,
Spread with foft leaves, and hide of Libyan bear.
Night's dusky wings now haft'ning rapt the world;
When anxious, nor in vain, the mother Venus 370
Shockt by Laurentum's wide united wars,
Hails her fpoufe Vulcan in his golden bed;
And breathing Love's celestial accent sweet:

While Argos' warlike princes ranfack't Troy, 374
Her doom now come, and burnt her falling towers;

I for

I for the wretches craved, no aid, nor arms
 Of thy invention; nor, my dearest Lord!
 Would teaze thee, or employ thy labours vain:
 Tho' much I ow'd then to great Priam's race,
 And oft had wept AEneas' cruel toils. 380
 Now by Jove's order he on Latium's coast;
 I come to crave of thy most honour'd power,
 Arms for my son. Thee could Aurora's tears,
 Thee Nereu's daughter soften to her will.
 See what towns gather; what walls shut their gates,
 And whet their blades to ruin me and mine. 386

Then he demurring, she her snowy arms
 Threw round him soft careffing. Soon he caught
 The wonted flame: and piercing deep his nerves
 Shot the known ardour thro' his melting frame; 390
 Swift as when bursting in a lightning flash,
 Darts the bolt's radiance thro' the opening clouds.
 She smiled, triumphant in her conscious charms.
 Then he enthal'd in love's eternal bond:
 Why fetch the sea's examples, Goddess? Where 395
 Your wont affiance? Had you so desir'd,
 Then too might I have arm'd your Trojan chiefs.
 Nor the Almighty Sire nor Fates forbad
 Priam's great empire stand ten other years.
 And now if war be your determin'd scheme: 400

Whate'er

Whate'er my art can promise to atchieve;
 Whate'er can forge from steel or liquid gold,
 What fire and air can serve you, cease to ask:
 Nor doubt your sovereign empire in my soul.
 Then gave the long'd embrace; and on her lap 405
 Sinking, relax't his frame in gentle sleep.
 Now when Night's Chariot rolling past the height
 Broke the first slumbers; when the matron first,
 Who by her distaff lives, and Pallas' art,
 Wakes the heap't ashes, and the sleeping fires; 410
 Nor the night sparing, with her maids till day
 Works a long task; to keep thus undefiled
 Her nuptial bed, and rear her little babes.
 So from his downy couch the god of fire
 Now wakeful rose up to his forging toils. 415

An isle near Sic'ly and th' AEolian Lipari
 Emergent lifted high its foaming rocks:
 Whose caves, and what the Cyclops' forge had min'd,
 The dens of AEtna to the anvil's blows
 Thunder'd re-echoing, and the hissing bars, 420
 And the strong brayings of the furnace-fires.
 Vulcan's old house, Vulcania call'd the land.
 Here he descending from the heights of heaven,
 Finds beating iron in his vast den the Cyclops,
 Bront, Sterops and Pyracmon's naked limbs. 425

A a

Now

Now glow'd on hand unform'd and polish't part,
 A bolt of Jove, such as he oft thro' heaven
 Threw on the Earth, and yet unfinish't part.
 Three forks of hail-storm add they: three of rain,
 Three of red fire, and the wing'd southern blast. 430
 Now the dread lightnings add, and stunning peals,
 'Terroure and vengeance with its train of flames.
 There ply they Mars's car and rapid wheels,
 In which the heroes he and cities wakes;
 And th' awful shield the frowning Pallas wore, 435
 Ambitious gild with serpent's golden scales,
 The twisted snakes, and on the goddess' breast
 The Gorgon's head struck off and turning eyes.

Hence with all these. Unfinish't leave your task.
 Here (cries he) turn your studious thoughts, my Cy-
 Arms for a son of Mars now ask your strength. (clops!
 Now quick dispatch. Now your most noble art.
 Come, no delay: nor saying more, they all
 Ply instant each to his allotted toil.
 Brass flows in rivers, and the liquid gold: 445
 And fatal steel in the vast furnace boils.
 A mighty shield they form itself enough
 T' all Latium's darts: seven orbs in orbs involv'd.
 Some in the brazen bellows gales of wind
 Draw and refund. Some in the bason tinge 450

The

The hissing brags. 'Neath th' anvil groans the den.
 Their arms' big muscles they alternate lift
 True, while the griping tongs still turn the mass.

Thus while the fire speeds in the AEolian coast,
 The fair Aurora wakes th' Arcadian king, 455
 And th' early trill beneath his humble roof.
 The sage arose, put on his homely coat,
 And bound the Tuscan sandals on his feet.
 Then girding to his side th' Arcadian sword,
 Down from his left throws back his Panther's hide,
 And from his portal his two faithful dogs 461
 Joy to attend their royal master's steps.
 Thus to his friend AEneas' seat retired
 Goes he, not mindless of his plighted faith.
 Nor him less early meets the Trojan chief. 465
 He with young Pallas, this Achates comes.
 They meet; join hands; and sat amid the hall
 Freely enjoy their late discourse renew'd.
 Thus then the king begins:

High Teucrian chief! who safe, I ne'er shall think
 Troy vanquish't, nor her ancient empire fallen: 471
 Small to so great a name, what martial aids
 My strength can give: here bound by Tuscan streams,
 There prest our walls with Rutlia's clashing arms.
 But mighty nations, rich and powerful realms, 475

Mean I t' obtain you. Whence beyond your hope
 The destin'd safety your arrival crowns.
 Not far hence, founded on an ancient rock,
 The town Agylle, where Lydia's warlike tribes
 Erst settling sat on the Etrurian hills. 480
 Long the state flourish'd, 'till with lordly sway
 The king Mezentius broke it to his will.
 What murders dire! and acts of tyrant-rage!
 Heaven on his head repay it, and his sons!
 Dead bodies oft he to the living join'd 485
 Ingenious! hands to hands, and face to face,
 Torturing; and flew in floods of blood and gore,
 Thus with a loath'd embrace, and lingering death:
 Till rose his people on the fiend accurst;
 And with a desperate force invest his court, 490
 Behead his friends, and palace rap in flames.
 He, mid the slaughter into Rutlia 'scaped,
 Flies for protection to kind Turnus' arms.
 Fir'd with just vengeance, all Etruria rise;
 Arm; and demand the tyrant t' instant death. 495
 Thou shalt AEneas! lead these num'rous bands.
 Thick o'er the shores their vessels riding roar,
 Mad for a leader: scarce the seer restrains,
 Singing: O you the brave and blooming heirs
 Of Lydia's ancient heroes, whom just rage 500
 And

And vengeance fires against the fell Mezentius!
 Ne'er shall Italian form so great a state.
 Elect a stranger. Strait th' Etrurian hosts
 Here pitch't obedient to the voice of heaven.
 Lately to me their crown and scepter sent 505
 Tarchon with all the regal ornaments,
 To join their camp, and rule the Tuscan realms.
 But the dull frost of an exhausted age
 Envies me empire, and my strength's decay.
 And for my son, he of a Sabin born 510
 Calls that his country. Thou whose years and race
 Fate smiles on more, and whom the Gods invite;
 Reign thou O Troy's and Latium's valiant chief.
 This too accept thou, all my hope and joy,
 Pallas. Learn he beneath thy rule to bear 515
 War, and the toils of Mars; behold thy deeds;
 Admire, and early to thyself be form'd.
 Two hundred horse, Arcadia's choicest youth,
 Myself will give thee; Pallas shall the same.

Scarce had he spoke, and with a downcast look
 AEneas stood, and his true friend Achates, 521
 Pensive revolving the dire ills of war:
 But Venus gave a sign in th' open heaven.
 For sudden from the skies a flashing fire 524
 Thunder'd, and seem'd to shake the falling world,

And swell thro' th' echoing sphere the Tuscan trump.
 Up look they. Again, again the thunders burst.
 Lo! arms between the clouds in heaven's serene,
 Glare thro' th' expanse, and clash tremendous peals.
 All were amaz'd. But Venus' son her word 530
 Pleas'd recollecting, blest th' auspicious sound:
 'Then thus addrest Evander; Ask not, friend!
 What these portend. I now am claim'd of heaven.
 This the kind signal Venus to her son
 Promis'd at war's approach; and Vulcan's arms 535
 Auxiliar brings me down the skies.
 Ah! what dire slaughters hang o'erwretched Latium!
 What pains o'er Turnus' head! How thick will float
 Shields, helms, and warriors with old Tiber's waves!
 Now let 'em cry for war, and break my leagues. 540

Thus saying rose he from his lofty throne:
 First the Herculean altars' slumbering fires
 Wakes, and the late devotions to his Gods
 Renewing, flays the wonted sheep select.
 With him Evander, and the Trojan Youth. 545
 Thence he his fleet revisits, and his friends:
 From their great numbers to attend his wars
 The brave selecting. Swift the rest descend,
 Borne at full leisure with the gentle stream,
 To inform Ascanio of his Father's state. 550

Steeds

Steeds they give all who with AEneas came :
 To him the noblest in the yellow spoils
 Glad of a lion and the golden paws.
 Fame thro' the little city sudden flies
 Of horse advancing to the Tuscan court. 555
 Their vows redouble now the anxious dames;
 Viewing more near fell war's augmented form.

Then took his last embrace the Sire Evander,
 Claspt to his breast, and with insatiate tears :
 O wou'd kind heaven restore my youthful strength!
 As when the front-rank 'neath Preneste's wall 561
 I fell'd, and conqueror burn't the piles of shields,
 And this right arm sent Heril to the shades,
 The king Feronia bore with triple lives,
 Dread champion! with a triple armour girt, 565
 Three mortal falls requiring: whom this hand
 Thrice yet of life bereav'd, thrice stript his arms:
 I nor wou'd now from this thy sweet embrace
 Son! e'er be torn: nor e'er Mezentius' sword
 Insulting so had on my borders raged, 570
 Nor slain such numbers of my widow'd towers.
 O you Immortals! and Heaven's mighty Lord
 Thou Jove! O pity the Arcadian king!
 And hear a father's prayers. If your kind powers
 My Pallas' safety, and the Fates permit; 575

If I might living meet his glad return,
 Protract my age, protract its every toil.
 But if dire fortune aims some heavy blow ;
 Now now O may I break life's cruel ties,
 While griefs yet doubtful, hope yet glim'ring smiles:
 While I, dear youth! my late, my only joy, 581
 Thus holds thee; nor let pierce the bitter news
 My wounded Ear surviving. Thus the fire;
 And fainting bear him thence his guards to court.

Now thro' the opening gates the heroes ride, 585
 AEneas in the front and his Achates.
 Next th' other Ilian chiefs in center shone,
 Pallas in purple clad and painted arms,
 Fair as when bath'd in Ocean, Lucifer
 Dearest to Venus of the starry fires, 590
 Lifts his pure face in heaven, and cheers the shades.
 Dames from the walls pursue, with trembling eyes,
 The clouds of dust, and brilliant brazen files:
 While thro' the thickets, where the nearest way
 Th'arm'd squadrons march embodied; and with shouts
 Thick the horse trampling shake the echoing ground.

Rose a vast grove, near Cære's chilling stream,
 Hallow'd of yore far wide, with hollow hills
 Inclos'd, and shades of gloomy fir around.
 This to Sylvanus hallow'd th' ancient Greeks, 600

The

The rural God, and kept a sacred day,
The first possessors of the Latin coast.
Not far hence Tarcho with his Tyrrhene bands
Chose a safe post: where from the hills were seen
Pitcht the whole legion o'er the spacious plain. 605
Here too Aeneas with the martial youth
Came; and fatigu'd, refresh themselves and horse.

Here the fair Venus 'mid th' etherial clouds
Brings him the gifts; and in a vale retir'd
Seeing alone far from the chilling streams: 610
She first advanc't, and thus addrest her son:
Lo Son! these finish't by my comfort's art,
Your promis'd gifts. Hence nor the proud Laurentes
Decline thou, nor fierce Turnus in the field.

Thus she, and courting fond her son's embrace,
Placed 'neath an oak in view the radiant arms. 616
He with her gifts and noble honours pleas'd,
Infatiate roll'd o'er all his gazing eyes;
And long admiring handled oft and turn'd
The dreadful crested and flame-belching helm, 620
The fatal sword, and brazen corset stiff,
Bloody and huge, as when an azure cloud
Flames far refulgent with the solar rays;
The polisht greaves then of the purest gold,
Spear, and the broad mysterious figur'd shield: 625
There

There the Italian state and Roman triumphs,
Not unacquainted with the book of fate,
Vulcan had figured: there thy latest heirs,
And their long roll, Ascanio! of battles fought,
Just yean'd was wrought, in Mars's mossy cave, 630
Lying along the wolf; whose teats around
Hang playful the male twins, and suck the dam
Fearless, while she, with sleek round neck reclin'd,
Alternate fostering licks 'em into form.
Rome, and th' unprecedented ravisht Sabines, 635
Within the spacious cirque at solemn games,
Were figur'd; with the train of wars entail'd
On Rome by Tatius and his rigid Cures.
There reconcil'd stand both the kings in arms,
Before Jove's altar, and with flowing bowls, 640
Offer a sow, and form the holy league.
Here Metius rackt by the four rapid steeds:
Better had th'Alban kept his plighted faith!
Tullus the Traytor's bowels thro' the woods 644
Drag'd, and bedew'd the brambles with his blood.
Tarquin th' expel'd Porfenna's court receives,
Rome's towers investing with a mighty siege.
Th' AEneads rush to war in freedom's cause.
Lo! Tarquin's wrathful features, storming air, 649
Desperate, that Cocles dared break down the bridge,
And

And Clælia burst her bonds, and swam the flood.
Manlius, the guardian of Tarpeii's tower,
Before the temple holds the Capitol;
Where Romulus' palace shews its new-laid straw.
Here too in silver fluttering, see the goose 655
Thro' the gold cloysters sings the Gauls approach:
Who thro' the thickets seizing now the tower,
Safe in the darkness and the shades of night,
Deckt with gold tresses, and a golden vest
Glow in stript tunics; and their milky necks 660
With golden chains. Each wields two Alpine spears:
And fence their bodies with a length of shield.
See dance the Salii, naked the Luperci
In caps of wool: the targets faln from heaven;
And the chaste matrons thro' the city borne, 665
In downy litters with the holy rites.
Here see hell's dungeons; Pluto's lofty court;
The guilty pains; o'er thy head, Cataline!
The hovering rock; the Furies' hideous forms;
The blest apart, their Cato giving law. 670
Here too display'd the swelling ocean wide
In gold. How th' Azure foams with hoary waves!
And the bright silver Dolphins wheeling round,
Sweep with their tails the plains, and cut the tides!
In center th' Actian wars, and brazen fleets: 675
How

How rage the cape Leucate's martial ranks!
How with the golden armour blaze the waves!

Here leads th' Italians to the war Augustus
With Rome! thy senate, people, all thy Gods,
High on his stern; whose smiling temples dart 680
Wide flames, and head his father's star adorns.
Near him Agrippa with heav'n's prosp'rous winds
High leads his band; whose naval beaky crown
Proud badge of triumph! beams around his brow,
There with Barbarian-aids and various arms 685
From the Dawn's nations and red sea subdued
Leads Antony Egypt, and the Eastern Force,
The remote Baëtra, and dire! th' Egyptian wife,
All rush at once. And th' ocean wide convulst
Foams, with the dashing oars and forky beaks. 690
Forth they like th' upturn floating Cyclad-isles
Sail, or like mountains meeting mountains vast.
Towers so enormous on the decks engage,
Thick the steel-javelins wing'd, and blazing brands,
Spread; and unwonted gore dies Neptune's plains.
Egypt's shrill timbrels wake her forces round. 696
Nor sees the Queen yet the two asps behind:
And all her monster-Gods with barking An'bis
Fight against Neptune, Venus and Minerva.
See grav'd in steel Mars rage amid the hosts, 700
And

And sent by heaven the melancholy Fiends!
Discordia stalks in her rent mantle pleas'd;
Near her Bellona with her bloody scourge.
This Actian Phœbus seeing, drew his bow,
And shot a Pannic thro' the Eastern Hosts: 705
Th' Egyptians, Arabs, Inds, Sabæans fled.
The queen, invoking the propitious winds,
Herself, lo! spreads the sails and flacks the ropes.
Pale, 'mid the wreck, at her own fate's approach,
Toft on the billows by the western storms. 710
While the afflicted old Gigantic Nile,
Wide opening all his flowing mantle, calls
To his blue lap and dreary streams the wreck.
Augustus, thrice triumphant borne to Rome,
Rears to the Latian Gods th' immortal vow, 715
Three hundred stately shrines within her walls.
Joy, sports, applauses echo thro' the streets.
At each shrine dance the matrons, altars rise.
Before the altars lay the slaughter'd steers. 719
Sat in bright Phœbus' snow-white porch the hero
Viewing the states, hangs high their duteous gifts:
While the long train of conquer'd nations march,
Of various language, various garb and arms.
The Nomads here, and Africs loosely clad; 724
Here drawn the Lel'gæ, Caræ, quiver'd Gelons;
Euphrates

Euphrates rolls already gentler waves ;
From the earth's bounds the Morines, two-horn'd
Rhine.

The stubborn Dah, and bridge-disdaining Arax.
Thus wrought by Vulcan, takes he Venus' gift ;
Views the mysterious hist'ry-figures pleas'd ; 730
And o'er him throws his heirs' immortal fates.

While this tranſacted in a diſtant part ;
 Her Iris high Saturnia ſends from heaven
 To the bold Turnus, ſitting then, as chanc't,
 In his ſire Plumnus' ſacred lowly grove.
 Thus to him ſpake Thaumantia's roſy lips : 5
 Turnus! what none in heaven dar'd bid thee hope,
 Lo! the revolving years have freely brought.
 AEneas leaves his town, allies and fleet,
 Bound for the Palatine Evander's court :
 Nay e'en to Cortus' remote realms has pierc't, 10
 And rais'd the Lydian Ruſtics arm'd for war.
 Why trifle? Now the horſe, now call the cars :
 Inſtant ſurprize thou their diſorder'd camp.
 Then ſprung ſhe upward on her equal wings,
 And flying cut an ample clouded bow. 15
 The youth then knew her, ſtretcht his hands to
 And as ſhe flew, the Goddeſs thus purſued: (heav'n,
 Iris! Heaven's glory! Who to me from high
 Sent thee on earth? Whence ſaſh't this radiant light?
 Why thus reveals heaven's opening canopy 20
 The rolling ſpheres? Thy gracious ſigns, whoe'er,
 I follow into war. Thus ſaying goes,
 And ſkims the water from the chryſtal ſtreams .
 Implores the Gods, and loads the heav'n with vows.
 Now the whole army marcht on th' open plain, 25
 Rich

Rich in proud steeds, in 'broider'd vests and gold,
 Messapus in the van, thy sons the rear,
 Tyrrhus! and Turnus in the center chief
 Moves in bright arms, his head o'ertowering all.
 Silent as fed by its seven gentle brooks, 30
 Moves the deep Ganges; or the fertile Nile
 Ebbing returns, and in his channel hides.

Here the black sudden clouds of rolling smoke
 The Trojans saw, thick spreading o'er the plains.
 First from the fronting rampart Caicus cries: 35
 Who yonder, Friends! in the black darkness rapt?
 Quick! Bring your swords, your darts and mount the
 See the foe. Strait they with a mighty shout (walls.
 Shut all the gates, and fill the crowded walls.
 For so at parting great AEneas charg'd: 40
 If any fortune meanwhile tempt 'em forth,
 Not to dare battle, nor to trust the plain:
 But keep the camp, and fortify the walls.
 Hence tho' provok'd by rage and shame to fight:
 Yet they obedient bolt the mighty gates, 45
 And arm'd within their turrets wait the foe.

Turnus now spurring far before his hosts,
 With twenty chosen horse, approach't the town
 Surprizing; on his spotted Thracian steed,
 And in his golden helm with flaming crest: 50

Who,

Who, Boys! will with me first attack the foe?
Come on! Then whirls aloft his flying dart,
Signal of fight: And stately spurs along.
They with a shout, and a tremendous roar,
Follow admiring th' Ilians' coward hearts, 55
Who nor on fair ground met, nor arms oppos'd.
But nurs't the camp. He wrathful here, now there,
Rides round the walls for access thro' the crags.
And o'er the sheep-fold as the prowling wolf,
Roars at the cots, in bitter winds and rains, 60
At midnight; safe beneath the suckling dams,
Bleat the lambs; he with fierce and direful ire,
Storms at the prey secure, long hunger-mad,
And parcht his jaws with thirst of vital blood:
Not less indignant views the walls and camp 65
He, burning through his frame with vengeance fell;
Where to force entrance; where th' imprison'd foes
Shake off the ramparts to the open plain:
Then 'gainst the fleet, that secret join'd the camp, 69
Fenc't round with bulwarks, or the rolling flood,
Prompts his triumphant squadrons; calls for fire;
And furious fills his hand with flaming pines.
Strait ply the youth, by Turnus' presence fir'd,
And all are arm'd with black and smould'ring brands:
Plunder the hearths; bear torches' pitchy flames, 75

B b

With

With Vulcan's glowing embers thro' the air.

What God, ye Nine! sav'd Troy from such a wreck?
Say, from her fleet how turn'd such direful flames?
Of ancient faith the fact, but endless fame.

When first AEneas in the Phrygian Ida 80
Building his ships, prepar'd to launch the main;
Thus she who bore th' Immortals, say they, hail'd
The mighty Jove: Son! Grant me this request,
Nor lord of heaven despise thy mother's love.

The piny grove I lov'd for many an age, 85
And where inshrin'd receiv'd my holy rites,
Gloomy and black with pitch and maple-boughs;
This to the Trojan youth to build his ships,
Pleas'd gave I; now am rackt with anxious fears.
Heal thou my troubles. Hear a Mother's prayer. 90
Still may they ride unshatter'd; nor to blasts
Yield, or in vain on Ida vaunt their growth.

Thus he who whirling guides th' etherial spheres:
Why Mother! intercede so, tempting fate?
Form'd by a mortal, can the vessels share 95
Immortal lot? Or safe thro' fatal toils

Wade Ilion's Chief? What God could so ordain?
But when arriving the Ausonian Post
Their task is done; then what have 'scap'd the waves,
And brought AEneas to Laurentum's land, 100

Shall

Shall drop their mortal form, and instant rise,
 Nymphs of the ocean, fair as Galea and Doto,
 Whose breast emergent cuts the foaming deep.
 Confirming this by Styx, his brother's pool,
 By the banks' pitchy tides and hideous gulf; 105
 His nod convuls't the trembling vault of heaven.

Now had the fates roll'd on the promis'd day;
 When Turnus' wrongs warn the Celestial Dame,
 To turn the firebrands from the sacred fleet.
 A sudden light first glaring on the eye, 110
 Wide roll'd from east to west a tempest black
 With Ida's Choirs. Then through the air a voice
 Tremendous filling Troy's and Rutlia's host :
 Fear not my Trojans! Nor defend my ships.
 Nor take your arms. Fire Turnus first the main :
 Ere touch he these my pines. Go you releas't 116
 Hence Nymphs of th' Ocean! Cybele commands.
 They each its cable breaking, fly from shore,
 Plunge like the Dolphins in the main their beaks,
 Diving. Then (wondrous!) rise in Virgin-Forms, 120
 As many sweeping o'er the Ocean-Plains,
 As just now deck't the brazen Prows the bank.
 Amaz'd the Rutlians: Messap's self alarm'd
 Starts with his steeds: hoarse Tiber checks his tides,
 And back recoiling from the Ocean rolls. 125

Yet not abating Turnus of his fire,
 Thus hailing animates, and chides his friends;
 Ilion the omen threatens: Jove himself
 Strips of her aid, without our darts or brands.
 Thus shut the main against our Trojan foes, 130
 Nor hope of flight, one element withdrawn.
 The firm soil ours: still our Italian states
 Teeming unnumber'd armies; I no more
 Mind Phrygia's vaunted oracles of heaven.
 Suffice to Fate and Venus, they arriv'd 135
 Ausonia's Coast. Now too for me prevail
 My fates, t' annihilate the race accurst,
 Rob'd of my bride. Nor feel alone th' Atridæ
 That wrong: nor Greece alone indulg'd with arms.
 But let one Death suffice. Yes had one Sin 140
 Suffic'd to turn their hearts against the sex.
 If any trusting in the wall and fosse,
 That slight partition 'tween themselves and death,
 Take courage thence: saw they not Ilion's walls,
 Neptune's own fabrick, sinking in the flames? 145
 But who, my Friends! will arm'd their rampart scale,
 Invade, and storm with me the trembling camp?
 Nor need I Vulcan's arms, nor thousand ships
 Against the Ilians, and their Tuscan friends.
 From me no darkness, nor the coward-wiles 150
 Of

Of the Palladium, slaying all its guards,
 Fear they ; or horse's womb with Armies fraught.
 In open day we'll wrap their walls in flames.
 Nor shall they find us like the Sons of Greece,
 Whom Hector baffled ten revolving years. 155
 Now since the better part of day is past,
 What yet remains, triumphant all regale ;
 And, heroes ! stand prepar'd for speedy fight.

Meanwhile to watch by night their city-gates,
 Messap has charge, and gird the walls with flames.
 Twice seven choice Rut'lians, to observe the walls,
 Stand, each attended with a hundred youths
 In purple crests, and gold-embroider'd vests ;
 Patrole alternate ; and along the grass
 Indulge in wine, and pour the brazen jars. 165
 Mid blazing fires the watch with sports beguile
 Night's wakeful hours away.

This from the rampart see the Trojans arm'd :
 Yet struck with consternation, watch the gates,
 And with continual bridges join the works, 170
 And man them : urg'd by Mnestheus and brave
 Whom should misfortunes fall, Aeneas left (Ser'fus,
 To guide the Youth, and rule the Trojan State.
 The legions on the wall, th' allotted task
 Of danger watch alternate, each his post. 175

Brave Nifus, son of Hyrtac, guards the gate,
 AEneas' friend, whom huntress Ida sent
 Skill'd in the jav'lin, and the feather'd shafts.
 With him Euryal, less than none renown'd,
 In Troy for beauty, or for brilliant arms, 180
 The youth yet blooming with unrazor'd cheeks.
 Their taste alike; together went to war,
 And then by common Sentry kept the gate.

Inspire the Gods this ardour, my Euryal?
 Or make we Gods of our own strong desires? 185
 Long has my soul or fight or something great
 Burnt to atchieve; nor longer rest endures.
 See you the foe, and their presumptuous state?
 The twinkling lamps how few? In sleep and wine
 Lying dissolv'd? How silent all? Now learn, 190
 What to my mind, yet unresolv'd, occurs.
 Our fires and people with AEneas here,
 And now wou'd send, who may his orders bring.
 Wou'd they to you but promise what I ask;
 For me suffice the glory; 'neath yon hill 195
 A way seems open to Pallantum's walls.
 Struck with surprize, and fir'd with thirst of praise,
 Euryal answers thus his ardent friend:
 What? Then refuse me partner in your schemes?
 I to such dangers send my Nife alone? 200

Not

Not so, my fire, th' experienc'd chief Opheltes,
 'Mid Ilion's labours, and th' alarms of Greece,
 Rear'd me and taught. Nor such with you my course,
 While following great AEneas' desperate fates.
 Here, here too dwells a soul despises life, 205
 And thinks well barter'd for the praise you seek.
 Ne'er so thy worth wrong'd my suspicious thought.
 No! so may Jove return me conqueror here;
 Or whate'er God surveys with equal eye.
 But if, since dangers thick in such attempts, 210
 If any God or Fortune snatch me hence,
 May'st thou survive. Thy bloom is worthier life.
 Else who will rescue, or redeem me slain,
 To burial? Or if fate my corse deny,
 My Ghost will honour with sepulchral rites? 215
 Why shou'd I cause thy mother such distress.
 The only mother, who has dar'd attend
 Her son to war: nor minds Acestes' court.
 Nisus! In vain you multiply your pleas:
 Ne'er, ne'er will yield my resolution fixt. 220
 Come on. Then wakes the nodding sentries. They
 Relieving take the charge. That station left,
 He goes with Nisus, to explore the king.
 All o'er the earth the creatures, sunk in sleep,
 Relaxt their frame, forgetting every toil; 225

Save Ilion's nobles, and her youth select,
 Combin'd in council on the state-affairs.
 What course to take, or who t' AEneas send,
 Gripping their shields and on long halberts pois'd
 Amid the camp. Then Nifus and Euryal 230
 Heroic Spirits ask admittance strait
 For things of public moment. First Iulus
 Admits th' impatient Youths, and calls on Nifus;
 Who thus began: Hear with an equal mind,
 Nor judge th' attempt, AEneads! by our years. 235
 The Rutlians buried deep in wine and sleep,
 All silent; we've observ'd a covert-Place
 At the two Gate-ways nearest to the sea.
 Faint oft the fires, and the black smoke to heaven
 Offer th' occasion, if you please t' improve; 240
 Your wisht AEneas now at Pallanteum
 Soon shall you here from direful slaughter made
 See with rich spoils. Nor strange to us the way.
 Oft have we, hunting in the darksome vales,
 Seen the town's confines and whole river's course.

Then old and weak Alete in wisdom ripe: 246
 Ye Gods of Troy! who ever rule her fate,
 Not wholly mean you yet t' erase her sons, (breasts.
 Since such brave youths you give, such dauntless
 Thus saying he their shoulders held and hands, 250
 And

And all bedew'd his face with flowing tears :
What for such exploit, Heroes! what due meed
Can I propose you. First will Heaven the chief
And your own Virtues give you. Then the rest
Soon will AEneas gracious king! repay, 255
Nor e'er the blooming Prince forget such worth.
Yes, I whose safety is my fire's return,
Says Ascany, Nifus! by the mighty Gods,
Assarcus' *Lar* and the gray Vesta's shrine,
Acknowledge now my hope and fortune all, 260
Heroes! in you repos'd. Recal my fire.
Bring to these eyes. He safe, I know no toils.
Yours the two silver goblets curious wrought,
Those my Sire won at rich Arisba sack'd,
Two tripods, two full talents pure of gold, 265
And th' antique bowl the fair Sidonian gave.
And if the conquest of Italia's realms
And lots of booty crown our glorious arms ;
E'er saw'st thou Turnus' Steed, his arms of gold,
E'en that same shield and its high blushing crest,
Exempt from lot, be Nifus! thy reward 271
These from my Sire with twelve choice beauteous
As many captives clad in arms expect, (dames,
With what demain the king Latinus holds.
For thee, whom nearer my own age pursues, 275
Already,

Already, lovely Youth! my heart expands
 T' embrace thee partner in her every fate.
 Ne'er shall my glory flourish but with thine,
 In peace or war. Unbounded thou shalt share
 My soul's affiance. Thus to him Euryal: 280
 From such atchievements shall no future day
 Shew me degenerate: would but Fortune's smile
 Avert disasters. Yet to all your gifts
 This more I crave. Sprung from great Priam's Line
 My hapless Mother left the Ilian Soil, 285
 With me to war forsook Aecsta's Court.
 Whom unacquainted with this enterprize
 I leave without adieu. This night and thou
 Witness, I could not bear a Mother's tears.
 O help her wants, and chear her soul forlorn. 290
 Safe in this hope I shall the bolder go
 To all events. Deep moved were all who heard,
 In tears dissolving. Chief Iulus' Bloom,
 Struck with the fair idea of filial love:
 And thus addrest him: 295
 Depend on all, due to this noble task.
 Hence she my Mother, my rever'd Creusa,
 All but the name. Nor such a son who bore,
 A small return expect, whate'er befall.
 For by this head I swear, my Father's oath, 300
 What

What to thy self, returning conqueror here,
That promise I thy Mother and thy heirs.
Thus spake he weeping; and resigns the sword,
Which the Lycaon's Genius wrought with gold,
And fitted curious to the ivory sheath. 305
To Nise gave Mnestheus his rough Lion-Spoil,
And good Alethes made exchange of shields.

Forth march they arm'd; them all the noble band
Lead onward to the gates, of young and old,
With hearty prayers. While too Iulus' bloom, 310
In care and counsel ripe above his years,
Sends many a message to his fire. But all
Disperst abortive with the driving winds.

The trenches past, they thro' the shades of night
Make for the hostile camp; yet on the way 315
Slay many: o'er the grass in sleep and wine
Finding the foe disperst, the cars on shore,
Men 'tween the wheels and harness, arms and wines
Lying promiscuous. Thus t' Euryal Nifus: 319
Draw, draw, be brave. For now the season calls,
This the way. See that none surprize our rear,
But constant keep a far and cautious look.
My wasting sword shall ope thee here a way.

This said, he silent falls on haughty Rhamnes,
Who then, as chanc'd, on his high tapestry rear'd 325
Roll'd

Roll'd from his labouring breast the fumes of sleep:
 Himself a king: King Turnus' feer revered:
 Yet could not all his skill avert his fate.
 Remus' three servants, lying mid the arms,
 Next seiz'd he, and the squire and charioteer 330
 Under the steeds, and cuts their hanging necks:
 Beheads then Remus' self; and leaves the trunk,
 Bloody and panting: while the Earth and Beds
 Reek with black gore: then Lamyr flew and Lamus
 And the fair Youth Serranus, who that night 335
 Play'd many a rapture, till the potent God
 Flung him o'ercharg'd. Well, had he thro' the night
 His airs continued, till the blushing Morn.
 As the pincht lion routs the crowded fold,
 Grinds hunger-mad, and drags the tender flock 340
 All terroure-dumb, and growls with bloody mouth.
 Nor less Euryal's slaughter. He incens'd
 Raged desperate, many a nameless soul around
 Slew, and Hebere and Fatus, Rhætus, Abris,
 Surprizing all; save Rhætus, who awake 345
 Saw the dire scene, and skulk behind a jar.
 Deep in his bosom he his sword entire
 Plung'd as he rose, and gave a death's embrace.
 This his life's purple blood and mingled wines
 Belching dies. He in secret push'd his rage 350
 Now

Now reach'd he Messap, whose remotest fires
Twinkling he sees, and tied as wont the steeds
Grazing. Then Nise, aware the thirst of blood
Bore them too far, addresses thus Euryal:
Desist! For see the hostile light's approach. 355
Enough of vengeance: a safe passage won.
Abundance leave they there of massy plate
Armour and bowls and tapestry richly wrought.
Yet Rhamnes' Phaleræ and gold-studded belt
The ancient pledges to Tiburtian Rem'lus 360
Of the far absent wealthy Cædic's love,
By Rem'lus dying to his grandson given,
And won from his late heirs by Rutlia's arms:
These the brave youth girds on, but girds in vain.
And Messap's fitting plummy helmet wears. 365
They leave the tents, and seek the safer field.
Meanwhile the van of horse from Latium sent,
(The rest drawn on the plain advancing flow,)
Were on the march with mandates to Prince Turnus,
Three hundred horse all shielded. Volscio Chief. 370
The camp approaching now, and near the trench
Far off they see the Heroes turn to left.
Euryal's helm in the night's glimmering shades
Thoughtless betray'd him with reflected rays.
What see I there? Cries Volscio on the march. 375
Stand,

Stand, Sirs! Your business? Who are you in arms?
 Where posting? Nought to him returning, fly
 They to the woods, and trust the nightly shades.
 Strait the known cross-ways block the hostile horse,
 Wide all around, and every access guard. 380

A forest there with shrubs and gloomy oak,
 And thick o'ergrown with brambles all around,
 Shew'd scarce a footstep thro' its hidden glades.
 Euryal's booty and the darksome boughs
 'Tangled, and fear misl'd his wandring steps. 385

Now ere aware had Nise escap'd the foe,
 And Alban Lake; so call'd from Alba's name,
 Where king Latinus had his lofty stalls:
 Here stands, and when he turning mis't his friend:
 Ah! Where Euryal left I? Where may find? 390
 Again revolves he the whole forest-way
 Blind and perplex't: and careful back his steps
 Retracing, wander'd in the silent shrubs:
 Hears horse: hears noises, close pursuing hosts.
 Nor long he roam'd, ere with th' alarming shout 395
 Stun'd, he beheld Euryal: how they all
 Surprise him caught in the dark wilds of night,
 O'erpower, and tear him struggling brave in vain.
 What should he do? Attempt his rescue? How?
 And with what arms? Or rush amid the foes 400

Desperate,

Desperate, and court the wounds of glorious death?
Strait with pois'd javelin in his lifted arm
Up to th' aspiring Moon thus pour'd his prayer:

Thou Goddess! O be present. Aid my toils.
Guardian of groves! And glory of the stars! 405
If ere Sire Hyrtac for me at thy Shrine
Offer'd, or ere I my own game have heap'd,
Hung from thy dome, or on thy sacred walls:
These let me rout: guide thro' the air my dart.

Then strain'd his every nerve, and hurl'd the spear.
This flying cleft the hissing shades of night, 411
And lighting full on Sulmo's back expos'd,
There brake, and clave the splinters thro' his lungs.
He roll'd, and from his breast belch'd reeking tides;
Chill'd, and with long-drawn fobs his bowels shook.
Wide they look round. Success enflames his rage. 416
Lo pois'd another level from his ear

'Mid their alarm thro' Tago's temples pierc'd,
And hissing stuck warm in his brain transfixt.
Fierce Volsco storm'd; nor whose the jav'lin thrown
Knowing, nor where to aim his swelling rage: 421
Yet meanwhile thy warm blood shall pay the debt
Of my lost friends: and push'd his glittering blade
Fierce on Euryal. Struck with wild despair
Nise cried aloud, nor more affects to hide; 425

Nor

Nor could abide such melancholy sight :
 Here, here who did it. Turn on me your steel.
 Mine Rut'lians ! all the blame. Nought he or dar'd
 Or cou'd, by yonder heaven and conscious stars.
 Only too well he lov'd his hapless friend. 430
 Thus he. But driv'n with furious might the sword
 Forc'd thro' his sides, and burst his blooming breast.
 He rolls in death. Blood o'er his lovely limbs
 Swam, and his neck faln on his shoulder hung.
 So the flower's purple hues before the scythe 435
 Fall, languish, die : or poppy's stately heads
 Drop on the feeble stalk, o'ercharg'd with dew.
 Nife flew amidst, and only of them all
 Volsc'o explores ; at Volsc'o only drives :
 Whom they, surrounding close on every side, 440
 Shove rescuing : on yet pushing bolts his sword
 Deep in the bawling Rutlian's open mouth,
 And just a dying first dispatch'd his foe :
 Flinging himself then on his breathless friend, 444
 Courts there at length mid wounds calm death's re-
 Thrice happy Pair ! If aught my numbers can, (pose.
 No time shall raze you from the book of Fame,
 While thy line holds the Capitol's rocky base,
 Troy ! and a Roman Father rules the world. 449
 The conquering Rutlians with their trophies deckt
 Bear

Bear weeping to their camp their Volscos dead.
Nor in the camp less grief for Numa slain,
Rhamno, Serrano and so many Chiefs:
All at a blow. Crowds flock to see the dead
And dying, the yet reeking fatal scene, 455
And the o'erflowing tides of bloody foam.
They own the spoils, and Messap's brilliant shield,
And rings recover'd not with sweatless toil.

Now o'er the world her rising glories shed
Aurora, leaving Tithon's saffron bed : 460
Now radiant Son revealing Nature wide,
Turnus himself equipt, awakes his men
To arms, and draws his brazen ranks for fight,
Each his own corps ; all mutual whet their rage:
When hideous ! lo fixt on their lifted spears 465
The waving heads, (huzza the following crowds,)
Of Nisus and Euryal.

Th' Ilians determin'd on their left-hand walls
Oppose their war: (The River girt the right :)
Line the vast trenches: fill the lofty towers : 470
And thence disconsolate view the Heroes' heads :
Ah ! too well known ! distilling putrid gore.
Wing'd Fame the meanwhile thro' the town alarm'd
Brought the sad tidings to the Mother's ear.
Sudden the vital warmth forsook her nerves : 475

Dropt from her hand the shittle's thread unroll'd.
 Forth the wretch flies, and shrieking rends her hair:
 Runs frantic to the walls and foremost ranks:
 Nor heeding men or dangers, or the darts
 Whizzing around, fills heaven with piteous plaints:
 Yon my Euryal see I? Yon my years' 481
 Late granted comfort? Couldst thou cruel! leave
 Me thus forlorn? Nor on such perils bent
 Deign thy poor Mother once a parting kiss?
 Ah! in a foreign soil thou liest a prey 485
 To hounds and vultures! Nor my Son's remains
 Forth bore I! Clos'd thine eyes! or wash'd thy wounds
 Wrapt in the robe, which day and night for thee
 These hands still labouring, sooth'd my aged cares.
 Where shall I find thee? Where thy mangled corse?
 Is this then all, returns of my Euryal? 491
 And have I roam'd for this the Earth and Seas?
 Me, me O wound, kind Rutlians! Shower on me
 Your weapons. Here first glut your thirsty steel!
 Or thou great Sire of heaven! in mercy bolt 495
 This head accurs'd beneath the Stygian Waves:
 Since else I cannot burst life's galling chains.
 Shock't with her wailings, heav'd their pannaic groans
 The hosts aghast, disabled now for war.
 Actor and Idus mid th' inflaming grief, 500

(So

(So Ilneus warn'd and all in tears Iulus,)
 Seize, bear to court, and place her on the couch.

Now the shrill brazen trumpet's dire alarm
 Rung from afar with shouts thro' th' echoing skies.
 The Volsci equal push their shielded vault, 505
 To fill the trench, and storm the bulwark's strength.
 Some seek an access, and wou'd scale the walls;
 Where thin the ranks, and th' opening ring displays
 Less succours. Th' Ilrians shower defensive darts
 Of every kind: and push with spiky poles, 510
 Taught by a ten years' siege to guard the walls.
 Vast heavy crags too roll'd they, might they break
 The cover'd armies. When resolv'd they still
 Brave 'neath the thick-wove concave all events;
 Nor shrink, till where their thickest globe advanc'd,
 The Trojans headlong roll'd a millstone's mass, 516
 Which bursting th' armour-roof spread slaughter
 Nor dare the Rutlians more the hidden war (wide:
 Prolong, but strive to drive 'em from the walls
 With missile weapons. 520
 Elsewhere tremendous shook his Tuscan Pines
 Mezentius, flinging clouds of rolling fires.
 But th' horseman Messap sprung from Neptune forc'd
 The trench, and call'd for ladders to the walls.

You, O Calliope! Inspire my song; 525

What routs, what slaughters there then Turnus'
sword

Spread wide; what heroes by whom plung'd to hell.
With me unfold the war's extensive scenes.

Say, Powers! for you remember, you can tell.

Immense to view on bridges high a Tower 530

Commodious tempted Latium's arms combin'd

To storm it, pointing here their utmost force.

Th' Ilians, no less resolv'd, defend with stones

And darts, thick whirling thro' the window-lights.

Turnus led on, and throws a flaming brand, 535

Fix'd to the side; and raging in the wind

It seiz'd the timber, stuck and ate the posts.

Alarm'd within, they routed fly in vain;

Heaps on heaps tumbling, while they all wou'd hide

In some safe corner: down the ponderous Tower 540

Falls sudden thundering thro' the ample skies.

Half dead to earth they with th' enormous pile

On their own weapons pitch; or 'neath the wreck,

Their breasts transfixt, lie scatter'd. Hardly two

Helnor and Lyke escaping: Th' elder Helnor 545

To Lydia's king slave Lymnia's stoln embrace

Had bore, and sent with lawless arms to Troy,

Light with his sword unsheath'd, nor figur'd shield.

Soon as he saw himself mid Turnus' hosts,

This way and that the Latian Squadrons rang'd; 550

As when a stag, the chafers thick furround,
 Flies furious on the darts resolv'd on death,
 And springing bounds high o'er the hunter's staff:
 So the young hero desperate on the hosts
 Rush'd, where he thickest saw the pointed darts. 555
 But Lyke the swifter 'mid the hostile arms
 Flies, gains the wall, and scrambling strives to grasp
 The summit, or some friend's assisting hand.
 Him Turnus following runs with brandisht sword,
 And cries insulting: Hop'd the Fool t'escape 560
 My vengeful arm? Then seiz'd him hanging fast;
 And with the wall's vast ruin drags him 'whelm'd.
 Oft so a liveret, or a silver swan,
 Up in his talons grasps the bird of Jove: 564
 Or bleating lamb whom th' anxious dam pursues,
 Tears, Mars! thy prowling wolf. Shouts wide around
 Raise they, invade and the deep trenches fill.
 More firebrands flaming on the roof are tost.
 Ilneus a mountain's mighty fragment hurl'd
 On Lutius bearing toward the gate a brand. 570
 Liger fell'd Emthon, and Afilas Chornus,
 He with his spear, this the fly distant shaft.
 Cænus flew Ortyx, Turnus vaunting Cæneus,
 With Itys, Clonius, Dixip, Prom'lus, Sagris,
 And Ida guarding brave the lofty towers. 575

Capys flew Pirnus; who when Milla's dart
 Grazed him, had foolish flinging down his shield
 Clapt to the wound his hand, which th' arrows wing
 Nail'd to his left side, buried deep, and burst
 His heaving bellows with a deadly wound. 580

High shone in noble armour Arcus' Son
 And 'broidered vest of pontic purple die,
 And beauteous Features, whom his fire had sent
 Bred in the grove of Mars by Symthia's Streams:
 Where the rich shrine of gentle Palcus stands. 585
 Quitting his arms, Mezente his whizzing sling
 Thrice to him drawing whirl'd around his head,
 Then shot he in the forehead Ancus' heir:
 And stretch'd him prostrate o'er the spacious sands.

Now first in war was seen to wing his dart, 590
 Erst wont in woods to scare the flying game,
 Ascanio felling then the brave Numanus,
 Who surnamed Remlus, late had taken, Turnus!
 Thy younger Sister to his nuptial bed.
 Before the van he all things right or wrong 595
 Bawling with high-swoln upstart royal breast,
 Was stalking big and hectoring thus aloud:

Blush ye not, Phrygians! twice besieg'd, intrencht,
 Twice captive, skulking under walls from death?
 These they who claim'd in arms our nuptial league?

What

What God, what frenzy drave you into Latium? 601
Not here th' Atridæ, or smooth-tongu'd Uliſſe.
We hardy from the womb, our babes in Tiber
Plunge, ſtrengthening in the rigid frozen ſtreams.
In hunting wake our Boys, and vex the woods; 605
For paſtime breaking ſteeds and bending bows.
Our Youth to toils and ſparing diet uſed,
Break th' harrow'd earth, or ſhake the batter'd tow-
We all our life in arms: nor but with ſpears (ers.
Goad our ſtrong oxen. No lethargic age 610
Weakens our mental ſtrength, or damps our fire.
Our grey hairs wear the caſque, and ſtill we burn
T' amafs freſh plunder, and to live on ſpoil.
You in the brilliant veſts of purple die
Indulge your ſloth, delight in dance and ſong, 615
Long robes, gloves, turbants, and chin-ornaments,
Go Phrygia's Ladies! Men has Phrygia none.
Dance on your Dindym to your wonted flute.
Hark! Ida's box and Cybele's Cymbal calls.
Leave arms to men, and fly the fatal ſteel. 620
Aſcanio brook'd not ſuch ill-boding ſcoffs:
But held the bow and nerve of horſe's main
Oppos'd, and drawing to the head his ſhaft;
Thus he to Jove addreſt his ſuppliant vows:
Smile Jove Almighty! on my daring views. 625

So to thy temple I'll due offerings bring :
And at thine altar place a steer's gilt horns,
White and like-headed as his noble dam,
Whose vigour butting spurns the cloudy sand.
Heaven's Father heard, and in a sky serene 630
Thunder'd to left. Strait spang'd the fatal bow,
And off the direful-whizzing arrow flew.
Through Remlus' head and temples cleft the steel.

Go, Scorner! go, insult heroic worth.
The twice-took Phrygians answer thus the Rutlians.
This said Ascanio. Th' Ilians raise a shout, 636
And joyful murmurs all elate to heaven.

High then Apollo in his radiant locks
Looks on the Ilian Town and Latian Host,
Sat in a cloud, and hails the conquering prince:

Fairly begun! Go on Boy! Thus to heaven, 641
Offspring of Gods! And destin'd Sire of Gods!
'Neath 'Sarcus' Line well may Fate's future wars
All cease: nor Troy confine thee. Then from high
Descending, dissipates the fragrant airs: 645
Strait for Ascanio, changing now his form
Into old Butes. He to great Anchise
Erst bore the arms, and faithful kept the gates:
Then was Ascanio's Guardian. Like to him
Complete went Phœbus in completion, air, 650

Gray

Gray locks, and dire-resounding clash of arms;
And thus address the ardent royal Youth:

Suffice you flew Numanus unreveng'd,
Iulus! this thy pledge of rising Fame
Gives Phœbus, envying not thy equal arms. 655

Hence Boy! decline the battle. Then abrupt
Phœbus retired from mortal intercourse,
Flew from the sight, and vanish'd into air.

Th' Ilians confess the God and arms divine,
And heard his quiver, rattling as he flew. 660

Thus warn'd by Apollo, they the ardent Youth
Restraining, now themselves renew the fight,
Their breasts presenting to surrounding deaths:
Raise o'er the walls and bulwarks mighty shouts,
Bend the strong bow, and whirl the fatal sling. 665

Wide the darts strew the earth. The hollow casque
And shields ring clashing. Fierce the battle raged:
Fierce as the western blast in rainy Kids,
Beats the ground. Thick as headlong showers of hail
Clatter the friths, when Jove with tempests fraught
Bursts the heaven's bellying clouds, and drives the
Pandar and Bitia, Idan Alcnor's Sons, (storm.

Whom in Jove's Grove the rustic Hyra rear'd,
Both as their native firs and mountains tall,
The gate to them entrusted opening wide, 675

Challenge

Challenge heroic to the walls the foe,
 Standing within on each side 'fore the fort
 In brilliant arms and towering plummy crests:
 High as around thy flowing river, Po!
 Or on thy bank, or near the pleasant Adige, 680
 Rise two broad Oaks, their unshorn heads aloft
 Uprear, and nodding lash th' etherial sky.
 In rush the Rutlians seeing th' open pass.
 Great Quercus, and the brilliant arm'd Equille,
 Hæmon the son of Mars, and desperate Tmarre, 685
 With all their bands, or routed turn their backs,
 Or at the Portal fain resign their souls.
 Then spread and fiercer burn'd the hostile rage.
 Drawing from all sides th' Ilians there combine
 Firm in close fight, and dare excursions wide. 690

To Turnus, storming in a different part
 And scattering death, Express arrives: The foe
 Raged in fresh slaughter, and threw wide the gates.
 He left his conquest mad with boiling wrath,
 Rush'd to the Dardan Gate and haughty Twins: 695
 And first Antiphte, (for he offer'd first
 Great Sardon's spurious Son of Theban born,)
 He with his javelin flew. Th' Italian ash
 Whizz'd thro' the air, and in his stomach fix'd. 699
 His wounded bosom's Gulf belch'd foaming tides,
 Tempering

Tempering the steel within his fiery lungs.
Merops and Ermanth then o'erthrows, then Phidnus:
And Bitia's flaming eyeballs storming fierce,
Not with a dart, for dart his life defy'd,
But a dire-whizzing engine-spear he heav'd, 705
Bolting like thunder. Vain his two bull-hides
And corset's double plate of brass and gold,
Staggering he prostrate whirl'd his giant-mass.
Earth gave a groan 'neath his vast thundering shield.
So lately on th' Eubœan Baiæ's shore 710
Built with it's mighty piers to dam the sea,
Fell the stone pile; and drawing ruin vast
Dash'd on the inmost shallows, lay along.
The troubled tides threw up the sable sands.
High Prochta heard and trembled, and Inarme! 715
Thy flinty bed, which Jove threw on Tiphœus.

Now strength and courage mighty Mars to Latium
Gave, goading on their furious breasts to war:
But to the Trojans flight and gloomy fears.
On these exposed they gather thick around, 720
And feel th' inspiring God of war.
Pandar beholding now his Brother slain,
How fortune chang'd, what dangers threat the town;
Whirls on its grating hinges close the gate, 724
Straining his broad strong shoulders. Many friends
Excluding,

Excluding, left he in the sharp dispute :
But others rushing with himself admits.
Fool! who king Turnus pressing in the throng
Saw not, but shut the foe within the town,
Fierce as a Tiger 'mong the helpless flock. 730
Lo a new radiance darting from his eyes,
Dire-clashing armour, head's blood-colour'd plumes
High waving, and his shield's thick lightning-flash.
Th' Ilians the hated face and giant limbs
Soon know alarm'd. Then springs the mighty Pandar,
And fired with vengeance for his brother's death:

Not this the palace of thy bride Amata : 737
Nor stands now Turnus 'mid his Ardea's walls.
Review the hostile camp, nor hope to fly.
Thus to him Turnus smiling calm returns: 740

Come, or a coward, to a close embrace.
Tell Priam, here too thou hast found Achille.
Yet speaking Pandar's tough and knotted spear
Whirls from his mighty arm at Turnus' head:
But Juno parrying spent his force on air, 745
And pinn'd the javelin on the thund'ring gate.

Not so this weapon from my vengeful arm
Shalt thou escape, Far other hurls the blow.
Then lifting high and rising to his sword,
The blade between the temples cleft his front, 750
And

And hideous! parted wide his blooming Cheeks.
 Loud-clashing shook his ponderous bulk the Earth :
 His limbs and armour, smear'd with blood and brains,
 Lay scatter'd ; and his head's two equal parts,
 This way and that, on either shoulder hung. 755

Wide fly the routed Trojans all dismay'd ;
 And had the conqueror's present mind bethought
 To burst the gate-bolts, and admit his friends,
 That day had ended th' Ilian Name and War.
 But glowing rage and frantic thirst of blood 760
 Drave on the hero.

First falls on Phalry and the wounded Gyges :
 Snatches their spears, and at the flying foe
 Whirls on the back ; and re-inforc'd by Juno,
 Slays Hal and Phegeus with his shield transfix'd. 765
 Then on the walls yet ignorant mustering war,
 Alcander, Halius, Næmon, Prytanis.

Then Lynx, advancing from the left-hand walls
 And calling up his bands, his brandish'd sword
 Prevents ; and sever'd with the single blow 770
 The head and helmet at a distance lie.

Then flew the hunter Amyc, less than none
 Famed in the forest for his venom'd steel
 Clyte AEol's son, and Crete the Muses' Friend
 Devoted still, still happy in his strains, 775
 His

His harp, and vocal strings' harmonic scale.
Still sang he steeds, arms, heroes, fatal wars.

Hearing at length of this sad havock, come
The Ilian Leaders Mnestheus, brave Sereste, 779
And see their straggling friends, th' admitted foe:
Cries Mnestheus: Whither, whither flying hence?
What fort else have you? Or what farther walls?
Let one man, Friends! in your own ramparts pent,
Spread single such destruction thro' your town,
Unpunish'd? Send so many chiefs to hell? 785
Nor for your hapless country, ancient Gods,
And great AEneas melt, nor blush ye cowards?
Thus re-inspired they halt, join, rally, stand
Determin'd. Turnus gradual yields from fight,
Aims for the river, and the works it girt. 790
Now fiercer th' Ilians press with mighty shouts,
Thick hurling. So the crowds a lion fell
Ply with the galling javelins. He appall'd,
Fierce with grim look; not turns his back; 794
That 'sdeigns his wrath or courage; yet t' advance
Tho' longing, cannot through the storm of darts.
So Turnus half-resolv'd his backward steps
Withdrawing slow, boils still with deadly rage.
Twice had he now the hostile center storm'd:
Twice turn'd to flight their armies on the walls. 800

But

But the camp's forces gathering all unite.
Nor strength offensive dares high Juno more
Supply him. Jove had sent th' aerial Iris
With no soft mandate to his Sister-Queen;
If Turnus cede not strait the Ilian Walls. 805
Hence cou'd his shield or sword no more withstand.
But pelted all around and long o'erwhelm'd;
His casque incessant ringing stunn'd his ears;
The balls resistless burst its solid bras:
The plumes fall scatter'd, nor the batter'd boss 810
Could hold. The thund'rer Mnestheus' self and Bands
Ply him with storms of spears. All o'er him Sweat
Pours round a pitchy suffocating cloud:
And sickly pantings shake his weary limbs.
He at length headlong leap'd with all his arms
Plum in the Flood, who with his yellow tides 816
Receives, and lifts him up the gentle streams,
And wash'd from blood returns his joyful Friends.

The

Heaven's mighty palace meanwhile opening wide,
 His Council call'd into the starry hall
 The Sire of Gods and Men; high thence the Earth
 Viewing, and Ilion's Camp, and Latian Realms,
 'The portals open, thus to them enthron'd: 5
 Ye Powers Immortal! Why your purpose chang'd?
 Why thus contend ye with unfriendly minds?
 Latium with Troy my voice forbad to wage.
 Whence this unduteous discord? What th' alarm
 Moves anxious either side to stir up arms? 10
 War's destin'd time, fear not, will come unsought:
 When the fell Carthage on the Roman Towers
 Shall pour wide ruin, and the bursting Alps.
 Then strife, then hatred. then be rapine free.
 Now forbear. Pleas'd with me confirm the league. 15

Thus briefly Jove. Yet not the radiant Venus
 Briefly return'd:

O Sire! Eternal Lord of men and Gods!

For what power else ah! can I now implore?
 See'st thou th' insulting Rutlians? How yon Turnus
 Swoln with success rides brilliant thro' his hosts. 21
 Nor deep tho' 'trench'd, yet more my Ilians safe.
 Within their very works now revels War,
 And all with blood the trenches deep o'erflow.
 Nor knows their absent Prince. Must no relief 25

Ease

Ease my besig'd? Again the foes invest
 Troy's infant walls: another army raise.
 From Arpæ comes on Troy a second Di'med.
 Me too I fancy wait my wonted wounds:
 Nor I, thy child, exempt from mortal arms. 30
 Without thy high permission, if to Latium
 Came Ilion's Sons: pay they th' offence, nor hope
 Thy aid. But if by frequent omens led
 Of Upper Gods and Nether; who dares now
 Controul thy will or build up other fates? 35
 Why shou'd I mention Eryx' navy burnt?
 The king of tempests and his raging winds
 Rous'd from AEolia? Or heav'n's envoy Iris?
 Now hell too move they: (only that remain'd
 Of Nature's Realms unteaz'd:) and up to light 40
 Raise the Fiend revelling thro' the Latian States.
 I court not Empire. Vain the flattering hope
 Heav'n once indulg'd me. Reign whom Jove en-
 No clime to Trojans if your consort deigns, (thrones.
 Cruel! yet oh! by Ilion's smoking wreck 45
 Sire! I conjure thee, may I safe from war
 Dismiss Ascanio. May my grandson live!
 AEneas' self be tost on foreign seas,
 And follow where'er fortune leads the dance.
 Safe let my boy be drawn from martial toils. 50

D d

-Mine

Mine Paphos' hills, Idalia, Amthe, Cythera:
 Here arms resigning let th' inglorious Youth
 Waste all his days. Bid Carthage mighty realm
 Harrafs Aufonia. Ne'er from him let Tyre
 Fear umbrage. What avails from war's dire pest 55
 Safe to have 'scap'd amid the Grecian Fires,
 And bore the every toil of sea and land,
 Hunting for Latium and refalling Troy?
 Better have settled on their country's wreck, 59
 Where stood old Troy. Their bloody Xanthe and
 Restore, Sire! Grant again to prove revolv'd (Simois
 Th' Ilians the Ilian Fates. Then royal Juno
 Exasperate: Why my silence force ye thus
 To break, and publish my dissembled griefs?
 What God, what mortal e'er compel'd AEneas 65
 To follow war, or dare the Latian King?
 To Latium he by fate conducted. True,
 Driven by Cassandra's furies. But mov'd I
 To leave his camp? commit his life to Storms?
 To a Boy the weight of war, or walls intrust? 70
 The Tuscans alienate, vex the peaceful states?
 Who drave to fallhood, what dire power of mine?
 Where Juno thus far, or her envoy Iris?
 Wrong that the Latian flames wrap infant Troy!
 Wrong that high Turnus hold his native soil, 75
Pilumnus'

Pilumnus' heir, of Goddess Venlia born.

What for the Ilians first t' infest the Latians ?

Seize their just lands, and daily booty drive ?

What to infringe fix'd Nuptials, ravish brides ?

Bring th' olive suppliant, arm yet ships for war ? 80

You can AEneas draw from Greece's hands :

For him present their sword a cloudy shape :

Can turn a navy to as many Nymphs.

That we do aught for Rutlia, exceeds all guilt.

Absent he knows not. Absent never know ! 85

Yours the Cythera, Idalia, Paphos' hills.

Leave then the war-big towers and martial breasts.

Strive I your falling Phrygian state t' o'eturn ?

I? or who match'd unhappy Troy with Argos ?

Say you why Asia and Europe rose to arms : 90

What brake their treaties : who the rapine moved.

Led I th' adulterer 'gainst the Spartan Walls ?

Gave I his arms ? Or fir'd his lust to war ?

Then ought you've fear'd for yours. Now complaints too

Nor just you rise with, bandying idle brawls. (late

Thus she. Th' immortal voices siding join 96

Friendly applauses : as the breezes rise

Caught in the forests, roar, and secret roll

The murmurs, eve to Fleets of springing Gales.

Then Nature's Potentate th' Almighty Sire 100

Speaks, and death's silence seiz'd th' immortal court,
 Earth's center trembled, silent flood the spheres.
 Still every breeze, and calm the ocean-plains.
 Attentive hear then, and my words imbibe.
 Since Latium no uniting league with Troy 105
 Must enter, nor your discord finds an end.
 What this day each side's fortune, what its hope,
 Trojan or Rutlian equal share my grace.
 Whether from Latium's cruel fates the Siege,
 Or Troy's own hapless error illadvis'd. 110
 Nor Rutlia save I. Each his fortune's toils
 Begun shall bear. Jove's Power the same to all.
 Proceed the Fates. By Styx his Brother's floods,
 And banks, where roll the black and pitchy gulfs,
 His Nod confirm'd, and shook the Poles of Heaven.
 Jove ceas'd; and rising from his throne of gold,
 The Gods attend him to his royal court.

Round all the gates meanwhile the Rutlians press,
 Fell, slay the foe, and gird the walls with flames.
 And the Dardanian legion close besieg'd, 120
 Nor hoping flight, stand wretched in their towers
 In vain, and thinly man the circling walls.
 Aſias Imbraſdes, Hycton's ſon Thymætēs,
 The two Aſſarci, Caſtor, Tiber's age, 124
 Foremoſt. With theſe great Sardon's brothers both,

Clarus

Clarus and Hæmon, from the Lycian Heights.
 Straining each nerve brings his stupendous rock,
 Half a vast mountain, Acmon Clitio's son,
 Nor less than or his sire or brother Mnestheus. 129
 These with their javelins, those with stones defend,
 Or scatter fires, or fit the levell'd shafts.

Lo mid the champions Venus' worthy care,
 The young Dardanian's fair uncover'd head:
 As the gem sparkles in the yellow gold,
 Gracing the head or neck: or ivory shines 135
 Ingenious set in box or ebony.

Falls on his snowy neck the flowing hair,
 Clasp'd in a circle of soft ductile gold.
 Thee too the warlike nations, Ismar! saw
 Dealing thick wounds, and throwing venom'd shafts,
 Boast of Mæonia! whose prolific glebe 141
 Golden Pactolus laves, and heroes till.

There Mnestheus fam'd for lately routing Turnus,
 Sublime paraded on the lofty walls, 144
 And Capys whence were named Campania's towers.

While these in mutual conflict fierce engaged,
 The Ilian Chief in midnight plow'd the friths.
 For from Evander when he to the Tuscans
 Arriving told the king his name and line;
 What he requested, what himself would bring, 150

Mezente's allies and Turnus' desperate rage;
And how precarious 'minds him human things,
Mingling intreaties: Tarchon instant join'd
His aid confederate. 'Then impower'd by fate
And the high Gods the Lydian Clans embark 153
Under the foreign Chief. AEneas first
Shews on his beak the Phrygian Lions pair'd
And Ida's height, thy refuge, exil'd Troy.
Here great AEneas fitting deep revolves
War's various turns: and at his left hand Pallas 160
Asks now the stars his way thro' nightly shades:
Now the king's toils, sustain'd by sea or land. (song,
Come ope your Springs, ye Nine! and teach my
What forces meanwhile from the Etrurian Coasts,
Following AEneas, rode the ocean-deeps. 165
First Mafsic's beaky Tiger cut the plains.
With him a thousand Youths from Clusium's walls,
And the strong city Cose; who arm'd with shafts
Bore the light quiver, and the deadly bow.
Next the grim Abas' train in brilliant arms, 170
Whose golden Phœbus deck'd the glittering stern.
To him six hundred of her warlike sons
Gave Populonia; and three hundred Ilva,
Isle famed for iron inexhausted mines. 174
Third who knew all in heaven and earth, Asyle,
Whom

Whom the beast's fibres, whom the stars obey'd,
 The chirp of birds, and the presageful Flash,
 His thousand led with halberts close arranged.
 These gave him Pise, from Alphan Pise deriv'd,
 Built in Etruria. Follows him fair Astur 180
 The horseman bold in particoloured arms.
 Three hundred more, (for all were fired to go,)
 From Cære's city and from Minio's fields,
 Old Pyrgia and Gravisca's noisome air.
 Nor Cinra thee, young brave Ligurian Chief 185
 Forget I, and Cupavo's slender train.
 On whose head lo! the swan's aspiring plumes.
 Graved on the shield th' enamour'd Father's Form
 Impious! For Cycnus mourning his dear Phaeton,
 While still he rang'd the Sister Poplar Shades 190
 And with sweet raptures sooth'd his fond despair,
 Shot in protracted age gray downy plumes,
 And leaving Earth soar'd plaintive thro' the skies.
 The son, whom his coeval bands attend,
 Rows the huge Centaur, whose impending bulk 195
 Threats Ocean with his vast uplifted rock,
 Towers, and with long keel cleaves the briny depths.
 Next Ocno's squadron from his native coast,
 Son of sage Manto and the Tuscan Flood.
 Who Mantua built, and gave his Mother's name:

Mantua with Nobles fraught, of different line. 201
Her threefold Nations vaunted each four tribes.
She the metropolis, sprang from Tuscan Blood.
Hence too five hundred 'gainst Mezentius Pride
Guarda's Son Menzo, crown'd with azure reeds, 205
Led to the ocean in' the hostile pine.

And old Aletes rose to the hundred oars,
Dashing the waves: the upturn'd fallows foam.
He the vast Triton rode, whose shell alarm'd
Wide the blue friths, displaying, as it swam, 210
A human forepart with the Pristis' Paunch.
Roar'd 'neath the monster's breast the foamy waves.
All these choice nobles went with thirty ships,
Troy to relieve, and cut the briny plains.

Now day returning the fair Phebe's wain, 215
Night wand'rer, reach'd the middle vault of heav'n:
AEneas' self, whose cares allow'd no rest
On deck the rudder guides, and shifts the sails;
When lo! half run his course, the Choir of Nymphs
Late his own fleet, whom the fair Cybele 220
Transforming rais'd to Ocean-Deities.

As many swam abreast, and cut the waves;
As late had faced the shore the brazen prows:
Know from afar their prince, and dance around.
Their ablest speaker coming up behind 225

Grasp'd

Grasp'd with her right the stern, high rais'd her breast,
 And with her left-hand rows the silent waves :
 Ere known thus hails him : Wak'st thou Son of Gods,
 AEneas! Still wake ; ope thy every sail.

We are the pines from Ida's sacred top, 230
 Now Ocean-Nymphs ; Thy fleet. When the false
 Pursued us fleeing with the fire and sword. (Rutlian
 Loth we thy anchors burst, and o'er the main
 Sought thee, when Cybele's pity thus transform'd
 Into Sea-Deities living 'neath the waves. 235

Know in his trenches close your Son is held,
 'Mid Latium's spears and thick-surrounding hosts.
 Now with the Tuscans at the destin'd place
 Are met th' Arcadian Horse. These t' intercept
 Turnus resolves, ere to your camp arrived. 240

Haste, and preventing ere the dawn appear
 Call them to arms, and take th' unconquer'd shield,
 Wrought thee by Vulcan, border'd round with gold.
 To morrow's light, think not my promise vain,
 Shall see vast numbers of the Rutlians slain. 245

Cymodoce thus : and pushing on the stern
 Back she departing flew along the waves :
 Swift as an arrow, or the Northern Blast,
 With the whole rapid train. Amazed AEneas
 View'd the event ; yet th' omen cheer'd his soul. 250

Up

Up to th' etherial vault then looking prays :
Heaven's Idan Mother! whose high Dyndamus,
The tower-fraught cities, and the harneſt lions :
Thou, by whose motion now I go to war,
Proſper the omen. Aid the Phrygian Hoſts. 255

Thus he: and meanwhile the returning day
Now with full radiance had diſpell'd the ſhades:
Bade all to follow ſtrait the ſignal given,
To arm their courage, and prepare for fight.

And now his Trojans and his camp he views 260
From the high deck. His ſhield then in his left
Rais'd flaming. Loud from th' Ilian walls to heaven
Rings th'echoing ſhout. Freſh hope awakes their rage,
Hurling their weapons. So beneath the clouds
Strymonian cranes give ſignal, wing the ſkies 265
Ratling, and leave the ſtorms with joyful ſhout.
Strange to the Rutlian king and Latian Chiefs
Such ſpirits, till they ſaw the poops on ſhore
And mighty fleet advancing with the tide:
While his high creſted helm ſheds flames around, 270
And the gold boſs emits ſtupendous fires.
Thro' Night's etherial ſo the comets ſhoot
Bloody a diſmal glare, or dog-ſtar fierce
Thiſt and diſeaſe on ſickly mortals brings, 274
And ſpreads an ominous gloomy light thro' heaven.
Nought

Nought yet fail'd Turnus' resolution bold.

First he the shore seiz'd to repel the foe, 277

Began th' attack, and thus inflam'd his friends :

See yon what wisht we ! Arm ! Come ! Force your

Their Soul of War our prisoner ! Heroes ! Fight (way,

Now for your wives and daughters. Now the deeds

Shew of your worthy fires. Come ! Meet ! Surprize,

While landing slide yet their entangled steps.

Fortune still aids the brave.

Thus he : then ponders whom against the fleet 285

To lead, and whom t' intrust th' invested walls.

Meanwhile by bridges from the lofty poops

Land th' Ilian troops. Some watch the ebbing sea

Of the faint ocean, leaping on the ford ;

Others by oars. And Tarchon views the shore, 290

Where smoke no friths, nor roar the broken waves.

But inoffensive roll the swelling tides.

Then sudden turns the prow, and hails the mates.

Now my choice Heroes ! Ply your mighty oars.

Up-whirl the vessels. Cleave the hostile land, 295

Fierce with the beak, and the deep furrowing keel.

Nor fear on such a ground to burst the poop :

Grasp we but once the land. Scarce Tarchon thus :

Ere his companions rising to the oars.

The foaming vessels whirl on Latium's Coast, 300

Till

Till on dry land the beaks and keels reclined.
Safe all the vessels, but great Tarchon! thine,
Dash'd on the flats, and on a cruel ridge
Hung awhile doubtful, spent the billows rage; 304
Then bulg'd, and dropt the crew amid the waves,
'Tangled in broken oars, and floating planks,
And still supplanted with recoiling waves.
Nor trifling Turnus fierce his rapid host
Draws, and on shore against the Trojans leads:
The trumpets play. Troy's Chief auspicious leads
Fierce on the Rusticks, and o'erturns the Latins: 311
Slaying who met him, first their Champion Theron;
Deep thro' his brazen mail and golden vest
Plung'd he the sword within his open side: 314
Then who was ript from the slain Mother's womb,
And rescued from the sword to Phæbe vow'd,
Lyca he slays: then Cisseus valiant Chief.
And Gyas' bulk, whose clubs made havock wide,
He slaughter'd. Nought Alcides' arms avail'd: 319
Nought their own strength, nor vaunted fire Melam-
That hero's friend in all his earthly toils. (pus,
Then too while Pharus pour'd his coward taunts,
Fixt his whirl'd javelin in his bawling mouth.
Thou thy new flame too Clyte's unrazor'd bloom
While fondly following, thou, unhappy Cidon! 325
Hadst

Hadst by the Dardan slain, thy wonted loves
 Forgot and lain a melancholy corps :
 Had not thy band of Brothers Phorcus' sons (threw.
 Seven Youths oppos'd his might. Seven darts they
 Some from his shield and helmet vain rebound. 330
 Some, Venus parrying, slightly raze the skin.
 Then thus AEneas to his friend Achate :
 Supply me darts. None shall this hand in vain
 Hurl on the Rutlians : which had slain the Greeks
 On th' Ilian Plains. Then snatcht a mighty spear
 And threw. It flying thro' the brazen shield 336
 Burst Mæon's corset, and at once his breast.
 Up-came his brother Alcnor, and the fall
 While he wou'd save, a javelin thro' his arm
 Piercing continued on its bloody course. 340
 Th' arm from the blade hung singly by the nerves.
 Then Nutor drew his brother's fatal dart,
 Hurls at AEneas. Him yet cou'd not wound,
 But slightly raz'd the great Achate's thigh.
 Here trusting in his youth the Sabin Chief 345
 Comes, and wounds Dryop with the fatal spear
 Beneath his chin yet speaking. Fierce it pierc'd
 His throat, of voice and soul bereaving. He,
 Faln on his face, belch'd up the clotted gore.
 Three Thracians too from Boreas' remote clime ;
 Three

Three Sons of Idas from their native Ismra ; 351
Fall various ways. Next brought Halæse the Aurunx.
And Messap, Neptune's heir, his brilliant horse.
T' expel the foe now these now those contend.
Fierce the dispute in the first steps of Latium. 355
As when the ample heaven's conflicting Winds
Rise in fell war with equal rage and force,
Nor themselves yielding, nor the clouds, or sea.
Long the war doubtful: still they struggling all.
So meet the Trojan and the Latin ranks, 360
Firm foot to foot, and man to man oppos'd.

In other parts yet, where the rolling stones
Wide bears the flood with each bank's upturn trees:
Th' Arcadian troops, unus'd to fight on foot,
Pallas observing flee before the Latians ; 365
Forc'd by the craggy ground to quit their horse,
Their only refuge in extreme distress ;
Now suppliant, now with threats, awak'd their Fire:
Where fly you Friends? By your own valiant deeds,
By great Evander's name, and conqu'ring arms,
And my hopes rivalling now my Father's praise,
Trust not your heels, break with your sword a way
Thro' where the thickest press the hostile bands.
Here your high country calls you and your Pallas.
Not Gods pursue, but mortals mortal foes. 375

Nor

Nor we, than they, have fewer souls and hands.
 See how furrounded wide with ocean-mounds:
 Nor land for flight. Troy or the deep your choice.
 Forth then he, bursting mid the thickest hosts,
 Meets whom his unkind Fates presented first 380
 Lagos, and while he tugg'd a ponderous stone,
 Shot him thro' where the intermediate spine
 Severs the ribs. Then back the weapon drew
 Deep sticking. Him then Hispo's sword assails.
 But vain the hope. For Pallas, as he flew 385
 Incautious to revenge his murdered friend,
 Surpriz'd and stabb'd him in his breathing lungs:
 Then Sthenel flew; and from old Rhætus sprung
 Anchem, who dared defile his stepdame's bed.
 You Dacus' Son too fell in Rutlia's Plains, 390
 Laris and ThyMBER, the resembling Twins,
 Mistaken oft by the fond Parent's eye.
 But now a dire distinction Pallas gave.
 For ThyMBER's head off struck th' Evandrian sword.
 Laris dismember'd right-hand fought its trunk, 395
 Quivering in death the fingers grope the steel.
 Fir'd by his voice and exploits the Arcadians
 Push on the foe with mingled rage and shame.
 Then shot he Rhæteus in his flying car.
 A short reprieve yet this procur'd to Ilus. 400
 For

For erst on Ilus he had pois'd his dart
 Which Rhœteus intercepting as he fled
 From Tyre and Teuthra brothers, down his car
 Fell, and his dying heels struck Rutlia's foil.
 As when the welcome winds in summer rise, 405
 Thick in his forests throws the swain the fires.
 Seizing the center sudden they unite
 And Vulcan's Fury o'er the Country spread.
 He Conqueror sits to view the joyous flames.
 So the allies, uniting all their force, 410
 Second thee Pallas! But the brave Halæse
 March'd on the foes, collected in his arms :
 Slew Ladon, Pheres, and Demodocus :
 Strymonius' right-hand, lifted to his throat,
 Cut off ; and with a stone smote Thoas' face, 415
 And smash'd his bones all mixt with bloody brains.
 The present fire had hid in groves Halæse :
 But when his hoary eyes were clos'd in death.
 Fate seiz'd its own, and gave t' Evander's sword.
 Him Pallas aims at breathing first the prayer : 420
 Sire Tiber! give now to the spear I poise
 Fortune to fly thro' stern Halæse's breast.
 So shall his arms and spoils thy oak adorn.
 He heard. Halæse then, while he skreen'd Imaon,
 Bared his unhappy breast to Pallas' steel. 425

The

The Hero fell. Yet undismay'd his bands
 Led Lause. Himself an army, first flew Abas
 Who firm resisting checkt his rapid arms.
 Then fell th' Arcadians : Tuscans fell, and You,
 405 Ilians! the Relicks of the Grecian Sword. 430
 All close, with equal generals, equal strength.
 The rear press on: War thickens. Freely none
 Wields hand or dart. Here Pallas urg'd 'em close.
 There Lause resisted: both of equal age,
 410 Of equal mien; whom Fortune both denied 435
 Their country more to see. Yet not permits
 Th' etherial king themselves to meet in fight:
 Each soon to fall by a more mighty foe.
 Now Turnus' Sister sends in aid to Lause
 415 Her Brother. He then thro' the middle ranks 440
 Driving calls to his friends: Desist from flight!
 Mine alone Pallas. Pallas I alone
 Demand to vengeance. Wou'd his fire might see.
 Thus he, and they obeying all retire.
 20 The Evandrian Youth admires his proud commands:
 Amaz'd on Turnus, and his mighty size 446
 Gaz'd yet far off all o'er with aspect grim:
 And this brief answer to the king returns:
 Or I shall hence go crown'd with royal spoils,
 25 Or glorious death. Still satisfied my Sire. 450

E e

Hence

Hence your vaunts! Forth then march'd amid the
The chill blood curdles in th' Arcadian Hearts. (plains.
Leaps Turnus from his car, walks, meets to close.
As when a lion, spying from a Cliff
Far in a vale a Bull's augmenting rage, 455
Scours on the foe. Such Turnus! thy attack:
Whom when he thought within a javelin-throw,
Pallas advancing, might but Fortune aid
His strength unequal, thus address the Skies:
By my Sire's generous board that oft receiv'd 460
Thee, Great Alcides! aid my daring nerves.
May Turnus see me strip his bloody arms,
And hail me conqueror with his dying Eyes.
Alcides heard, and deep within his breast
Choak'd a big groan, shed unavailing tears: 465
Then with soft accent thus address his son.
Fixt each man's day. Short unrepriev'd the term
Of mortals. But to eternize your name,
That Virtue's task. Beneath the walls of Troy
How many heroes fell! E'en fell my heir 470
Sardon. And Turnus his own fates await,
Now reach'd the goal of his appointed time.
Thus he: and turn'd his eyes from Rutlia's plains.
So Pallas' mighty force the javelin hurl'd
And from the scabbard drew his flaming blade. 475

It flew and on the shoulder's topmost belt
 Fell, and its way thro' the shield's margin forc'd:
 Till at length raz'd it Turnus' mighty Frame.
 Then his spear Turnus, tipt with sharpen'd steel,
 Aim'd against Pallas poising long, then thus : 480
 See of our weapons, whose the sharper point.
 Then thro' the shield's thick coats of brass and steel
 And the bull-hide's innumerable folds
 Hurl'd he his brandish'd javelin, cutting sheer
 His mail, and penetrates his mighty breast. 485
 He from his wound snatch't vain the reeking spear,
 And with it drew in tides the blood of life,
 Fell on the ground with clashing din of arms,
 And dying smote the Earth with bloody face.
 Then Turnus near him cries : 490
 Arcadians ! Bear ye faithful these my words
 T' Evander. Take he Pallas as deserv'd.
 To funeral honours, and a grave's relief,
 Welcome. Thus rue he long his Trojan Guest.
 This said : he with his left-foot trampled fierce 495
 The corps and snatch'd the belts enormous mass,
 And heinous impress ; in one wedding night
 All the youths slaughter'd and the bloody beds,
 Which good Eurytion rais'd with solid gold.
 Now Turnus conquering glories in the spoil. 500-

Vain mind of man! Blind to the future fates!
 Knowing no bounds in Fortune's flowing tide.
 Soon wilt thou Turnus! rue the touching Pallas.
 Soon curse those vaunted spoils, and curse the day.
 Then on their shields his friends with tears and groans
 Bear off the Hero in a crowded Train: 506
 O Grief and Glory to thy longing Sire!
 This thy first day of battle, last of life.
 Yet leav'st thou Rutlians slain in mighty heaps.
 Nor common Fame the loss but sure Express 510
 Brought to AEneas: How on ruin's brink
 His Trojans routed, wanted straight relief.
 He all before him mows, and thro' the hosts
 Wide a path spreading with his flaming steel.
 Seeks the proud Turnus. Pallas, 'Vander, all 515
 Stare in his eyes: the hospitable board:
 And friendship first there found. Of Sulmo's Sons
 Four here he slew: four too whom Ufens rear'd
 Alive he took, as victims for the shades,
 To quench with captive blood the funeral flames.
 Then far on Magus pois'd his hostile spear. 521
 He stooping saw it quivering o'er him fly,
 And suppliant thus embrac'd the hero's knees:
 By thy Sire's ghost, thy dear Iulus hopes,
 Save me I pray thee to my son and fire. 525

Within

Within our palace deep lie talents hid
 Of graven silver wrought and unwrought gold.
 On this depends not Troy's victorious arms
 Nor one life single turns such mighty fates.
 Thus he: AEneas then to him returns : 530
 Thy vaunted loads of gold and silver hid
 Spare for thy son. Such merchandize of war
 First Turnus cut off, th' instant Pallas fell.
 So my fire's ghost resolves: so my Ascanio. 534
 Then with his left hand seiz'd the suppliant's helm,
 Turn'd back his neck, and plung'd his sword to hilt.
 Nor far AEmondes, Trivia and Phœbus' Priest,
 Whose temples round the holy fillets graced,
 All gay in purple and in brilliant arms.
 Him meets he, drives, supplants, and trampling slays,
 And wraps the offering in the dreary shades : 541
 Ser stript his arms thy trophy God of War.
 Cæclo from Vulcan sprung, renews the fight,
 And Umbro on the Marfian mountains bred,
 AEneas blade then Anxur! thy left hand 545
 Struck to the Earth and thy whole target's orb.
 Dire he had mutter'd forth his powerful charms,
 And lifted high his swelling breast to heaven,
 Flatt'ring himself with hoary length of years.
 Up-sprang then Tarquit in his brilliant arms, 550

Whom the Nymph Dryop bare to Sylvan Faunus,
 Thrusting his spear. The hero turn'd it back
 His mail entangling and the cumbrous shield.
 Then while the suppliant vainly strove to speak,
 Struck off his head rebounding, and the trunk 555
 Roll'd weltering: thus then vents his hostile rage:
 There now dread Champion lie! Nor hope a grave
 From thy fond Mother, nor a Father's tomb.
 There feed the vultures: Or in th' Ocean-Depths
 If roll'd, regale thy wounds the hungry shirks. 560
 Then follows Lyke and Antea Turnus' van,
 And valiant Numa, and the yellow Camers,
 Brave Volscos' son. He of Ausonia's Lords
 The richest, rul'd Amyclæ's Quietists.
 As Ægon's hundred arms and hundred hands 565
 And fifty heads and breasts emitting fire
 As many equal shields, and dazzling blades
 Wielded against the thunder-bolts of Jove:
 So rag'd Æneas conqueror o'er the Plains,
 Once warm his blade. Lo full on Niphas breast
 Push'd he advancing, and the chariot-steeds. 571
 These far off saw him come with direful arms,
 Affrighted turn, and rushing back amain
 Throw off the driver, scouring to the shore.
 Now thro' the Squadrons Lucag's milk-white steeds
 Drive

Drive with his brother Liger. This the reins 576
 Guides and brave Lucag wields the glittering spear.
 AEneas bore not such presumptuous foe,
 Rush'd with drawn spear, and shew'd a Hero's Form.
 Thus to him Liger : 580

Not Diomed's steeds here, nor Achilles' car
 Or Phrygia's Plains. Now with the war thy life
 Here shalt thou end. Such mad provoking words
 From Liger flew around. But th' Ilian Chief
 For answer, hurl'd his javelin on the foe. 585

As Lucag arm'd, prone o'er his goaded steeds,
 Hung with the left foot foremost pois'd for fight,
 Fierce flew the javelin 'neath his blazing shield,
 And thro' the left groin passing plung'd to head.
 Down from his car he dying roll'd along : 590

Thus then AEneas with a bitter taunt :
 Lucag! No slothful steeds thy flying car
 Betray'd, or phantom from the foe decoy'd,
 Why leap so furious from th' abandon'd seat,

Then seiz'd the steeds. The brother all unarm'd, 595
 (For he fell with him) stretch'd his piteous hands :
 By thy great self, by thy heroic fires,
 Troy's boast, O save me! Safe a suppliant wretch!
 To this he : Other style I lately heard. 599

Die! Why shou'd brother his own brother leave.

Then flabb'd his breast, and oped th' imprison'd soul.
 Such slaughters thro' the Field the Dardan Chief
 Spreads like a whirlwind, or a torrent-flood
 Raging. At length lo! falling young Ascanio
 With his heroic bands in vain besieg'd. 605

To Juno meanwhile thus accosted Jove:
 O Sister-Goddes and my comfort dear!
 As thoughtst thou, Venus (nor her purpose hid)
 Sustains her Troy: not their own martial arm,
 Nor fierce heroic spirit us'd to toil. 610
 Juno submissive: Why my honour'd Lord!
 Wake with so bitter words my grief and fears?
 Oh! Held I now as once with mighty Jove
 Love's due regard! For then you'd not deny
 But I my Turnus might withdraw from fight, 615
 And safe restore him to his fire's embrace.
 Well! Glut his pious blood the Ilian sword.
 Yet he derives it from our mighty veins. (hand
 The fourth from Plumnus. Oft whose bounteous
 Loaded his offerings on thy sacred shrine. 620

To her the Monarch of th' ethereal heavens:
 If for the dying youth a short reprieve
 You ask; to me imputing such events:
 Rescue your Turnus from his instant fates.
 Thus far I may indulge you. But if more 625

Secret you wish, or think entire to move,
Or change the war's fix'd issue, vain the hope.
Juno in tears: What if such promise grudg'd
Not real? Nor this small boon to Turnus sure?
E'en now he guiltless falls: or I to Truth 630
Vainly pretend. Yet oh! my fears were false:
And you'd your purpose (for you can) reverse!
This said: she springing from th' etherial heights
Girt with a storm drave furious thro' the air:
Ken'd th' Ilian army and the Rutlian camp: 635
Then in her cloud a thin unbodied shape,
AEneas' likeness, wondrous miracle:
Decks with the semblance of the hero's arms,
His crest and buckler: gave the phantom speech
Sounds without thought; his very air and gait. 640
Such as around the graves the fleeting forms,
Or what illusions catch the sleeping sense.
Before the van then danc'd the image blith,
Provok'd the Chief with insults and with darts.
Turnus prest on; and far his whizzing spear 645
Threw. Then it turn'd and flew with hasty steps.
The Rutlian thought AEneas' self to fly,
And with wild fancy drank th' illusive hope:
Where fliest thou AEneas? Why desert thy bride?
This arm shall give thy wand'ring soul a home. 650
Thus

Thus saying, follows with drawn brandish'd blade,
 Nor sees his triumphs fleeting with the winds.
 By chance stood anchoring 'neath a lofty rock
 A bark with ladders hung and bridge prepar'd,
 Which bare king Ofnius from the Clusian Coast.
 Here the alarm'd AEneas' phantom fled 656
 Skulking. Nor Turnus slothful fail'd pursuit,
 Conquer'd the lets, and o'er the bridges leapt.
 As he arriv'd the deck, she burst the cords,
 And loosening launch'd her o'er the rolling deeps.
 Thus gone, AEneas seeks and dares the foe: 661
 What heroes met him flays in mighty heaps.
 Now the light phantom fought no more to hide;
 But flew up mingling with the dusky clouds.
 Borne by a gale then Turnus 'mid the waves 665
 Look'd back amaz'd, nor thankful for his life.
 And stretching both his hands to heaven aloud:
 Sire Jove! Such shame then worthy I t' incur?
 And such a penance pay the laughing foe?
 Where? Whence? How fled I? With what face return?
 How e'er see more Laurentum, or the camp? 671
 How the choice heroes following free my arms?
 With all I vilely led, abandon'd, flew?
 Yon see how straggling! deep their dying groans!
 Ah! Wretch! What can I? Earth to center gape,
 Gulp

Gulp me and close. Or you ye gracious winds! 676
 Snatch, dash the vessel on the foaming rocks,
 And plunge me headlong in the eddying gulfs,
 Deep from each Rutlian eye or conscious fame.
 Thus saying rolls now here now there his thoughts:
 Or shou'd he frantic in such direful shame 681
 Drive thro' his sides his pointed sword to hilt;
 Or dive the waves, and swimming up to shore
 Once more shou'd challenge the Dardanian Arms.
 Each violence thrice essay'd he, thrice high Juno
 Witheld and pitying check'd his rash despair. 686
 Down he the ocean cleft with wind and tide,
 And reach'd his grandfire Daunus' ancient walls.

Now warn'd by Jove Mezentius' flaming arms
 Succeed to fight, and awe the conqu'ring Trojans.
 The Tyrrhene bands concur, and all on him, 691
 Him only press with gathering rage and darts.
 He like a cliff, which jutting o'er the main
 Fronts the tremendous blasts and ocean-tides,
 And bears the violent threats of sea and heaven 695
 Unshaken: Hebron Dolicaon's heir
 O'erthrows, with Latac, and the coward Palmus:
 Latac he struck with half a mountain-weight
 Full on his face, and cutting Palmus' thigh
 Left the coward rolling, and his armour gave 700
 Lausus

Lausus to wear, and crest to deck his dead :
 Then Phrygian Evan slays, and Paris' Friend
 And compeer Mimas, whom to Amyc bare
 Thaine the same night, as pregnant with a brand
 Queen Cisseis Paris. In his native soil 705
 Lies Paris; Mimas now in foreign land.
 And as by bloodhounds from the mountains driven
 The wild-boar nurs'd on piny Vefulus,
 And near lake Laurence fed on forest-mast
 And rushes, now entangled in the toils 710
 Stands, grinds his teeth, storms, rears his bristly back.
 None dares resist, nor near approach his rage :
 But ply with darts and distant shouts secure.
 He yet intrepid firm resists 'em all,
 Grinding his teeth and shaking off their darts. 715
 So whom just vengeance fir'd against Mezentius,
 Dared none to meet him with the naked sword,
 Vexing far off with slings and hideous shouts.
 The Grecian Acron from old Cortus come
 An exile, leaving his unfinish'd nuptials; 720
 Him seeing far off rout the center-ranks
 In brilliant honours of th' ingenious bride;
 As oft a lion ranging round the stalls
 Stung with mad hunger, if a bounding goat
 He see or stag up-springing on his horns, 725

Yawns

Yawns with dire glee, erects his mane, and grasps
Flat on the bowels, laving in the gore
His ravenous jaws :

So rush'd Mezente blith on the thickest hosts.
Poor Acron falling smites his heels to earth, 730
Expires, and gluts with blood the broken spear.

Seeing Orode retreat then, he disdain'd
Secret to follow with the mortal shaft :

But met, confronted, grappled sword to sword, 734
And conquering not by sleight but strength of arms:
Then flung, and trod, and leaning on his spear:
War's no mean limb here, Boys! lies great Orode,
All echo joyous with repeated shouts.

Yet I, whoe'er thou, die not unreveng'd. 739
Nor Conqueror! long thy triumph. Thee too Fate
Summons with me to an immediate grave.

To him Mezentius with disdainful smile:

Die thou ! Of me let Sov'reign Jove dispose.

Thus saying drew the javelin from the corse ;

Whose eyes sad rest and leaden sleep oppress 745

And seal'd the lamps in everlasting night.

Cedeus stabb'd Alcitho, Sactor too Hydaspes.

Rapo stabb'd Par, and Or's gigantic strength.

Messap flew Clone, and Eryc Lycon's heir :

Clone as he lay, faln from his foundring steed, 750

Eryc

Eryc on foot flew he on foot. And Agis
 Advancing fell by Valer's native spirit,
 Authron by Salius, Salius by Nealce
 Famed for the dart and long surprizing bow.
 Dire Mars had equall'd now the mutual deaths.
 Alike o'erthrow they, and alike they fell. 756
 Conquerors and conquer'd. Neither thought of flight.
 Jove's Synod high lament their fury vain.
 On each side pitying man's tremendous woes.
 These Venus, those Saturnian Juno views. 760
 The pale Arch-Fury storms amid the hosts.
 Mezentius, shaking now his mighty lance,
 March'd o'er the field ; fierce as the great Orion,
 Stalking on foot thro' Ocean's boundless plains,
 Cleaves the deep waves with broad emergent breast,
 Or like an ancient oak on Ida's top 766
 Treads Earth, and hides his head amid the clouds.
 So came Mezentius on with monstrous arms:
 Heading his train, and when he saw AEneas
 Prepare to meet him, stands a giant-mass 770
 Self pois'd, and fearless waits the godlike Foe.
 Then meting out his eye a javelin-throw:
 This arm my God, and this dread weapon pois'd,
 Aid ye me now ! I vow the robber's spoils 774
 Thou, Laufe ! shalt wear, and be AEneas' Trophy.
 He

He said ; and far off hurl'd the whizzing spear.
 It flew, rebounded from the shield ; and deep
 Between great An thor's side and belly pierc'd.
 Of Argos he, Alcides' Friend and late
 Evander's settling in a Latian Town. 780

Faln by another's wound, he glanc'd on heaven,
 And on old Argos cast a dying thought.
 Then flew AEneas' javelin thro' the orb
 Of triple brass, lin-coats and three bull-hides
 Inwove compact, deep lodging in his groin. 785
 Yet not his strength pervaded. Swift his sword
 AEneas, seeing pleas'd the Tuscan Blood,
 Drew, and fell furious on the trembling foe.

This seeing Lause then for his honour'd fire
 Deep fetch'd a groan, and pour'd a flood of tears.
 Thy rigid Fate here and heroic love 791
 Wou'd future times give faith to such a deed ;
 Will not I leave, nor thee, brave Youth ! unsung.
 Back he disabled, 'tangled, lost, recoil'd,
 And at his buckler trail'd the fatal spear. 795
 Forth burst the youth amid their clashing arms,
 And as AEneas rising aim'd a blow,
 Met the sword's point, sustain'd and checkt his force ;
 Join'd by his friends, who with a loud acclaim,
 While the fire shielded by the son escap'd, 800
 Hurling

Hurling their javelins far off push the foe.
 Æneas furious selfprotected stands :
 And as when falls a storm of battering hail,
 Wide o'er the country fly the labouring Hinds
 And tending Swains ; and travellers gladly house,
 Beneath a jutting bank or craggy vault : 806
 While fierce it drives, till Sol returning calls
 Abroad to work ; So 'whelm'd around with darts
 Æneas all the shower of thundering war 809
 Sustains, and Laufus ! Laufus ! threatning cries :
 Where bent on ruin ? Bold beyond thy strength !
 Fool'd by too forward duty. Still yet he
 Leaps onward desperate. Now more direful storm'd
 Th' Ilian exasperate : and the Fates to Laufus
 Wind up the thread. For he his mighty sword 815
 Drave thro' the Rutlian's Middle burying deep.
 It past the Vaunter's thin unequal shield,
 And the gold vest his mother's hand had wrought.
 Blood fill'd the folds. And thro' the air his soul
 Flew doleful to the shades, and left a corps. 820
 Now when Æneas saw the dying youth :
 How fade his features to a ghastly pale.
 Deep groan'd he pitying, and reach'd forth his hand ;
 Struck with the fair idea of filial love :
 How for such duty, dear lamented youth ! 825

How

How shall the good AEneas crown thy worth?

Thy dear arms give I; and thyself remit,

If that concern thee, to thy father's shades.

Soften yet this thy agonizing pangs,

Faln by the great AEneas: Calls then up 830

His loitering friends, and lifts him from the ground,

Black gore disfiguring all his comely locks.

Meanwhile the father by the Tiber-streams

With water staunch'd the wounds, and eas'd his limbs

On an oak-trunk. Beside him on the boughs 835

Hung his bright buckler, arms lay on the grass.

Choice youths attend him. Sick and panting he

Reclin'd his head. Beard down his bosom hung.

Oft ask'd of Laufus: frequent envoys sent

T' inquire and bear the mournful father's charge. 840

But Laufus' body on their armour bear

His knights bewailing the deep monstrous wound.

Their groans too well knew his presageful mind:

Rolls in the filthy dust his hoary hairs:

Stretches his hands to heaven, then clasp'd the corps:

So great e'er deem'd I son! the joy of life, 846

Thee for myself t' expose to hostile force?

By these thy wounds my child! have I escap'd?

Live by thy death? Ah! Now at length I feel

The curse of exile. Deep now strikes my wound.

F f

My

My crime too tainted son! thy lovely name. 851
Hated and driv'n from my paternal throne,
Myself ow'd vengeance to my country's wrongs.
Just had all deaths faln on this guilty head.
Still yet I live, nor leave the face of man: 855
But leave I will. Then on his wounded thigh
Springs, and tho' by it check'd his furious speed,
Yet stands, calls for his steed: (his glory he,
He his relief; on him had conquering still
From war return'd:) thus hails the mournful steed:
Rhœbe! We too long, if long e'er mortals, live. 861
Or this day conqueror thou those bloody spoils
And th' Ilian's head shalt bring, and Lausus' loss
Revenge with me. Or if not force our way,
We'll fall together. For nor Hero! thou 865
Wilt deign, I deem, to serve a Trojan lord.
He said: and mounting on his wonted seat
Settled, and each hand pois'd a pointed shaft,
With flaming helmet and a waving crest,
Forth spurs he fierce. Deep in his troubled breast
Boils mighty shame, remorse despair and grief; 871
Love by the furies stung, and conscious worth:
And dares AEneas thrice invoking loud.
AEneas knew him, and with chearful air:
So grant the fire of Gods, so high Apollo, 875
Thou

Thou the attack begin.

Thus he with spear advancing. Then Mezente:

Think'st thou to fright me of my son bereav'd,
Inhuman! There, there only couldst thou wound.

Nor fear I death, nor care for all thy Gods. 880

Cease then! I meet my fate. Yet thou accept

This present first. Then hurl'd his furious shaft,
Hurling again, again too still, and wheel'd

Vast compass: His gold boss sustain'd 'em all:

Three circuits round him standing rode to left, 885

And hurl'd his javelin. Thrice the Trojan turn'd

Round with his brazen buckler's direful grove:

Till tired with such delays, such showers of darts,
And all the toils of that unequal fight. 889

Deep pondering, springs at length, and bolts his lance
Sheer thro' the temples of the warrior-steed.

Upright he rear'd, and plung'd, and spurn'd the winds;

Flung, 'tangled, found'ring o'er his rider fell,

And on his fractured shoulder headlong pitch'd.

Th' Ilians and Latins shouting tear the skies. 895

Up to him came AEneas sword in hand:

Where now the hot Mezente? His desperate rage?

To him replied he with uplifted eyes,

Viewing heaven's vault, and with recover'd mind:

Insulting foe! Why threaten thus my death? 900

No crime in blood. Nor so came I to war,
Nor milder terms between us struck my Lause.
Yet oh! if ought a conquer'd foe may crave,
Grant me but burial. Dire my people's wrongs,
And curses haunt me. Oh! avert their rage; 905
And let my relicks share my Laufus' tomb.
Thus he, and offering to the blade his throat,
Pour'd on his arms his soul in tides of gore.

From Ocean now emerging blush'd the Dawn.
Troy's chief, tho' instant call'd t' inter his dead,
And deep distrest his mind with funeral cares;
Yet conqueror paid his early vows to heaven.
A stately oak he strips of all its boughs; 5
Plants on an hill; bedecks with shining arms,
The spoils of great Mezente, thy Trophy, Mars!
Fits on his crest bedew'd with putrid gore,
Maim'd darts, and corset gor'd with many a wound:
Binds to the left the brazen buckler dim, 10
And from the neck hangs th' ivory-hilted sword:
Then to his friends, who all enclose him round
Crowding, thus heightens their triumphant joy;
Their main strength vanquish'd, Heroes! banish fear
For what remains. These the proud monarch's spoils;
Here the war's first-fruits my Mezenti stands. 16
Now march we to the king and Latin Walls.
Your arms and spirits hold prepar'd for war.
Nor lost and 'tangled, when our standards rais'd
Auspicious Heaven commands and youth abroad,
Let coward sloth retard you half resolv'd. 21
Meanwhile to Earth our yet unburied friends
Commit we, paying their last honours due.
Now the brave souls, whose blood for us procur'd
These Latin Realms, come deck with funeral rites. 25

And first to 'Vander's mournful towers be sent
 Pallas; whom not of martial glory void,
 Fate hence hath snatching sunk in the hideous grave
 Thus he with tears, and to the tent repair'd:
 Where laid out Pallas' corps watch'd old Acæte:
 Who wont Evander's royal arms to bear,
 But not with like auspicious omens blest
 Had now accompanied his dear honour'd charge.
 Round him th' attendants all, and Trojan Train,
 And mournful matrons with dishevell'd hair.

AENEAS now arriv'd the lofty gates;
 Beating their breasts, a mighty groan to heaven
 Raife they, and thro' the court ring dismal cries.
 He the fair Pallas' bolster'd head and face
 Seeing, and in his breast the gaping wound
 Of hostile spear; thus bursting into tears:
 Dear Youth! Ah! Why shou'd Fortune from my joys
 Envious withhold thee? Not to see my realms,
 Nor ride triumphant to thy Father's court.
 Not this my promise made for thee to 'Vander.
 When he embracing took his last adieu,
 Sent to a mighty realm and warn'd me oft;
 How brave the men, and how unconquer'd states.
 Now he perhaps in fond delusive hopes
 Enwrapt, renews his vows, and altar-gifts.

While

While the dead youth, discharg'd from th' Upper
 We here are paying our sad honours vain. (Gods,
 Unhappy ! doom'd thy Son's dire corps to see !
 This our return ? These our expected triumphs !
 This my great promise ? Yet no wounds of shame
 Here shalt thou view : nor safe returning, curse 56
 Hero ! thy son to hell. Ah me ! How great
 Latium ! thy loss ! How great, Iulus ! thine !
 Thus mourning he the melancholy corps
 Bade lift, and sent a thousand Heroes Choice 60
 Thence to attend the solemn honours paid,
 Share the Sire's tears, and sooth his mighty Griefs.
 Vain Comforts ! Due yet to the wretched fire.
 Others immediate weave an easy bier
 Of oaken twigs and twisted osiers soft, 65
 Raise high the bed, o'ershade with leafy arch
 And on the rural carriage lay the Youth.
 As when by a virgin-finger nipt the flower,
 Soft violet, or fainting hyacinth ;
 Nor yet its radiance, nor its beauty lost, 70
 No more draws nurture from the Parent-Earth.
 Then the two purple gold-embroider'd vests
 Brings forth AEneas, which with pleasing toil
 Dido's own hands for him had fondly wove,
 And wrought the varied filk with threads of gold.

One o'er the Youth he drew, as funeral pall, 76
 Mournful, and wrapt his tresses doom'd to flames:
 Heaps on his special meeds of glorious war,
 And the long train of booty bids to lead:
 The steeds and arms he won from vanquish'd foes:
 Handcuff'd behind too victims for his shade 81
 To slay, and quench with blood the funeral flames:
 And bids the trophies, deck'd with hostile arms,
 His peers to bring, inscrib'd with conquer'd names.

Supported walks poor, old, infirm Acete: 85
 Now cruel smites his breast, now tears his cheeks,
 Falls now, and prostrate lies along the ground.
 His mourning car rolls smear'd with Rutlian blood.
 Stript of his trappings last his war-steed AETON 89
 Walks, weeping big round drops of trickling tears.
 Some bear his lance and helm: the rest had Turnus
 Conqueror. Then mournful follow th' Ilian Bands,
 Th' Arcadian, Tuscan pointing low their arms.
 When the long train entire of friends were come;
 AENEAS flood, and thus deep-groaning adds: 95
 To other tears the like curst fates of war
 Hence call us. Hail once more, my honour'd
 Adieu for ever. This said, turn'd his steps, (Pallas!
 Sought the high walls, and to the tents repair'd.

Now envoys came from king Latinus' Court, 100
 Veil'd

Veil'd with the olive branch, intreating grace:
 Wou'd he the slaughter'd bodies o'er the field
 Be pleas'd to yield up to sepulchral rest:
 (Death and defeat the just discharge from war:)
 And spare, who once receiv'd and call'd him, Son,
 The good AEneas their so just request 106
 Granted, returning thus with gracious speech:
 What Fate unworthy in so direful war
 Involv'd you, Latins, to renounce our love?
 Peace ask you for the dead, in battle slain? 110
 Glad would I also to the living grant.
 Nor here had come, but heaven this mansion gave.
 Nor with the states commenc'd I war. Your king
 First brake our friendship, trusting Turnus' arms.
 More just had Turnus his own life expos'd. 115
 War wou'd he end by force, and drive the Ilians,
 With these arms ought he've met in single fight:
 And liv'd whom Fate or his own arm had sav'd.
 Now go, inter ye your unhappy friends.
 Thus the Dardanian Hero. They amaz'd 120
 Look'd on each other, and in silence stood:
 Till the Sire Drance, whose keen invectives still
 Pursu'd young Turnus, thus to him return'd:
 Hero of mighty fame, yet mightier arms!
 How shall I equal thy celestial praise! 125
 Thy

Thy justice noble, as thy martial deeds.
 Pleas'd we shall bring this answer to our Court,
 And thee to Latium's king, if Fortune smile,
 Will join: (Let Turnus seek his own allies:)
 Will too assist new Ilion's destin'd walls, 130
 And on our shoulder joy to bear the stones.
 Thus he: and all with murmurs gave assent.
 Thus struck a twelve days truce, they thro' the woods,
 Trojans and Latins, all unjealous mix,
 And rove the mountains. Thick the ax refounds
 Felling the ash, or the sky-kissing pines. 136
 Nor oak nor fragrant cedars cease to cleave.
 Nor wains to groan beneath the heavy firs.

Wing'd Fame, the harbinger of such dire griefs,
 Now 'Vanders' self and Court and city fills; 140
 Which lately sung how Pallas conquer'd Latium.
 Crowd to the gates th' Arcadians; and as wont
 Snatch funeral torches: whose long train of flames
 Draw thro' the country a bright and ample track.
 Up came the Phrygians with their wailing bands:
 Whom when the matrons saw approach the wall,
 Their shrieks and cries alarm the mournful town.
 But nought cou'd hold within the walls Evander.
 Forth rush'd he mid the crowds, (they rest the bier,)
 Falls on his Pallas, clasps with tears and groans, 150
 And

And struggling vents at length his grief aloud:
 Not this the promise Pallas made his Sire;
 Cautious to risk the dangerous toils of Mars.
 I fear'd the heat of young and glorious arms,
 And dear long'd honours of the first attack. 155
 Dire first-fruits, Son! and of my bordering war
 Severe commencement! Nor e'er heard in heaven
 My pious vows. Thou, O my holy Queen!
 Happy in death, nor to these woes reserv'd!
 But I have lingering mock'd my fates; survive 160
 No more a father! Wou'd my Iliau friends
 Myself had following faln by Rutlian arms:
 And me, not Pallas, this sad pomp had brought.
 Yet Trojans! blame I not our solemn league,
 And plighted friendship. This the lot of age 165
 Due from me. But if destin'd immature
 My Pallas' Death: well first he thinn'd the Volsce,
 And fell transplanting Ilion into Latium.
 Nor other funeral rites with I my son
 Than good AEneas, than the Phrygian Peers, 170
 The Tuscan Chief and Tuscan armies gave.
 Great Trophies these of Pallas' fatal sword.
 Thou too hadst stood here a vast trunk in arms,
 Turnus! if equal years had brac'd your nerves.
 But wretch! why thus detain the Trojan Arms?

Go

Go faithful bear this mandate to your king : 176
 Life's curse t' endure, since Turnus flew my Pallas ;
 Thy sword persuades. Thou know'st to son and fire
 His head's due forfeit. This our sole relief
 From thee or fortune. Not life's joys I wish, 180
 Nor just. But this to bear my son below.

Aurora meanwhile on poor mortals smil'd,
 Rebringing day with its laborious toils.
 AEneas now with Tarchon o'er the shores (friend,
 Raise the Piles ; here brought each his slaughter'd
 As wont their fires : then lit : and clouds of fire
 Wrapt in thick darkness the wide vault of heaven.
 Thrice round the piles then in their shining arms
 On foot patrol they : thrice the mournful fires
 Review they mounted : all with dismal howl, 190
 Their armour sprinkling, and the earth with tears.
 Their cries and trump's dull clangour rend the skies.
 Some fling the spoils, from slaughter'd Latins torn,
 Into the flames, with helms and brilliant swords,
 Reins and hot wheels : some what the dead had us'd,
 Their well-known shields and inauspicious darts.
 As victims herds of oxen, bristly swine, 197
 With flocks, wide-ravish'd from the country round,
 Kill on the flames : and view their friends on shore
 Burning, and gather th' ashes half-consum'd, 200

Nor

Nor cou'd be torn thence, till the dewy night
Display'd returning heaven's refulgent stars.

Nor less on th' other side the wretched Latins
Build piles unnumber'd. Many slaughter'd friends
Some there inter: and some from thence remove
To neighbouring hamlets, or convey to Town. 206
The rest a vast promiscuous heap of death
Unrank'd, unhonour'd burn, then wide around
Blaze the thick rival-fires o'er all the plains. 209
Now had the third dawn chas'd heaven's frosty shades;
They sad the ashes and the mingled bones
Roll up, and throw on heaps of glowing mold.

Now in Latinus' court and royal town
Chief the confusion and the greatest grief.
Here Matrons, here fond sisters, wretched brides,
And children of their tender fires bereav'd, 216
Curse horrid war and Turnus' nuptial rites:
Himself shou'd fight, himself decide by arms,
Who Latium's kingdom and first honours claim'd.
Keen Drances join'd 'em. He alone was call'd,
Turnus alone was dared to single fight. 221
Many dissenting yet for Turnus vote,
Safe in the shade of the Queen's mighty name,
And high renown of his own Trophies won.

Amid these flaming and tumultuous broils 225

Lo

Lo too dejected from great Diomed's Court
 Th' Embassadors returning, Nothing done
 By all their vast expence; nor gifts nor gold
 Nor mighty prayer availing: Other arms
 Latium must seek, or sue the Trojan Grace. 230
 The king Latinus faints with grief immense;
 Reads fate's decrees, which hither brought Æneas,
 Clear in the wrath of heaven and new-built tombs:
 Then the great Council of his noble peers
 Commands to summon in the Palace-Hall, 235
 They meeting draw from all the crowded ways
 To court; where fate high-centring first in age
 And first in power the king's no blithsome front:
 And bade his Legates from Ætolia's towers
 Say, what they brought him; and the answer give
 Clear at length. All a sacred silence kept, 241
 Till Venlio duteous thus: O Countrymen!
 We've seen great Diomed and the Argive Camp,
 By sea and land have conquer'd every toil,
 And kiss'd the hand by which high Ilion fell. 245
 He Argyp naming from his native town
 Victorious founded in Iapyx' plains.
 Now when admitted we obtain'd an ear;
 Our gifts present we, name and country tell, 249
 Whose arms repell'd, and wherefore we at Argyp.
 He

He listen'd answering thus with accent mild :
 O happy Latians ! Ye Saturnian Realms !
 Old Latians ! What ill fortune breaks your peace,
 And spurs you on to tempt a foreign war ?
 All, who invaded Ilion's sacred bounds, 255
 T' omit our toils of siege beneath the walls,
 And whom the Simois rolls ; dire thro' the world
 Have paid full vengeance for the impious guilt ;
 Priam's self might pity. This knows thy sad star
 Pallas ! th' Eubœan crags and fell Capharecus. 260
 Driven from that warfare all on different shores :
 On Porteus' Pillars Men'laus, Atreus' son,
 Exile ; Ulisse on AEt'na's Cyclop Caves.
 Why name king Pyrrhus, or thy routed state
 Idom'neus, or on Libya's coasts the Locri. 265
 E'en the Mycenean Chief of Greece's Kings,
 Entering his door, falls by his consort's hand ;
 And Asia's conqueror to the adulterer yields.
 Nor deign'd me heav'n, ere more my native shrine,
 Dear home, or Chaldon's stately walls, to see. 270
 Now also haunt me specters horrible.
 My lost companions wing'd or soar the skies,
 Or skim the currents. Ah ! the direful pains
 They suffer shrieking dismal thro' the rocks. 274
 What better cou'd we hope, since th' hapless day,
 When

When Fool! my sword aim'd at the heavenly shapes,
 And impious wounded Venus' sacred palm.
 Oh! Never, never urge me to such wars,
 To cope with Trojans after Ilion sack'd.
 I hate to think on all our ancient woes. 280
 The gifts you bring me from your native coast,
 Bear to AEneas. I his rigid arms
 Have met. Believe th' experienc'd. How he dire
 Springs on your shield! How whirling bolts his spear!
 Had Ida teem'd but two such Heroes more, 285
 Th' Ilians had entering storm'd th' Inachian Towers,
 And Greece had mourn'd her sad reverse of fate.
 All her reprieves ow'd hardy Ilion's walls
 T' AEneas' sword and Hector's : haughty Greece
 Still baffled, still recoiling ten full years. 290
 Both fam'd for courage, both for brilliant arms :
 He the more pious. Plight a solemn league,
 As offer'd, and beware to meet in arms.
 You hear the Monarch's answer, gracious king!
 And what his thoughts on this momentous war.

Thus he : when loud thro' the Ausonian Crowds
 Ran the hoarse noises, as when rocks retard 297
 The rapid currents ; pent the boiling gulfs (banks.
 And murm'ring streams roar thro' the neighb'ring
 Soon as becalm'd, and silent peace resum'd, 300

Hailing

Hailing the Gods he from his lofty throne :
 Long since on Latium's State your wise resolve
 Wish'd I my Peers! and better were than now
 To meet, while they insulting 'vest our walls.
 A war vexatious with a race of Gods 305
 Wage we and matchless heroes, whom no loss
 Tires, nor tho' conquer'd can desist from steel.
 Now lost your hope in the AEtolian aids:
 Now each his own hope; this you see how small.
 The State how ruin'd lies and panick-struck, 310
 Your eyes instruct you and experience dear.
 Nor blame I any. Whate'er Valour cou'd,
 Was done. Her every nerve my kingdom strain'd.
 Now what my pondering thoughts at length resolve,
 Hear me in brief, and with attentive mind. 315
 My old demain beside the Tiber-Waves,
 Stretching to west beyond Sicania's bounds;
 Th' Aurunx and Rutlians plough its barren hills
 Manure and sow, and graze the craggy wilds.
 Cede this whole District and the mountain-pines
 To Troy in friendship: and an equal league 321
 Propose inviting to unite our realms,
 Settle if so they please, and build their walls.
 Or if another coast, and other state
 They chuse, and can from our demain retire: 325

Build we 'em twenty ships of Latian Oak ;
Or more, if wanted. Plenty near the brooks
Of Timber. They how many, what the size
Shall fix, and we find rigging work and cost.
And to propose and ratify the league, 330
Impower an hundred of thy Latin Peers.
Let these go holding forth the branch of peace
And bearing gold and ivory, ample gifts,
Our chair of state too and imperial robe.
Consult, resolve and save my sinking state. 335
Then Drance, inveterate foe to Turnus' fame,
Stung with squint envy and a bitter spleen,
Rich, not uneloquent, but weak in war
In council able well to take a lead,
Powerful by faction, drew from Mother's blood
Nobility, but of a fire unknown ; 341
Rose, and oppress'd him thus with keen reproach :
Clear what you move, nor needs my voice t' inforce,
O Gracious Monarch ! All confess to know
The state's relief ; but muttering fear to speak. 345
By leave of Turnus and his swelling rage,
Whose inauspicious name and views perverse,
(For speak I will, tho' threat he instant death,)
Slew the state's ablest lights, and city laid 349
Prostrate in tears ; while brav'd he th' Ilian Camp,
Trusting

Trusting his heels, and chas'd a heavenly form.
 One more to those your many presents sent
 T' AEneas, this one add, O best of kings!
 Nor yield your royal will to any force;
 But give your daughter to a worthy son, 355
 And bind this peace with an eternal league.
 But if such mighty terrour seize the mind,
 His grace then let us all devout implore
 To yield the king's just right and Country's prayers.
 Why into death so oft her wretched sons 360
 Fling'st thou away? Thou source of Latium's woes.
 No hope in war: peace now we all implore,
 Turnus! and th' only sacred bond of peace.
 Chief I thy fancied foe; nor friend or foe
 Care I, lo suppliant come. Thy country spare. 365
 Yield, flying hero! Blood enough and rout
 See we around and devastation wide.
 Or if by glory fir'd and martial rage,
 Or so enchanted with a royal dower;
 Come with undaunted breast, and meet the foe.
 Truly that he may win a royal spouse 371
 We wretches, vile unmourn'd, unburied crowd!
 Lie scatter'd. Thou too if thou aught of strength
 Or Latian Spirit hast, fear not to face,
 Who yonder dares thee. 375

At this inflam'd high Turnus' fiery soul
 Deep groaning bursts forth into this reply :
 Ne'er, Drances ! fails indeed thy flowing tongue,
 When war to action calls. In Council thou
 Early ; but not the business done with words ; 380
 Which safe thou bandiest big while from the foe
 Strongly immur'd, nor trenches flow with blood.
 Then pour, as wont, thy vollies : me of fear
 Accuse too, thou whose sword such slaughter'd heaps
 Of Ilians honour, and thy trophies round 385
 Decking the fields. Now too what Valour can,
 May'st thou exhibit. For not far the foe
 Have we to seek. They all surround our works.
 Come on. Why stand ? Lies then thy soul of war
 All in a windy tongue and nimble heels ? 390

I, villain ! fly ? Who'll call me flying coward.
 Who that with Ilian Blood yon swelling Tiber
 Sees, and Evander's house with all his hopes
 Ruin'd, and yon Arcadians stript of arms. 395
 No coward Bitias found, or mighty Pandar,
 Or th' hosts this arm in one day sent to hell,
 E'en in the center of the hostile works.
 No hope in war ? Thus to their leader, Fool ! 399
 And thy own interest harrangue : thus confound
 All

All with false terrours; magnify a foe
Twice conquer'd, and depress Latinus' Force.

Now quake the Myrmidons at Ilion's arms,
Now too Tidides and Larisse Achille. 404

And th' Aufid-Streams back to their source recoil.

E'en his own danger form my words he feigns,

False Miscreant! urging his invidious fears.

But safe for this arm long may such a soul

With thee abide, lodg'd in that abject breast.

Now Sire! to your high counsel I return. 410

If you no longer in our arms have hope,

If we so desperate, and by one defeat

Quite ruin'd, nor e'er Fortune knows a change:

Peace let us crave, and suppliant yield our arms.

Yet if not all our native virtue lost, 415

Him shou'd I deem most happy in his toils

And most heroic, who that fight to shun

Fell dying once for all, and bit the ground.

But if strong forces and fresh bands of youth

And aids remain us from Italia's States, 420

If too the foe their glory dearly bought,

With equal bloodshed in the storm of war;

At our first entrance why inglorious fail?

Why quake with horror, e'er the trump's alarm?

Time oft the evils of this changeful world 425

Restores to better. Oft th' alternate smiles
 Of playful Fortune lands again the wreck'd.
 Will not th' AEtolian Arpos give their aid?
 But Messap will, great Tolmio, all the Chiefs
 Sent from so many states, nor small the fame 430
 Of those in Latium and Laurentum rais'd.
 Comes from the noble Volscæ too fair Camille
 Heading her cav'ry, and her brilliant bands.
 But me alone if th' Ilions call to fight,
 And I am thought your bar of public weal: 435
 Not so estrang'd this arm to victory's palm,
 As aught of toil to shun for such a prize.
 Cheerful I meet him; were he great Achille,
 And tho' he vaunt his arms by Vulcan forg'd:
 This soul for you and Latium's king my Sire, 440
 I Turnus yielding to no ancient hero,
 Devote here. Dares me AEneas? Would he dar'd!
 No Drance shou'd for me or heaven's anger fate;
 Or Mars to glory calling, bear the palm.

Thus on affairs of state while they contend, 445
 Moves from the camp AEneas all his force.
 Lo! thro' the tents Express tumultuous came,
 And fill'd the city with its loud alarms;
 All in array from Tiber-streams the Ilions
 And Tyrrhene army wide the country scour: 450

Strait

Strait thro' the troubled vulgar spread the Shock,
 And rous'd with all incentives madding Rage.
 Arms, Arms demand they. Roar the Youth for arms.
 Weep the sad Fathers muttering. Here wide shouts
 Vast thro' the air dissenting voices raise. 455
 So in some lofty grove if squadrons wing'd
 Fluttering alight; or on the fishy Po
 Sing the hoarse swans o'er the loquacious pools.
 Turnus th' occasion seiz'd: Yes, Countrymen! 459
 Call you your Councils! Sit, and preach up peace.
 While they invade the kingdom: saying thus,
 Forth burst he instant from the royal hall:
 Thou, Volus! bid the Volscan Troops to arm,
 Bring thou the Rutlians! Messap draw with care
 Their brilliant cavalry o'er the spacious plains. 465
 Guard the town-passes some, and man the towers:
 The rest with me, as order'd, meet the foe.
 Strait to the walls they run from all the town.
 The king his Council leaves, and high designs;
 Adjourning troubled at the evil times: 470
 And oft reproach'd himself, who not receiv'd
 Dardan AEneas for his Son and Heir.
 Some dig before the gates: or stones and stakes
 Bring up. Bellona's hoarse and bloody trump 474
 Sounds; and around the walls in mingled crowds

Run Matrons, Boys, all to the last distress.
 To Pallas' shrine too and her towers the Queen
 Brings, riding with a mighty train of Dames,
 Her offerings; near her rode the royal Fair,
 Source of the ills with downcast lovely eyes. 480
 They with their incense fume the temple dome;
 And mournful at the portal, heave their vows:
 War's mighty Goddess, thou Tritonian Maid!
 Break th' Ilian Pirate's sword; and lay him flat,
 Rolling his carcase 'neath the lofty walls. 485
 Great Turnus furious arms for instant fight,
 Puts on his breast the Rutlian Corset's brass,
 Unnumber'd scales! and sheaths his legs in gold,
 His temples baring girds his trusty sword,
 And in refulgent gold descends the tower: 490
 Th' exulting hero longs to see the foe.
 Bursting his reins, lo! thus a fiery steed
 Springs from the stable o'er the open plain,
 Scours to the pasture and his female loves:
 Or to the streams his wont delightful bath, 495
 And neighing rears his high luxuriant neck,
 While o'er his shoulder plays the flowing main.

Him with her Volscan Squadron meets Camille
 Riding, and lights majestic at the Gate
 Respectful. They th' example following, all 500
 Duteous

Duteous dismount; and thus the Warriour-Queen:

Turnus! if sanguine hopes become the brave,

I dare and promise t' enter th' Ilian lines,

And single facing meet the Tuscan Horse.

Let my hand first essay the toils of war. 505

Thou with thy infantry here guard the walls.

He wondering gaz'd on the grim warriour-maid:

Queen! Latium's Glory! How exprefs my thanks?

Or how repay you? Now since all return

That Soul exceeds; let me partake the toil. 510

AEneas, (Fame so and our scouts report)

Has sent his van of light arm'd cavalry

T' alarm the country, while himself the crags

And deserts crossing shall invade the Town.

My secret ambush deep within the wood 515

Lies, and in arms now hold the double ways.

Thou with the Tuscan cavalry engage:

With the brave Messap and the Latin Troops

And Tiburs' squadron. Act too thou as Chief.

With like address he Messap's martial rage 520

Fires and the other Chief; then meets the foe.

There lay a valley, opportune to wiles,

Winding, and girt around with leafy glooms

Thick on each side: where led a narrow path 524

And a strait entrance block'd with spiteful crags,

High

High o'er it on a mountain-summit spread
 A secret plain, which gave a safe retreat;
 Or on the right and left t' engage the foe,
 Or from the ridge to roll the millstone crags.
 Here thro' the well-known country speeds the Prince;
 Seiz'd and possess'd th' insuperable woods. 531

Wing'd Opis meanwhile in the seats above
 One of her sister-virgins, sacred choir,
 Diana hails and anxious thus address:
 Now goes, my Opis! to the cruel wars 535
 Camilla girt ah! with my armour vain.
 Dear to me ever. For no sudden love
 Works now in Dian a strange fond delight.
 When, driven his kingdom for his odious pride,
 Metabus left his ancient seat Privernum 540
 He took the infant mid th' alarms of war,
 To cheer his exile; and her Mother's name
 Gave of Casmilla to Camilla chang'd;
 Bore in his arms; and fought the mountain-heights
 And lonely forests, still with hostile darts 545
 Prest and the armies of surrounding Volsce.
 Lo in his flight then bankful foam'd the Amfen:
 So from the bellying clouds had burst the rains.
 To swim prepares he, but his infant-charge
 And tender fears retaining; all resolves 550

Anxious,

Anxious, and fix'd at length on this resolve.
 The spear he bore then in his mighty hand,
 Vast, solid, knotted and of harden'd oak :
 To this the child, in bark and cork enrapt,
 Fits to the middle, and around it binds. 555
 Then poising hails the hero thus the heavens :
 Here O to thee Latonia ! Sylvan Maid !
 I vow my daughter. Thine the weapons first
 She grasps to fly the foe. Accept thy own,
 Goddess ! now trusted to th' uncertain winds. 560
 With swung-back arm then whirling sends the spear
 O'er the resounding river's rapid streams.
 Flew with the whistling javelin poor Camille.
 He, nearer prest now by the gathering hosts,
 Springs on the flood, and draws the spear and child
 Up from the turf victorious, Dian's gift. 566
 Him wou'd no dwelling or wall'd town receive,
 Nor he so fierce wou'd to their power submit ;
 But liv'd a shepherd on the mountain-wilds ;
 Here nurs'd her mid the brakes and salvage dens ;
 Or with the milky dugs of herds and flocks, 571
 Draining the teats into her tender lips.
 Soon as her little foot cou'd point a step ;
 Into her palms he put a pointed spear,
 And bow and quiver on her shoulder pois'd. 575
 For

For golden cawl and train of flowing robes
 Hangs from her head to heel a Tiger-Spoil.
 For toys her tender hand or hurl'd the dart,
 Or whirl'd the flinging thongs around her head,
 Killing the Strymon Crane or silver Swan, 580
 Oft by the Tyrrhene Matrons wish'd in vain,
 To bless their sons; yet liv'd she all to Dian,
 Her vow eternal to the Virgin-Toils
 Kept sacred. Oh! that ne'er the martial rage
 Had drove her desperate on the Dardan Hosts. 585
 Still dear to me now had she join'd my choir.
 But come! since o'er her hang the rigid fates,
 Slide, Nymph! from heaven: and visit Latium's
 Where with dire omens now begins the fight. (Realms;
 This quiver take, and draw th' avenging dart. 590
 With this from whome'er impious wounds her form,
 Trojan or Latin, I'll exact his blood,
 Will in a cloud her pitious corps and arms
 Unstript, convey thence to her Country's tomb,
 Thus she: and thro' th' etherial thundering air,
 Rapt in a sable whirlwind, flew the Nymph. 596
 Now near the city drew the Ilian Bands;
 And all the cavalry leads the Tuscan Chief
 Draw in array. Prance neighing o'er the plains
 The fiery courfers bearing on the bit 600

Erect

Erect now tossing. Wide the brazen spears
 Thick and the towering armour blaze around.
 'Gainst these came Messap, Latium's swift brigade,
 And Core his brother, and Camilla's wing; 604
 Fierce o'er the plain, and drawing back their arms
 Push forth their spears afar, and shake their darts,
 Heroes and foaming courfers burn to fight.
 Now within javelin-cast they both advance,
 Pause, and a sudden sallying with a shout
 Spur on the snorting courfers; hurl around 610
 Darts thick as hail, and wrap the heaven in gloom.
 Confronting rush then Tyrrhe and hot Aconte;
 Push fierce their clashing spears; and fall the first
 While breast to breast the courfers meeting full
 Burst out each others bowels. Off Aconte 615
 Flew, like a lightning-bolt, or cannon-ball,
 Far headlong, and his soul dispers'd in air.
 Strait with disorder'd lines the Latins turn,
 Cast back their shields, and spur on for the walls.
 Th' Ilians pursue, (Assyla leads the bands,) 620
 Now to the gates approach: when back the Latins
 All with a shout turn their obedient steeds:
 Then fly the Trojans, spur and yield the reins.
 As when the springing sea's alternate tide
 Now swells to land, o'erflows the foamy rocks, 625
 And

And throws the winging train o'erth' outmost beach;
 Now rapid backward swallowing rolls the rocks,
 Flies from the shore, and leaves the ebbing Friths.
 Twice drave the Tuscans Rutlia to her walls:
 And twice repel'd thence, shields their flying backs.
 But at the third encounter, when they all 631
 Mingle their forces, man to man oppos'd;
 Loud the death-groans, and in the tides of blood
 Both arms and bodies, and with heroes slain
 Roll steeds expiring. Fierce the battle forms. 635
 Orsil not daring Remlio's self t' attack,
 Whirl'd on his steed, and fix'd beneath the ear.
 He of the wound impatient madding rear'd,
 With breast erected paw'd, and beat the air:
 Off fell he rolling. Catyl first flew Iol 640
 Then vast in spirit, vast in bulk and arms
 Hermin, whose naked head of yellow hair
 And naked shoulders fear'd no hostile force.
 Between their blades, so fair a butt! the spear
 Drave trembling thro' his breast. He stoop'd to pain.
 Blood flows in rivers: each ambitious sword 646
 Spreads havock, courting wounds and glorious death.
 Camille exulting 'mid the slaughter rag'd
 With bow and quiver, bear her single breast,
 Now scattering thick her storms of flexile darts. 650
 Snatching

Snatching unwearied now her mighty ax,
Her gold-bow rattled and Diana's arms.
If e'er she turning fled the furious foe,
Levelling behind, she shot her flying dart.
Her guards around her were the chaste Larine, 655
Tulle and Tarpeia with her brandish'd ax.
Her maids of honour these the great Camille
Chose in Italia, skill'd in war and peace.
As when the Thracian Thermod's winding banks
Th' Armazons routing fight with painted arms 660
'Round their Queen Antiope; or when Panthea's car
From war returning, with wild hideous shrieks
Exult the moony shielded female troops.

Who to thy dart fell, Heroine! first, who last?
Or what the numbers bled beneath thy steel? 665
First Euna Clitio's son; whose breast expos'd
Full fronting push'd thro' she her firwood pike.
He fell; and belching up thick tides of blood,
Bit the drencht earth; died weltering in his wound.
Then Lyr and Paygas: th' one, as he the reins 670
From his stab'd courser rolling gathers up,
Th' other to save the fall essaying vain,
Headlong together tumble. Then she Amster
Slew, Hippot's son, and darting far surpriz'd
Tereus, and Chrome, and Harpal, and Demophoon.
Many

Many as the shafts the martial virgin hurl'd, 676
 So fell the Phrygian Heroes. Th' hunter Ornet
 Rode in strange arms far off his swift Iapix :
 Whose brawny shoulders broad a heifer-hide
 Veils for fight ; head a wolf's vast yawning jaws,
 Set with the ivory grinning teeth, protect ; 681
 And hands the rustic halbert wield. Himself
 Rears 'mid his squadrons with o'ertowering head.
 Him she receiv'd, and (easy in the rout)
 Transfix'd, and thus with bitter taunt insults : 685
 Here thoughtst thou, Huntsman! to pursue thy
 Now comes the day, a female arm refutes (game.
 That error. This yet no small glory bring
 Thy fires below, Faln by Camilla's hand.
 Then Bute and Orsil, Troy's gigantic chiefs ; 690
 Bute in the back she wounded with her spear,
 The casque between and Corset, where his neck
 Shone as he rode, and left-side target hung :
 Orsil she flying fetch'd a mighty round
 Still narrower, mock'd and chas'd the chafing foe.
 Then thro' his arms and bones her giant-ax 696
 High springing o'er him, deaf to all his prayers,
 Redoubling drives ; and smears his face with brains.
 Then sudden met her, look'd and trembling paus'd
 Th' Apennine Aunus' son, the warrior fam'd, 700
 While

While fate permitted in Ligurian arts.
 And when no refuge hoped he now by flight;
 Nor how t' avert th' impetuous queen's attack:
 Art then and fraud employing thus began:
 Where the great merit, if in horse's strength, 705
 Heroine! You trust for flight. Dismiss him. Come!
 Grapple on fair ground with me, sword in hand.
 Soon shalt thou know, whose vaunting ends in
 Incens'd at this, she to her guard the steed (shame.
 Resigning, stands forth clad with equal arms; 710
 Fearless with naked sword, unfigur'd shield.
 Proud of his craft so prosperous, now the youth
 Instantly turns, and flying yields the reins,
 Spurring continual on his rapid steed:
 Thou, false Ligurian! swoln with empty pride, 715
 In vain employst thy country's slippery arts.
 Nor shall thy fraud restore thee safe to Aunus.
 Thus she: and flaming, on her rapid foot
 Outstript the courser, turn'd and caught the reins,
 And closing gluts her steel with hostile blood. 720
 Swift as the sacred falcon from a cliff
 Darts; and surprizing high in air a hern
 Grasps in his talons, scoops the heaving bowels,
 The blood and feathers falling from the sky.

This not indiff'rent th' Universal Sire 725

H h

Saw

Saw from his throne in the celestial heights:
 But wakes great Tarchon to the cruel wars,
 And with no mild incentives whets his rage.
 He 'mid the slaughter'd and retreating troops
 Spurs on, and calling instigates the wings, 730
 Each by his name, and rallying leads to fight:
 What fear ye shameless! ever stupid Tuscans!
 What coward-horrors have possess'd your souls?
 What? Let a woman drive your flying troops?
 Why wear we steel? Why bear those weapons vain?
 Not so to Venus dull, and nightly wars, 736
 Or when the crooked pipe wakes Bacchus' choir,
 Dull to the banquet and the flowing bowl.
 Then pleas'd, then joyous, while th' auspicious priest
 Proclaims the rites and victim in your grove. 740
 Forth then his steed he with a desp'rate force
 Spurr'd and impetuous drave on Venlio full,
 Snatch'd with the right-hand from his steed, and
 Lays o'er his lap, and spurring bears away. (grasp'd
 Wide rings thro' heaven the shout, and all the Latins
 Turn, and see Tarchon flying o'er the plain 746
 Bear off the Chief: and from his javelin-point
 Snapping a ponyard, search some naked part
 For vengeance. Struggling he the fatal hand
 Wards from his throat, with force averting force.

Down

Down as the eagle dropping on a snake, 751
 And snatching gripes within her feet and claws :
 He wounded twifling intricate his folds,
 Lifts his thick fcales, and darts his hissing tongue
 High rearing. Still fhe plies her crooked beak, 755
 And beats with airy wings her struggling prey.
 So his Tiburtine booty Tarchon bears
 Triumphant. Him fo happy follow all
 His Tufcans furious. Then Fate's victim Aruns
 Aim'd his ingenious dart at fwift Camille, 760
 A compafs took, and lucky moment fought.
 Where'er Camilla desperate urg'd the foe ;
 Here Aruns comes, and filent haunts her fteps :
 Where fhe victorious from her flain retir'd ;
 Here fly and fecret quick he turns the reins, 765
 Now here, now there, a fair attack explores,
 Rides all around, and pois'd his fatal fpear.

Sacred to Cyb'le Chlore and late her Prieft,
 Far off fhe faw in Troy's refulgent arms,
 Spurring his courfers ; on whose trapping brafs,
 A fcaly plumage ! glow'd and woven gold. 771
 Himfelf, in brilliant foreign purple clad,
 Shot Cortyn arrows from a Lycian bow.
 Of gold his bow hung rattling, gold his helm.
 His faffron robes with filken ruftling folds 775

Collected in a knot of yellow gold.
'Broider'd his vest, and buskins on his legs.
Him or to deck her temples with the arms
Of Troy, or hunting ride in captive gold,
She singling from the hostile bands pursues 780
Blind and incautious o'er the field of war,
Fir'd with the female love of gaudy spoils.
Sly he the moment seizing throws the dart
Addressing thus aloud the powers of heaven:
Great God! the holy Sorac's Guardian, Phœbus!
Whom we the first adore; whose sacred fires 786
We feed, and safe in thee amid the flames
Devoutly walking tread the burning coals;
Grant, Sire! my dart t' abolish this our shame.
Not the chief spoils, or trophy o'er the maid, 790
Crave I, or any booty. My other deeds
Of Fame suffice. This pest oh! might I slay,
Pleas'd shou'd I home without the same return.
This Phœbus hearing grants in part the vow;
And part disperses with the fleeting winds: 795
Yields that surprizing he should slay Camille;
But safe returning see his native clime,
This prayer flew mingling with the southern storms.
Now when the levell'd spear whizz'd thro' the air,
Anxious the Volsci turn their thoughts and eyes,
All

All on the heroine. Nought she or the wind 801
 Minds, or the noise or lofty dart's approach;
 Till the spear driving thro' her naked breast
 Stuck, and imbibed her heart's pure Virgin Blood.
 All run her maids alarm'd, to catch her fall, 805
 And bear the Queen. Chief frightened Aruns flies
 With mingled joy and fear. Nor more his dart
 Dares he to trust, or meet the Virgin's arms.
 And as ere yet he hear the fatal dart,
 Strait to the mountain-wilds a skulking wolf, 810
 Guilty of shepherd or some heifer torn,
 Flies conscious, and relaxing cows his tail,
 Claps trembling 'tween his thighs, and seeks the
 So from all eyes in wild confusion Aruns, (woods:
 Glad to escape, flew mingling with the hosts. 815
 She dying draws the javelin from her ribs,
 Where penetrating fluck the pointed steel,
 Sinks ghastly: sink her chilling eyes in death.
 The purple glow forsakes her livid cheeks.
 Then thus to Acca of her Sister-Train, 820
 Whom before others chief Camilla lov'd
 And bosom-friend, expiring thus addrest:
 No more, dear Acca! can I. Now the wound
 Works fatal. Thick these gathering mists around!
 Fly with my dying mandate to the Prince; 825

To come and drive the Ilians from the walls.
Adieu. Thus saying, quits the reins and down
Loth drooping falls. Then all her chilling frame
Gradual dissolving; hangs her feeble neck 829
And head; to death now yielding, drops her arms,
Groans, and indignant dives the Nether Shades.
Then a vast shout rung thro' the golden stars.
Camilla falling whets the martial rage.
On rush they all at once, the Trojan Force
The Tyrrhene Leaders and Arcadian Wings.

Now long had Dian's envoy Opa sat; 836
High viewing fearless from the hills the fight:
And far off mid the shouting heroes fierce
Seeing Camilla's melancholy end,
Heaves a deep groan, and vented thus aloud: 840
Ah! too, too cruel thine exacted pains
Heroine! for war with Ilion's sons commenc'd,
Nor ought avail'd thy desert-vows to Dian,
Or ought our quiver on thy shoulder borne.
Yet not unhonour'd leaves thee now the Queen 845
In thy last hour. Nor thro' the world unfam'd
This death befalls Camille, nor unreveng'd.
For whoe'er wounded, Nymph! thy sacred Form;
His head the forfeit. Vast beneath a mount 849
Stood th' old Laurentine Monarch Dercon's Tomb,
High

High rais'd of earth, and wrapt in oaken glooms.
Hither the Goddess bounding at a spring,
And spying Aruns from the towering height
Sees him in brilliant arms with swelling pride.
Where, cries she, flying? Here direct thy steps. 855
Here doom'd to perish, take Camilla's meed.
Must thou too bleeding stain Diana's darts?
Exasperate snatch'd she then the feather'd shaft
Forth from the golden quiver: bent her bow
Drawing afar, till met the crooked horns. 860
And now her hands alike directed touch'd,
Her left the steel-head, right and string her breast.
Aruns the twanging bow and whizzing air
Strait heard at once, and felt the sticking dart,
Dies, groans his last. Him his forgetful Friends
Leave rolling in the dust and foreign Climes. 866
Opa springs flying to th' ethereal heights.
Now slain the Queen, Camilla's light wing flies:
Broke fly the Rutlians: flies the brave Ataine.
Dispers'd the Leaders and forsaken bands 870
Seek safety, turn and spur on to the walls.
None cou'd th' insulting Ilians' fatal sword
Longer resist, or firm maintain their ground.
Their slack bow hanging on their languid neck, 874
Thick the horse scamp'ring scour the quaking plains.

Roll to the walls black thick'ning clouds of dust:
While thence the Matrons spying smite their breasts,
And shriek alarming the etherial hosts.

Who swift had enter'd first the open gates; 879
Their mingling crowds, by hostile force oppress'd,
Scape not a wretched death. But at their gates
Within their native walls, and sacred roof
Stab'd drop expiring. Many shut the gates,
Nor ope their friends a way: nor dare admit
'Th' imploring suppliants. Fall in piteous heaps,
Who guard the passes, or attack the foe. 886

Shut out before the weeping parents' eyes,
Some down the ditches urg'd by impetuous fate,
Roll headlong. Others frantic spurring on
Pitch with a ram's force on the gates and posts.
Strong in their fancy drawn, Camilla's Rage 891
The Matrons caught; and vying from the walls
'Threw furious weapons, arm'd with knotted oak,
And clubs, and pointed slaves condens'd in fire.
Each burns to die the first before the works. 895

To Turnus in the woods then dismal comes
Acca, express of the tumultuous rout:
The Volsce how ruin'd; and Camilla slain;
How hot the foe pursue; and Mars their friend,
Bear all before 'em, scaring now the walls. 900

He

He furious, (so Jove's cruel powers ordain'd,)
Leaves the invested hills and salvage groves.
Ere out of fight advancing on the plain,
AEneas enters the abandon'd woods,
Ascends the mount, and leaves the Sylvan Shades.
So both they rapid towards the City-Works 906
March on ; nor great their intervening space.
And when AEneas on the dusty plains,
Kenning afar beheld Laurentum's troops ;
And Turnus knew too the Dardanian Arms, 910
And heard the foot advance, and snorting steeds ;
Then had they clos'd in a decisive fight ;
But blushing Sol's tired steeds in Western Waves
Now div'd, and day declining brought on night.
These 'vest the town, and those the walls defend. 915

The

When Turnus saw the vanquish'd Latins droop,
 Now claim the accepted challenge, and on
 Fix their expecting eyes; he furious burns him
 Relentless. As the Lybian ranging lion,
 Whose breast is wounded by a hunter's spear, 5
 Rouzing exerts his weapons, haughty shakes
 His brawny shaggy mane: and th' infix'd spear
 Intrepid breaking, roars with bloody mouth.
 Incens'd so Turnus' haughty spirit fir'd;
 And thus in wild disorder hails the king: 10
 Turnus demurs not. Let not th' Ilian Coward
 Retract his Challenge, nor his proffer'd terms.
 I'll meet him. Father! solemnize the league.
 Or this right hand shall into hell dispatch
 Troy's vagrant; (sit the Latins all to view; 15
 While I alone wipe off the public shame:)
 Or vanquish'd I will yield Lavinia's charms.
 To him sedately thus the king return'd:
 Brave Youth! As thou the more in martial Praise
 Exceedest, so the more it me becomes 20
 Cautious to weigh the various turns of war.
 Thine thy fire Daunus' realms; thine captive towns
 Unnumber'd: thine Latinus' power and love.
 More Virgins Latium and Laurentum vaunts,
 Nor of mean lineage. Let me freely treat 25
 This

This tender point to thy attentive ear.
To any former Suitor heaven forbad
To give my daughter, and heaven's every fear:
Yet by the love of thee, by kindred blood 29
And my Queen's tears o'erpower'd, I broke all bonds,
Snatch'd my Son's Comfort, and took impious arms.
Hence what my train of wars and dire events,
Turnus! thou seest: and what thyself endur'st:
Twice total vanquish'd, scarce our city-walls
Latium's last refuge hold we. Still flows Tiber 35
Warm with our blood, and plains are white with
Why so oft change I fool! my first design! (bones.
If, thou extinct, their friendship I invite;
Why not, thou living, rather end the strife.
What will the Rutlians, what all Latium say, 40
Shou'd I to death, (yet heaven forbid th' event,)
Betray thee suing my Lavinia's Love.
Review War's chances. Pity an ancient Sire,
Now sorrowing far hence in thy native Ardea.
Yet yields not haughty Turnus' fiery soul, 45
But more exasperate rages with the cure.
Soon as he could, he bursting thus replies:
Your care for me, kind Father! oh dismiss;
And let me barter Life for Glory's Palm.
I too have weapons; nor a feeble arm 50
Wont

Wont from the wound to draw the vital blood,
Nor will his Goddess Mother wrap the Coward
More in th' effeminate cloudy phantom vain.

But the Queen frighten'd at the single Fight
Wept, and with desperate grief withheld her son:
If these tears, Turnus! if Amata's name 56
Move thee, O thou! my age's only hope!
Thou, my last refuge! Latium's state on thee,
On thee my Confort's Royal House relies.
Oh grant me this! Cope not with th' Ilian sword.
Whate'er lot waits my Turnus in that fight, 61
Me too awaits. Nor shall my loathing eyes
See light, or captive own AEneas Son.

Her Mother's voice Lavinia hearing, sheds
Tears o'er her glowing cheeks, whose rising blush
Shot o'er her features deep a reddening fire. 66
As Indian iv'ry the blood purple stains;
Or snowy lilies mid the rose-bed blush:
Such the fair Virgin's interchanging hues.

Confus'd with love he on the virgin gaz'd, 70
Burns more to arms, and briefly thus to Amata:
Do not, Oh don't with such ill-boding tears
Escort me Mother into Martial Toils.
For how can Turnus' Will controul his fates?
This my no welcome order to your Prince, 75

Bear

Bear Idmon ! Soon as early Dawn thro' heaven,
Borne on her saffron wheels, shall spread the blush ;
Check he his forces. Rutlia hence with Troy
At peace : let our blood terminate the war ;
And on that field be won Lavinia's Charms. 80

Thus saying rapid to the Court he flew,
Calls for his steeds, and joys to see how gay
Orthia's grand present to the King Pilumnus,
Whiter than snow, and fleeter than the wind : 84
While the fond busy grooms stand round, and clap
Their buxom breast, and comb the flowing mane.
He then his mail of gold and paler brass
Wraps round his shoulders, fits too on his sword,
Helmet, and double horns of Crimson plume.
The sword had Vulcan for his Father Dawn 90
Forg'd, and dipt glowing in the Stygian Waves.
Then mid the hall on the vast column hung,
Upspringing furious snatch'd his mighty spear,
From Actor won ; and brandish'd trembling high.
Now O ! thou never vain invok'd ! he cries. 95
My spear ! Come now for action. Thou brave Actor's,
Thou Turnus' hand now fill'st. Come fell the corps
Of th' Hian Eunuch : rend and tear his mail,
And drag him fouling in the dust his locks 99
Curl'd with the crisping Iron and breathing myrrh.

Thus

Thus by the Furies driven, his glowing face
 And vengeful eyeballs darted flames of fire.
 So ent'ring battle lows the rival-bull
 Hideous, and playing fierce his stubborn horns
 Now on the trunks, now winds and cloudy sands,
 Prelusive works his kindling rage to war. 106

Nor less fierce meanwhile in his Mother's arms
 AEneas kindles up his Martial Ire.
 Pleas'd with the offer'd league to end the war.
 Then cheers his Friends, relieves Iulus' fears 110
 Opening the fates, and sends the Latin King
 His answer with the terms prescrib'd of peace.
 Now the Dawn's radiance scattering tipt the hills,
 And Sol's gay Coursers from the watry Deep
 Spring, and wide snorting shed effulgent Day. 115
 The Field of Combat 'neath the City-Walls
 Plan and prepare the sons of Troy and Rutlia.
 Then verdant altars to their common Gods
 Rear in the midst. Fount-water some and fire
 Bring clad in linen and with vervain crown'd. 120
 Forth march th' Ausonians from the crowded gates
 With spears thick-swarming. Hence the Ilians all
 Rush with the Tuscan Troops in various arms.
 No less accouter'd than if rigid Mars
 Call'd into battle. Mid the hosts appear 125

Riding

Riding the Chief, in gold and purple clad,
Mnestheus of 'Sarcus' line, and brave Asyle,
And the great horseman Messap, Neptune's Son.
The signal sounds. They sep'rate: and their spears
Fix on a distant ground, and rest the shields. 130
Then anxious swarm the Dames, the mob unarm'd,
Old and infirm; the tower and houses' tops
Besetting. Others scale the lofty gates.

But Juno from the mount, now Alban call'd,
Then nor a name cou'd vaunt, or high renown, 135
Surveys the field, and both the armies rang'd
Of Troy and Laurente, and Latinus' walls.
Strait she then Turnus' Sister thus addrest:
Guardian of Pools and the resounding streams!
(That divine honour Jove, th' etherial king, 140
Gave to reward her Virgin honour lost)
Glory of Rivers thou, my soul's delight,
Knowst, how thyself to all the Latin Maids,
Who e'er ascended Jove's ungrateful bed,
Preferring, I have freely rais'd to heaven. 145
Hear, Jutna! thy distress, yet me acquit.
While Fortune suffer'd, nor the Parcae frown'd;
I shielded Turnus and thy native walls,
Now see the youth cope with unequal Fates:
His hour of Doom and Force resistless comes. 150
Nor

Nor fight nor treaty can I bear to see.
 Haste to thy brother: if thou can, assist,
 In duty bound: and milder lot may fall.
 Thus she: when Jutna into tears dissolv'd;
 Thrice and again she smote her lovely breast. 155
 Not this a time for tears, Saturnia cried;
 Fly, fly and snatch him, if you can, from Death;
 Or wake thou wars, and break the forming league,
 I lead the exploit. Thus advising left, 159
 Perplex'd with doubts, the sad and pensive Nymph.

Meanwhile the Monarchs, Here in State Latinus
 Riding his Car of four, whose head around
 Twelve golden rays proclaim his grandfire Sol
 Effulgent; Turnus in his snowy pair
 Shaking two javelins of broad-pointed steel: 165
 Here Sire AEneas, whence the Roman Line,
 Flaming with starry shield and heavenly arms;
 With him Ascanio, Rome! thy second hope:
 March in Procession. Clad in white the Priest
 Brought a fow's youngling and an unshorn lamb,
 And plac'd beside the blazing Altar-Fires. 171
 They their eyes turning to the rising Sun,
 Offer salt gifts, the victims' forehead clip,
 And flowing goblets on the altar pour.
 Then with drawn sword the good AEneas thus: 175
 Thou,

Thou, Sun! bear witness, bear too thou, O Land!
 For whom so many labours I've endur'd:
 And thou, Almighty Sire! and thou, high Juno!
 Thy late more gentle power I hail: and thou, 179
 Great Mars! whose Godhead turns the scales of war:
 Hail Founts and Rivers! and whoe'er in Heaven
 Rule awful, or beneath the blue abyfs:
 If Fortune give the Palm t' Ausonian Turnus,
 Agreed th' Evandrians conquer'd home return;
 These lands th' Aeneads cede; nor shall resume 185
 Arms ever more, or vex the Latin Realms.
 But if to our arms Victory give the Palm,
 As I hope rather in the power of Jove,
 I shall not fix on Latium th' Ilian Yoke,
 Nor wish me absolute. Bind on equal terms 190
 Both states unconquer'd an eternal League.
 Rites and the Gods I'll give. My Sire shall hold
 His arms and Latin Empire. My Ilians build,
 And call their city, by Lavinia's name.

Thus first Aeneas: thus then Latium's king 195
 With eyes uplooking, right-hand stretch'd to heaven;
 As thou Aeneas, I by th' earth, Sea, Stars
 Swear and Latona's twins, and two faced Janus,
 By the infernal Powers, dire Pluto's Shrine,
 And by whose Bolts avenge the broken vow, 200

By th' Altars here I touch, their fires and Gods;
No day shall break this peaceful League in Latium,
Whate'er the issue. Nor shall any Force
Withdraw me: not if mingling Earth and Sea, 204
Heaven and th' Abyfs of Hell in ancient Chaos.
As this my fcepter, (fuch his right-hand fway'd,)
Shall no more put forth boughs and leafy fhades,
Since from the Earth its Parent deep up-hewn
It to the ftcel resign'd its locks and arms:
'Then a tree: th' artift now with figured brafs 210
Cas'd it, and gave the Latin Kings to wield.
Thus they alternate folemnize the league
Before the Nobles: then the hallow'd beafts
Slay on the flames, and th' entrails yet alive
Snatch, load their chargers, and on th' altar pile.
Now long the Rutlians the unequal fight 216
Fear'd, and were ftuck with Pannic horrors wild;
Still more as nearer feeing how ill match'd.
While flow and filent Turnus lo! advanc'd
Suppliant to th' altar with dejected Eyes, 220
Wan cheeks, and palenefs o'er his vigour caft.
Th' alarm when Jutna thus wide-fpreading faw,
And the tumultuous vulgar fpirits droop;
Forth mid the troops affuming Camer's form
Of puiffant grandfires, both by Father's deeds 225
Illuftrious

Illustrious and his own heroic arms;
Forth springing she not uninstructed cries,
Sowing seditious rumours thus aloud:
Blush ye not Rutlians! one life for you all
T' expose thus? Fewer we? Or less our strength?
Lo all the Trojans and Arcadians here, 231
And against Turnus sworn th' Etrurian bands;
Scarce half our number could pick each his man.
He to the Gods, whose victim now he stands,
Will on the mighty wings of Fame ascend. 235
While we our country lost, th' insulting yoke
Must bear, who now loll easy on the grass.
Thus she: they heard her with inflaming minds:
Still wider thro' the ranks the murmurs spread.
The Latin and Laurentine minds are chang'd. 240
Who lately safety hop'd and rest from war;
Now cry for arms, and wish the league unmade,
And pity Turnus' hard unequal lot.
A still more dire incentive Jutna adds;
The sign from heaven strong o'er Italian minds,
Working wild tumult and delusive fears. 246
Jove's bird lo! tow'ring in the ruddy sky
Chas'd o'er the shores a rattling flight of birds:
Sudden the villain, dropping on the waves,
Snatch'd in his hooky claws a flatly swan. 250

Th' Italians gaze intent ; surpriz'd to see
The clam'rous birds join, rally, wheel, advance,
Darken the air with plumes, and 'vest the foe 253
With a thick cloud of horrors ; till o'erpower'd
The routed Champion loos'd, and whirl'd his prey
Down on the tides, and skulk'd amid the clouds.
Th' omen the Rutlians with a shout accept
Get their arms ready : Lomio first the Priest. 258
This, this, he cries, how oft my vows have fought!
Thanks to the Gods! Come! Follow me to war!
Arm! Arm! ye Rutlians! Whom the Pirate's sword
Scares like the silly birds, and wastes your shores.
Soon he shall fly, and court the springing gales.
Up then uniting draw in close array, 264
And save your monarch from th' ensnaring fight.
Then springing forward hurls among the foe
His well aim'd javelin, hissing thro' the air.
Instant a mighty shout then all the Bands
Raise, and disorder'd burn with furious rage.
The flying javelin, where nine brothers stood 270
Of noble mien, whom the same Tuscan Womb
Bare faithful all to the Arcadian Gilip,
Reach'd one of these, where wrapt about the waste
The glittering buckle clasp'd the leather-belt,
The youth for beauty fam'd, and brilliant arms, 275
Drave

Drave thro' his fides and roll'd him in the sands.
The fiery band inflam'd by brother's grief,
Drawing their swords, or snatching missive spears,
Rush blindly. Firm resisting them, advance
Laurentum's Sons. On th' other side then pour
Agellum, Troy and Arcady's painted arms. 281
So caught they all an equal rage for war,
Plunder the altars, whirl o'er all the sky
An iron tempest black of spears and darts,
And snatch'd the fires and goblets. Flies Latinus
Crying, They false had put the gods to flight. 286
Some rein their chariots, or with active band
Leap on their steeds advancing sword in hand.
Messap, impatient to dissolve the league,
Spurs against Aulus the Etrurian King, 290
Clad in his royal robes. Retiring he
Fell hapless on the altars built behind,
Pitch'd on his head and shoulders. Furious flew
Messap, and deaf to all his suppliant cries;
High mounted flabs him with his weaver's beam:
Take this thou fittest victim to the Gods. 296
Th' Italians crowding strip his body warm,
Chore from the altar snatch'd a flaming brand,
And met th' advancing Ebo's furious arm,
Dash'd in his face, set his vast beard on fire 300
I i 3 Spreading

Spreading sweet odours. Fierce then in his left
 Grasping the locks of his confounded foe,
 Kneel'd on his stomach, neal'd him to the ground,
 And gored his side. Podarle then after Alse,
 As thro' the van he rush'd; pursues and shakes 305
 O'er him his blade: But he his rustic ax
 Uplifting split his forehead down to chin,
 And smear'd his armour with the scatter'd brains.
 Sad rest and leaden sleep oppress his eyes,
 And seal'd the lamps in everlasting night. 310
 But good AEneas stretch'd his hand unarm'd,
 And with uncover'd head thus hail'd his friends:
 Where rush ye? Whence arose this sudden strife?
 Oh! Oh! Forbear! since now the solemn league
 Completely settled! Mine alone to fight. 315
 Dismiss your fears. Trust my avenging sword.
 To me now Turnus owe the rites infringing'd.
 Ere yet the hero ended this address,
 Lo on him hissing flew a feather'd dart, 319
 From whose hand doubtful, or by what force driven;
 What chance or God such praise to Rutlia brought;
 Conceal'd the glory lay of such a deed.
 Nor any vaunted of AEneas' wound.

Turnus now seeing AEneas' self retire
 And Chiefs disorder'd; hope rekindling rage, 325
 Calls

Calls for his steeds and arms, and haughty springs
 Into his car, draws up, then flacks the reins.
 Bowling sends many Heroes into hell,
 Rolls many dying, drives o'er slaughter'd troops,
 Or snatching showers his darts on flying foes. 330
 As near the frozen Hebrus bloody Mars,
 Clashing his armour, wakes his furious steeds
 And yields the reins: they scour the open plain
 Fly, lead the West-Winds: while beneath their hoofs
 Groan Thrace's borders. Round the God attend
 Feuds, Stratagems, black Horrour's every form. 336
 So the gay Turnus shakes amid the hosts
 His smoking courfers: direful o'er the foes
 Insulting; rapid spurning bloody dews,
 And treading deep the mingled gore and sand. 340
 Close grappling now he Phole and Thamyr flew;
 And far off Sthenel; far off both the Chiefs
 Of Lycia, Lade and Glaucus; whom their Sire
 Imbras had train'd and with like armour deck'd,
 To close, or mounted to outstrip the winds. 345
 Now th' Ilian Eumed drives amid the hosts
 Heroic Son of Dolon th' ancient chief,
 Named from his grandfire, as his father brave
 Who once a spy, observing Greece's camp,
 Had dar'd to hope for meed, Achilles' car; 350

But not so Diomed crown'd the bold attempt,
Nor longer pants he for Achilles' steeds :
Him Turnus far off seeing on the field
First with his feather'd spear surprizing wounds,
Then check'd his steeds, and leaping from his car
Seiz'd his faln dying foe, and on his neck 356
Stern treading forc'd from his right hand the sword,
And dipt it flaming deep within his throat :
There what thou soughtst for, the Hesperian foil
Seize flat and measure. This be their reward, 360
Who Turnus dare attack : Thus build they walls.
Then flew he Asbat with a whirling spear,
Chlore, Therfyl, Dares, Sybaris, and Thyme
Whose foundering courser threw him o'er his neck.
As roars the Edon Boreas' mighty breath, 365
Maddens th' AEgean, rolls the waves to shore,
And furious chafing clears the clouds of heaven :
So Turnus saw before him flee the hosts,
And routed fall in heaps. Impetuous flew
He, and his plumes danc'd in the buxom air. 370
Phegus not bears the Hero's galling rage,
Springs on the Chariot, and the foaming bits
Turns with his right-hand of the flying steeds.
While dragging hung he on the wain expos'd
The broad launce seiz'd him, burst the double mail,
Pierc'd

Pierc'd thro' and razing wounds the Hero's frame.
Yet he his shield presents, turns to the foe,
And with drawn dagger calls aloud for aid;
But headlong falls before the rapid wheel
Prostrate: and Turnus following on the blow, 380
Between the helmet and the breastplate-fringe
Struck off his head, and left the rolling trunk.
While Turnus' conqu'ring Arm such havock spread;
Now lead their king AEneas, Mnesthe, Achate,
And young Ascanio, bleeding to the camp 386
Halting and leaning on his mighty spear.
He storm'd and tugg'd the dart, and brake the shaft:
Then call'd t' extract the point the speediest way:
By broad incision deep the javelin's bed
Lay open, and return me to the wars. 390
Dear to Apollo now Iapys came
Iaso's son; on whom th' enamour'd God
Smil'd, and his own immortal arts confer'd
The augury, the harp, and flying dart.
He to ward off his Sire's impending fate 395
The Physic-practice, simples and their powers,
Studied, and lov'd th' inglorious silent arts.
Exasperate lean'd on his long spear AEneas,
Numbers attending with his mournful son. 399
He with their tears unmov'd yet, while the sage
With

With tuck'd-up garb, as wont the sons of Pæon,
Long his soft healing hand and potent herbs
In vain applied: in vain the javelin search'd,
Nor could his forceps fasten on the steel.
Nought Fortune aided, nought Apollo's art. 405
Fell horror wide spreads thicker the alarm
Of hast'ning ruin. Near the clouds of dust
Veil the sky. Horse arrive, and darts, like hail,
Fall mid th' intrenchments. Dire thro' heav'n the
Of heroes fighting, and of heroes faln. (Shouts

Now shock'd to see her Son's unworthy pain, 411
Venus the Ditany pluckt on Ida's Top,
With full grown downy leaves and purple flowers:
Stalk not unknown to the wild goats ensnar'd,
If on their back e'er stick the winged dart. 415
This Venus brought, wrapt in her cloudy veil,
Dipt in her shining vessel's dusky Streams
Secret preparing, and th' ambrosial juice
Of health infus'd with fragrant Panacæa.
With this his wounded thigh Iapys bathed 420
Unknowing: for lo! instant fled the pain;
Staunch'd all the blood subfided in the wound;
Into his hand spontaneous dropt the dart.
Fresh vigour strait renewing all his frame:
Quick here the Hero's armour! Why demur? 425
Iapys

Iapys cries, and fierce inspires to war.
This from no human Power, no art proceeds:
Nor now has my hand fav'd thee, great AEneas!
Some higher power thus sends to nobler deeds.
Eager to fight he sheathes his legs in gold, 430
Nor delay brooking shakes his glittering spear.
Fits on his shield then and his coat of mail.
Then clasp'd Ascanio with an arm'd imbrace,
And kissing thro' his helmet thus addrest:
Labour and valour learn of me, my boy! 435
Fortune from others. Now my warlike hand
Defends, and leads thee to triumphal meeds.
Thus thou, when into complete manhood form'd,
Eye our example; and to native worth
Wake thee thy Sire AEneas and Uncle Hector. 440
Thus spake, then springing forth the mighty Chief
Shook his vast spear, and heading numerous bands
Anteu and Mnestheu with the following crowds
Pour from the camp impetuous. Wide the dust 444
Spreads blindness. Quakes the spurn'd and trampled
Their march saw Turnus from a fronting hill; (Earth,
Saw too th' Ausonians. Chilling thro' their frame
Shot terror. First of all the Latins Iutna
Heard, knew the voice, and trembling back recoil'd.
They thick advancing scour the open plain. 450
As

As when a tempest bursting drives the storm
 Black o'er the ocean, and alarms the swains
 Shuddering afar: ah! lest the ruin sweep
 Their trees, and fallows, and the country round:
 Dire ushering roars the whirlwind o'er the shore.
 So leads the Dardan Chief against the Foes 456
 His thick'ning squadrons wedg'd in close array.
 By Thymber's sword the great Osiris fell,
 Archet by Mnestheus, Eplo by Achate,
 Ufens by Gias. Fell the Augur's self; 460
 Who bolted first his javelin on the foe.
 Shouts rend the Ether. Now the Rutlians turn
 Their dusty backs in flight, and scour the plains.
 Troy's Chief disdain'g the flying foe
 To slay, or who wou'd close, or weapons throw;
 Sought alone Turnus mid the darkness thick, 466
 Pursu'd, and him aloud demands to fight.

Now struck with terrour Jutna's martial soul
 Shook from his seat her Brother's Charioteer,
 Metisco, whirling headlong far behind. 470
 Herself then mounting guides the flowing reins,
 Metisco's very person, armour, voice.
 As thro' her royal master's spacious court
 Flies the black swallow round the stately halls
 Catering the dainties for her craving young. 475
 And

And now the cloysters, now around the pools
Skims fluttering : so high Jutna 'mid the hosts
Flies in her rapid Chariot all around.

Now here, now there, her conquering brother shews,
And bears him from the foe in wandring flight. 480

Troy's Chief still follow'd in contracting orbs
Tracing, and dares him thro' the routed hosts.

Oft as he glancing on the distant foe
Sprung, and outflying chas'd the rapid steeds ;

So Jutna doubling still her chariot turn'd. 485

Ah! What, what can he ? Fluctuating vain
In tides of fury and distracted thoughts ?

On him the light-heel'd Messap, as he bore
Two javelins in his left-hand tipt with steel,

Whirl'd one directed with unerring aim. 490

Collected in his armour halts AEneas

On bended knee. Yet the impetuous spear,
Razing his crown, struck off th' aspiring plume.

Kindled to fury now to see his foe

Thus flee insidious : first he oft invok'd 495

Jove's altars to attest the league infringing'd :

Forth burst at length th' auspicious hero dread,

Wak'd a fell undistinguish'd slaughter wide,

And yields his vengeful fury all the reins. 499

What God, what numbers can such havock dire,
Say,

Say, and how fell they, and whom o'er the plain
Now Turnus, now by turns AEneas drave.
Why in such wars thy pleasure, Jove! to mix
The Nations destin'd to eternal peace.
AEneas first the flying Trojans slopt ; 505
Nor more delaying Sucro, Rutlian Chief,
Seiz'd ; and where speediest death, his rigid blade
Plung'd in his side transfixing wide his breast.
Turnus the brothers Ame and Dior flew ;
Ame on his horse, but clos'd with this on foot, 510
And both beheading, on his lofty car
Bears their suspended heads distilling gore.
Troy's Chief flew Talon Tane, and brave Cathegus
At one encounter all, and sad Onyte
By birth a Theban, Peridaia's Son : 515
Turnus the Lycian Twins from Phœbus' Soil
And Mennet hating war in vain, th' Arcadian,
Who in a hut near Lerna's fishy lake
Liv'd by his angle, far from Pomp and Care :
His Father till'd and sow'd a rented soil. 520
And as the fires from different quarters driven
On the dry woods, and crackling laurel-shrubs ;
Or when with rapid fall from mountain-heights
Roar foaming torrents headlong to the main,
Each with its track of ruin : So the Chiefs 525
Rush



Rush thro' the battles. Now their swelling rage
 Boils deep, now bursts from their unconquer'd breasts.
 Now with main force rush they on mutual wounds.
 He Hurran vaunting th' ancient roll of Sires
 And long extraction from the Latin Kings, 530
 Hurl'd headlong with a rock and whirlwind's force
 Flat on the ground. 'Neath th' axle and the reins
 Whirl the wheels o'er him: and the rapid steeds
 Trample their Lord ungrateful in the mire.
 Turnus the fierce advancing Ila's rage 535
 Met, and his javelin on his temples gilt
 Whirl'd thro' his helmet, fixing in his brain.
 Nor thy arm, Creteu! bravest of the Greeks!
 Sav'd thee from Turnus: nor his Gods Cupente
 His broad breast offering to AEneas' steel. 540
 Ah short the respite gave his brazen shield.
 Thee, AEol! saw too the Laurentine Plains
 Flat o'er their surface lie stupendous bulk: (throw,
 Saw fall whom nor Greece-Squadrons cou'd o'er
 Nor who crush'd Priam's realm the great Achille.
 Here thy life's limits, rear'd in th' Idan Court 546
 Lyrna's proud towers, to mix Laurenta's Dust.
 Thus join conflicting the whole armies fierce
 Of Troy and Latium. Mnestheus, hot Sereste,
 The noble horseman Messap, brave Asyle, 550
 The

The Tuscan Phalanx and Evandrian Wing,
 Each on himself relying vie t'exert
 Unintermitted all their utmost force.

Now Venus' Son feels her inspiring warmth
 Strait to the City-Walls to turn his force, 555
 Spread sudden slaughter, and alarm the Latins:
 And while pursuing Turnus thro' the ranks,
 Here he and there his army led, beholds
 The peaceful city from war's horror free:
 And with th' Idea fir'd of nobler fight 560
 Calls Mnesthe, Sergestes and the brave Serefte,
 And takes an em'nence. There Troy's other bands
 Assembling thick, they all were under arms;
 While thus harrangued he from the central mount:
 Hear, nor demur, for Jove now owns our cause,
 Nor let your fears obstruct my sudden thought. 566
 This day Latinus' Towers the cause of war
 If they not patient bear our conquering Yoke,
 I'll level with the ground their smoking roofs.
 What! Shall we wait, till Turnus please to meet 570
 Once more in conflict our victorious arms.
 This Friends! the head and main of th' impious war.
 Quick with your flaming brands avenge the league.
 Thus he: they all with equal ardour wedge, 574
 And drive their crowded mafs against the walls.

Ladders

Ladders immediate bring they and the fires.
 Some to the Portals fly and flay the Guards.
 Some whirl their spears, and cloud the air with darts.
 Troy's Chief the first his right-hand toward the walls
 Stretch'd, blam'd Latinus, and protests by heaven:
 Th' Italians forc'd him now again to war; 581
 Twice now had broke the treaty, twice took arms.
 Tumult and discord thro' the city rose.
 Some bid to unlock the towers, and ope the Gates
 Wide to the Trojans and admit the king. 585
 Some bringing armour go to guard the walls.
 As when the swain a swarm within a rock
 Finding has fill'd with suffocating smoke:
 They trembling for the state thro' th' waxen Camp
 Wander, and whet their dire resounding rage. 590
 Thick rolls the stench: dark Murmurs thro' the rock
 Re-echo: issuing smoke involves the skies.

This, superadded to the Latin Woes,
 Shook to its base the melancholy Town:
 For the Queen seeing near approach the foe, 595
 Invest the walls, and wrap the streets in flames,
 Nor Rutlians facing nor her Turnus' troops;
 Fancied the Youth had in the combat slain,
 And with the sudden grief distracted, curs'd
 Herself the guilty cause of all the woes; 600

Raves, and her furious anguish vents aloud :
 On death resolving rends her purple vests,
 And from a beam ties the foul fatal knot.
 This when the hapless Latin Ladies heard,
 The royal Virgin first her golden locks 605
 Tare and vermilion cheeks; then others round
 Crowd wild, and raise their shrieks thro' th'echoing
 Then o'er the town the dismal tidings spread (court.
 A panic. See the Monarch rend his robes,
 Shock'd at his Confort's Death and City's Fall, 610
 O'er his gray hairs throw clouds of filthy dust,
 And oft himself reproach, for not before
 Freely accepting great AEneas son.

Meanwhile brave Turnus on the distant Plains
 Chas'd a few stragglers, now with flagging spirit,
 Less joy and less still in his conquering steeds. 616
 Here to him wafted, dark tremendous cries
 Strike his erected list'ning ear appall'd
 With the town's tumult and unjoyous roar.
 Ah! What distress yon so alarms the walls, 620
 Or what these murmurs from the City-Towers?
 Thus he: and drawing up the reins confus'd,
 Halts; and his Sister in Metisco's Shape
 Guiding the chariot and the bitted steeds, 624
 Thus answers: This way Turnus! come, pursue
 Th'

Th' Ilians, where first the smile of Victory leads,
While others yon in arms defend the Town.
If the Dardanian arms Italia vex;
Ours too shall deal on Ilion death and woes :
Nor less in number, nor in martial fame. 630
Turnus to this :
Long, Sister! have I known you, since your fraud
First brake the league, and you to battle came :
Nor now conceal'd O Goddess ! But from heaven
Who sent you here t' endure such grievous toils,
And witness your poor Brother's cruel death? 636
For now what can I? Where one ray of hope?
These eyes beheld, when calling me in vain,
Murran my Friend, (no dearer now survives,)
Fell mighty Hero by a Hero's wound: 640
Fell too poor Ufens, not to see my shame;
His body now and arms the Trojans hold.
What? Sack'd the town too, to complete our woes,
Bear I? Nor Drance's slander dare refute?
But turn my back? These plains see Turnus fly?
Death then so direful? you, O Nether Gods! 646
Pity whom Heaven rejects. To you I come,
A spirit pure from every conscious guilt,
Nor ere unworthy my Heroic Sires.

Then on his foaming courser thro' the foes 650

Sage flying comes, yet sticking in his face
 A bloody arrow: Turnus! Turnus! Thou
 Our only hope left, pity, help thy Friends!
 AEneas' arms yon thund'ring threat to raze
 Th' Italian towers, and level with the dust. 655
 Town all in flames. On thee the Latins turn,
 On thee their trembling eyes. Latinus' self
 Fluctuates what son, what treaty now to own.
 Add thy best friend the Queen by her own hand
 Is slain, and struck with horror spurn'd the light.
 None but Ataine and Messap guard the gates,
 Whom the wedg'd hostile phalanx 'vest around 662
 And a thick harvest stands of shining blades:
 Thou wheeling meanwhile o'er the abandon'd plains.

Turnus amaz'd stood lost in the hideous scenes,
 Fixt in a silent gaze. Deep in his breast. 666
 Boils mighty shame, remorse, despair and grief,
 Love by the Furies stung, and conscious worth.
 Now the soul's mists dispers'd restoring light,
 His flaming eye-balls whirls he toward the walls
 Troubled, and rising views the spacious town. 671
 When lo! the eddying flames among the planks
 Roll billowy up to heaven, and seize the tower:
 The tower himself with jointed beams had rear'd,
 Moving on wheels, and high with bridges rais'd.

Sister!

Sister! Fate's hour is come. Hold me no more. 676
Where heaven and rigid fortune calls, I go
To meet AEneas, meet Death's bitter pains,
Resolv'd. Nor shalt thou more behold my shame.
Oh! ere I fall, indulge my desperate rage. 680
Then from the chariot springing on the plain
Rush'd thro' the foes, thro' darts; his sister sad
Abandon'd rapid bursting thro' the hosts.
As headlong from a mountain's height a rock
Falls by a whirlwind rent, or torrent's force 685
Roll'd, or supplanted by a length of years,
Fierce down the precipice direful drives the cliff
On the soil bounding, and woods men and herds
Wraps in its ruin: thro' the scattered hosts 689
So rush'd he to the walls, where drench'd in blood
Spread the wide ground, and whizzing flew the darts.
Then beck'ning with his hand the hero cries:
Now Rutlians! check, and Latins you your arms.
Mine be th' event whate'er. Just I alone
Expiate for you the league in single fight. 695
They all retiring gave a vacant space.
But Sire AEneas, hearing Turnus' name,
Leaves now the walls, and leaves the lofty Towers,
Precipitate, breaking every work's delay,
And shakes exulting his dire-thund'ring arms: 700

Huge as Mount Athos, Erx or th' Apennine
Roars with his waving oaks, and joys to rear
Aloft in air his fnowy reverend head.

Now th' Ilians, Rutlians, and Italians all
Here turn their eyes, and who the lofty Towers
Held, and who batter'd fierce the lower walls, 706
Dropping their arms. Latinus' felf amaz'd
Views the great Heroes, born in diftant climes,
Wage now encountering the decifive fight.

The Heroes, feeing wide the vacant plain, 710
Forth fwift advancing hurl their fpears afar :
Then clofe impetuous with loud clafhing fhields.
Earth groans. And thick their blades redouble blows.
Valour and Fortune mingle all their powers.

As in vaft Sila's woods and Tabor's heights 715
Two ftern bulls meeting in a deadly feud,
Fly the affrighted fwains : flocks horrour-ftruck
Stand dumb, and muttering heifers anxious look ;
Whom muft the flock, whom all the herds obey ;
They mingle mutual wounds with mighty force ; 720
Their flubborn horns push, and with tides of gore
Bathe neck and fhoulders ; roar the bellowing Groves :
So rufhing th' Ilian and the Daunian Chief
Meet, and their arms dire-clafhing rend the fkies.

Jove's felf on high the even balance holds, 725
And

And lays in either scale the heroes' fates, (draw.
Whose vows the day shall bind, whose death shall

Here springing fearless Turnus' mighty frame
High to his lifted faulchion rose, and strikes.
Loud cry the Ilian and the Latin crowds 730

Gazing impatient. But his faithless sword
Breaks, and his fury mocks amid the blow.
Flight th' only refuge. Swifter than the wind
Flies he perceiving the light hilt unarm'd.
Fame sings, that hasty when he first to war 735

Mounted his car, he left his father's sword,
And in confusion snatch'd the Charioteer's :
Which while he chas'd the straggling foes, had long
Sustain'd ; but when it met the Vulcan-Arms,
The mortal blade, like chrystal, at the clash 740
Brake into shivers glittering on the sand.

Then flying Turnus, lost on distant plains,
Now here, now there, winds doubling many a round,
Hemm'd on all sides by the Dardanian Chief,
Here a vast lake, and there a lofty wall. 745

Him yet AEneas, tho' his wounded knee
So lately heal'd oft staggering mock'd his speed,
Pursu'd, and furious trod the coward's heel.
As the fleet stag with a surrounding flood,
Or pen'd within the scaring purple plumes, 750

Chas'd by the rapid hunter's deep-mouth'd hounds,
Now from the snare, now the steep bank recoils,
Flies, doubles, wheels a thousand ways. Hot Ueber
Sticks gaping, now now grasps, and seems to seize,
Crackling his jaws mock'd with the empty bite.
Loud the huzza then o'er the banks and lakes 756
Re-echoing tears the thundering vault of heaven.
Now Turnus flying, chiding all his Friends
Each by his name, demands his faithful sword.
But great AEneas threatens immediate death 760
To whoe'er aid him ; multiplies their fears
Threat'ning to raze the Town ; and halting storms.
Five rapid circuits fetch they, five return
This way and that, for now no trivial prize,
But Turnus' vital blood augments their speed. 765

Sacred to Faunus here its bitter leaves
Spread the wild olive, seamen erst ador'd,
Who wont their offerings to the Latin God
Grateful to bring, and hang their votive vest.
Unaw'd the Trojans had the sacred tree 770
Fell'd, for the combat clearing all the plain.
Here stood AEneas' javelin, here his force
Fix'd penetrating deep the stubborn root.
AEneas leaning strove t' uprend the steel ; 774
Might his swift dart surprize, whom not his speed
Could

Could equal. Horreur-struck then Turnus thus :
Faunus ! Oh Aid me, and Earth ! hold thou the steel
Propitious : if still I your honours paid ;
Whom thus have violated Ilion's Arms.

Nor in vain pray'd he thus the powerful God. 780
For he long struggling in the stubborn trunk,
Yet with no force cou'd loose the timber's grasp.

And while AEneas wrenching tug'd amain,
Ran in the charioteer Metisco's Shape
Once more the Goddess, bringing Turnus' sword.
Venus enrag'd at the audacious Nymph 786
Flew, and the steel draws from the solid root.

The Heroes thus re-arm'd and re-inspir'd
'This in his sword, that trusting in his spear,
Stand blith and panting to renew the fight. 790

To Juno meanwhile thus the etherial king ;
While from her radiant Cloud she view'd the fight:
Where Queen ! will be the end ? What yet remains ?
Earth's Boast AEneas you confests to know,
Due by the fates to the etherial Seats. 795

What view, what hope inshrines you in the clouds ?
Why violate by mortal hand a God ?
Or why, for thou not willing, what cou'd Jutna ?
Turnus' lost sword restore, the conquer'd aid ?
Forbear at length in duty to my prayer. 800

Nor

Nor let such deep resentment eat your soul :
But those dear lips impart me all your care.
'Tis finish'd. Thus far both by sea and land
Might you vex Ilion, wake dire impious wars,
And stain with blood the house and nuptial joys :
More I permit not. Thus the eternal king. 806
And thus Saturnia with obsequious air :
That knew I mighty Jove ! thy fix'd decree :
And left unwilling Turnus and the earth.
Else had not lonely here within the skies 810
Borne all affronts, but girt with flames had led
My Fiends and Rutlians 'gainst the Ilian Hosts.
Jutna I own to aid her Brother's woes
Advis'd I, and audacious save his life.
But not to hurl a dart, or bend a bow. 815
No by the Styx I swear, relentless Fount !
Whose horrors only bind the etherial Gods.
And now I yield ; and loathing wars retire.
Yet oh ! (for this no law of Fate forbids,)
This grant for Latium and your royal line, 820
When now the auspicious nuptials (that I grant)
Settle the peace and eternize the league ;
Let not the Sons of Latium change their name :
Nor e'er be Trojans or Dardanians call'd, 824
Nor change their language nor their antique garb.
Be

Be Latium ever ; ever th' Alban Kings.
By Italia's valour reign the Roman Line.
Troy is extinct. Extinct too be the Name.
Thus with a smile the Universal Sire :
Jove's Sister thou, and Saturn's second child! 830
Roll in thy bosom such revengeful tides?
But come! Forbear thy unavailing rage!
Take now thy wish. I freely conquer'd yield.
Their ancient Tongue and manners hold th' Ausoni-
Their name be eternal. Mix with them absorb'd (ans.
The Trojans. Rites and customs I'll appoint, 836
And all incorporate in the Latin Name.
Thou from the mixt Ausonian Blood shalt see,
Excelling men and gods a pious race:
No other Nation honouring so thy name. 840
Juno obsequious smil'd, her purpose chang'd
Her cloudy radiance spurns, and wings the skies.
Jove now alone revolves another thought:
Of drawing Jutna from her Brother's arms.
Two pests there are the Fiends of horror call'd, 845
Whom with the black Megæra hideous Night
Bare at a birth, with even serpent-spires
Girt 'em, and added direful whizzing wings.
These in Jove's court and near his awful throne
Wait, and a pannic strike thro' mortal hearts: 850
If

If he or scatter pestilential deaths,
Or bolt war's horrors on the guilty flates.
Of these the swifter from the etherial heights
Jove orders baleful into Jutna's fight:
She in a whirlwind rapid lights on Earth, 855
Fierce as an arrow from the nerve thro' heaven,
Whose mortal venom, or the Parthian's rage,
Or the Cydonian unrelenting hurls:
Whizzing it secret cuts the fleeting shades.
So flying pitch'd the Child of Night on Earth; 860
And when she Turnus and the Ilians saw,
Sudden her shape contracting to the bird,
Which on the tombs by night or lonely towers
Sits, shrieking late appalling thro' the shades.
Such the Fiend screaming into Turnus fight 865
Flies to and fro, and fluttering flaps his shield.
His frame unnerv'd felt a strange chilling shock:
Hair stood erect with horror: chain'd his tongue.
Yet far off knowing the Fiend's bawl and flight,
Poor Jutna rends her loose dishevel'd locks, 870
Tears her fair visage, frantic beats her breast:
What now ah! Turnus! can thy sister more?
Ah me! How now assist thee? How thy life
Prolong me? How resist the monster's plagues?
I go, I go. Turn off your glaring eyes, 875
Ye

Ye direful birds. I know your clattering wings
 And death-bed screamings: know the will of Jove
 Heaven's monarch. This the Virgin's due reward?
 Why gave he life eternal? Why from death
 Exempted? Nor permits to end my woes 880
 Now with my Brother in the dreary shades?
 Thus I immortal? Thus of all my joys
 Bereav'd in thee my Brother? Wou'd Earth's womb
 Yawn, and my godhead plunge in hell's abyfs!
 This said, the Goddess with her azure veil 885
 Muffled her head, deep groan'd and div'd the flood.

Troy's Chief advancing his huge ashen Bole
 Brandish'd, and thus with unrelenting rage: (nus?
 What hinders now? Why still withdrawst thou Tur-
 In speed contend not, but with rigid arms. 890
 Turn thee to every shape. Collect whate'er
 Thou hast of art or valour; now to wing
 Th' etherial stars, or dive th' infernal gulf.
 He with high mien: Not thy proud insult frights,
 But Heaven affrights me, and the frown of Jove.
 Thus he, and looking spies a ponderous rock. 896
 The antique rock immense, a landmark set
 To fix the limits of adjoining Fields;
 Scarce ten choice men cou'd on their shoulders bear,
 Such men as now the ablest Earth sustains: 900
 This

This snatch'd with trembling hand, and on the foe
 High springing hurl'd the hero, pressing on :
 But nor knew how he ran, nor how advanc'd,
 How heav'd th' enormous millstone, nor how threw.
 Quake his knees. Chill his vital blood congeals.
 The Hero's rock then thro' the airy void, 906
 Whirl'd dropping short, nor reach'd the destin'd mark:
 And as in midnight-slumbers languid Rest
 Sealing the eyes, we on the Olympic Course
 Springing abortive in the effort fail ; 910
 Vain the tongue ; vain each organ's wonted strength ;
 Nor voice nor action follows then the will :
 So where'er Turnus' fiery spirit push'd, (breast.
 Thwarts the dire Fiend. Then horrors crowd his
 Now he the Rutlians, now the City views, 915
 Recoils astounded from th' impending spear :
 Nor where to fly, nor how invade the foe,
 Nor car can see, nor sister-charioteer.
 Thus trembling he, Troy's Chief his fatal spear
 Shook, watch'd his time, and straining every nerve
 Hurls on him far. Not so from th' engine-force 921
 Roar millstones battering ; nor such vollies dire
 Burst from the clouds. Swift with destruction charg'd
 Flew the spear's hideous whirlwind, and the mail
 Cleft with the sevenfold target's lowest orb 925
 Shear

Shear whizzing thro' his thigh. Thus wounded falls
'Turnus' huge stature doubling to the earth.

Deep groaning rise the Rutlians: all the hills
Bellow around: re-echo wide the groves.

He low and suppliant stretch'd his eyes and hands:
Well I deserve, nor deprecate my fate. 931

Enjoy thy fortune. Yet if parent's grief
May touch thee; oh! for such a father thou
Hadst in Anchises. Pity Daunus' age;
And dead or living, as your will, restore 935

Me to my Friends. I yield: and Latium fees,
Am thus thy suppliant. Be Lavinia thine.
Oh! Cease thy vengeance. Fix'd AEneas stood
Rolling his eyes; and check'd his lifted sword,
Still more and more relenting to his suit. 940

Till on his hapless shoulder gilt with gold
Shone the broad studded melancholy belt
Late of Prince Pallas; whom the fiery Turnus
Slew, and triumphant wore the brilliant spoil.
On these incentives of his bitter grief 945

Gazing he kindled into furious wrath .
Tremendous: Thou in Pallas' Trophy 'scape?
Pallas now strikes the blow. My Pallas' ghost
Claims the due victim from thy impious blood.
Then in his bosom plung'd the glowing blade. 950

He

He sunk dissolving thro' his chilling frame, 951
Groan'd, and indignant div'd the Nether Shades.

F I N I S.

The ARGUMENTS and NOTES.

The Tide of Custom bears me away to give the arguments: else shou'd I not so forestall my reader, perhaps mislead him into the vulgar Labyrinth of allegory; nor so affront my Author. For those are proper only to such voluminous Versifiers, where you must wade thro' an ocean, ere haply your Imagination can catch a dainty bit; or whose unmeaning pieces require a motto and exhibiter. Study Virgil, as you wou'd Nature. First with the Poet and Philosopher enjoy the noble landkip. afterwards may you with the Chymist and Politician, or the Virtuoso and Antiquary coolly search for incidental uses. This observed, the Pastorals and Georgics will be as easy as the *Æneids*. For the Poetic style is the same in all, only rising and falling as the object it describes.

PAST. I. By Octavius' grant to the veterans of the lands about Cremona and Mantua, Virgil had lost his small estate near Mantua. But by Acinius Pollio's interest with Mæcenæ, and his with Cæsar, having recovered it, he here in the habit of a senior swain makes his acknowledgments. and in a neighbouring yeoman forcibly outed and going with his flock into exile paints the troubles of a divided state, where the sword, not scepter of Justice rules; and takes occasion to hint at the necessity of a civil jurisdiction, secure property and free trade, and how absolute Imperial Grace over the hearts of a grateful people. Line 6. Swains rank among the Gods the Benefactors of mankind. 31. Fixes the time of the happy revolution in his affairs. Not under such or such Consuls, but under such a mistress: for Swains know no *Æra* but the reigning flame. Dr. Trap thinks he here alludes to his change of Brutus for Octavius' side. More likely he never took a side at all, till none remain'd but the politic savage Octavius, and the incorrigible monster Anthony. 63. Is a break of strict Geometry, immaterial to the Poetic Reader: only as the one river lying beyond Parthia eastward, the other beyond Germany westward, heightens the image, and shews not the ignorance in Tityro, which some ascribe to him, and others think necessary to the pastoral Character. But Virgil is content to preserve the ideas and manners of rural life, and looks on learning in a certain degree as a thing neither given nor denied to all swains. 70. This sense Virgil, had he meant it, cou'd not have express'd plainer: Mel. while he spoke it, certainly look'd towards his hut, and the corn was then standing: why lose then so fine a rural image in a sinking tautology.

PAST. II. The Poet's description of the passion is not more admirable than his purity of Imagination, which hardly leaves in the reader an idea of the vice. Line 30. Dr. Trap thinks it a finer image to drive 'em with a green wand by a (*metonymia materiæ*, or some such) hard term of Rhetorick that bane of the poetic graces. 50. Lays, like paint, the marigold on the hyacinth. 58. Thus outcalling his hated rival just mentioned, is a proverbial kind of expression like that in Past. 3. 111 which simply means, Enough. Now cease my Boys. Dr. Trap makes a tautology of these with the 70th line.

PAST. III. After some rustic taunts and recriminations, two shep-

herds sing for a wager referring themselves to the judgment of a third, who declares 'em equally deserving. In the amabæan or alternate verses of this and the 7th Past. observe in each response, not only the same number of lines as had been sung by the leader, but also a likeness or contrast in the sense. Line 79, Damætas had addrest himself to Iola: therefore so does Menalcas. 106. Meaning the hyacinth, which sprung, they say, from Ajax' blood and was mark'd with A I. 111 See the note on Past. 2. 58.

PAST. IV. Pollio by effecting while consul first a reconciliation between Augustus and Anthony, and afterwards the peace of Puteoli between them and Sex. Pompey, seem'd to have procured his Country a return of the golden age: and is therefore complimented with this poem on the birth of a son. Yet the Criticks will dispute, Whose son? Pollio certainly on reading it, thought of none but his own: and if Virgil meant any other, he fail'd not less in address than in the plan of this pastoral: for such it surely is, nor tho' sublime as the Evangelic strains of Isaia, from whom it was borrow'd, has it yet any but rural images. Line 6. By the Virgin Virgil means Astræa the goddess of justice. 10. Reigns in the accomplishment of his prophecy by Sibyl. 18. A Boy? How did he know but it might prove a girl, says the smart Dr. Trap. I answer by poetic inspiration. He expressly conceives himself to have sung it in the last month of his Mother's pregnancy: yet the Dr. will err in grammar, for nascenti means not nato. 60. Come Boy so [perfect and likely for life] that thy mother may confess herself by a joyful smile. Literally Begin with knowing thy mother by her smile. 62, 63. They who come not so into the world, are never admitted to the table of the Gods nor to a Goddess' bed. An insinuation that the young Hero to be born shou'd hereafter be deified.

PAST. V. Two Shepherds accidentally meeting join in a song, to celebrate the funeral and divine honours of their common friend Daphny, probably J. Cæsar. For line 20 he died an unnatural death, conquer'd Cato, Scipio and Juba in Africa, where he is lamented in the 27th line, and added great magnificence to the rites of Bacchus, which are referred to in the 29, 30, 31.

PAST. VI. Silenus, Bacchus' foster father, whom the arch lads Chrome and Mnafyl find drunk, and with the help of the Nymph AEglè, bind hand and foot in his own ribbons, gives on loosing him what he had long promis'd, his song on the creation in the Epicurean style, and on several such ancient fables and transformations of the rural kind, as past current in the country like our Fairy Tales. Catrou rather thinks 'em to have been gravely taught by Epicurus like moral Fables; nor will allow the accurate Virgil a few irregular voluntaries even when he is personating a drunken God: and is ingenious enough to find in this pastoral a complete system of natural and moral philosophy. Others tell you by Silenus he means his Epicurean Master Syro, not literally drunk, nor indulging his professed calm and dispassionate repose, but drunk with enthusiasm: and that by Chrome and Mnafyl he means

means himself and Varus his kinsman and schoolfellow, but don't say which is Chrome nor which the other. AEglè indeed they leave a real Nymph. Line 10. He was Consul, afterwards Governor of Syria, and commander of 3 legions in Germany.

PAST. VII. At a singing match two shepherds equal in poetic genius admirably shew in a few Leads and Responses their different tempers. The one is rough and satyrical and violent in his love; the other friendly, mild and tender, and as likely wins the day. Line 21. So call'd from Libethrum a cave in mount Helicon.

PAST. VIII. This which is address'd to a great warrior and a great tragic poet, probably therefore Pollio, describes in the first part the dying swain, lonely soothing his passion with his melancholy pipe, yet dwelling on the objects that enhance its anguish, and inflame it into fury, till wildly raving he at last in the height of distraction fling himself headlong: and in the latter part describes the ceremonious incantation and magic spells of a forsaken lover in order to recover her Daphny. Line 21. Mænalian: so call'd (as we learn in the next two lines) from the mount Mænalus, wont to be frequented by the enamour'd shepherds of Arcadia. 29, 30. Strange that Dr. Trap shou'd think these to be ironies: in which the Lover's Fancy fondly revives and dwells on the circumstances and aggravations of its anguish. Strange too his and Cerda's finesse on the 34th, as if he meant to complain that Love had made him neglect his person. Whereas he expressly despises Nisa's choice in preferring a powder'd beau to himself and his rustic manners. 43, 44, 45. What means Mr. Johnson, by saying, Those ideas are improper to a pastoral, which, not owing their original to rural objects, are not pastoral. Means he, those ideas are improper, which owe not their original to rural objects. But why therefore censure these three lines in Virgil? Because it is more proper for tragic or heroic writing. How does that appear? 47. Medea.

PAST. IX. The Tenant of one who had been wronged of his estate is carrying a present for his new Landlord the invader: and on the way meeting with another shepherd, a friend of his old master's, they fall into conversation upon that subject, and into several poetic rapsodies, with the irregularity and freedom of common chitchat on the events and characters of the times, yet in the main with a particular reference to the fortune of their injured friend and master.

Virgil, they say, after obtaining from Augustus a grant for the security of his estate went to re-enter it; but was denied admittance by a centurion who had taken possession: and hardly escaping with his life, return'd to get his grant confirm'd; ordering his tenant in the mean time to behave well to the Centurion. Line 8. Walk but up a hill, and when it begins to withdraw its top, you'll see the fine rural idea that escapes all our Translators. Dr. Trap for subducere puts imminuere; setting the hill on its head that it may lessen from the top. 34, 35. By laying the emphasis on credulus, they not only make illis an improper word and adhuc a barren expletive, but Lycidas flatly inconsistent with himself, and lose in my opinion both the Poet's hu-

mour and secret drift in the whole five lines: where is so naturally described the vanity of the rustic bard, his contempt of vulgar praise, and his ambitious hopes of hereafter, at least, for as yet it seems he had not been capable of pleasing also the Noble Ear. Varus and Cinna no doubt saw Virgil in his Lycid's habit, nor cou'd resist so modest and genteel a compliment. Why shou'd Mr. Dryden pronounce this poem patch-work, when with the loose air adapted to the circumstances of the Dramatic Personages who are upon a journey, the whole is calculated to a particular occasion, and in perfect consistency with the Nature of a pastoral: which two views shou'd always be kept separate by the Critick, for so they are always by the Poet.

PAST. X. Gallus whom the poet celebrated in his 6th past. loved a lady who had follow'd an officer into the wars in Germany: and is therefore here represented as an unfortunate Lover, lonely, and in a melancholy posture among the symphathetic laurels, shrubs and flocks, and visited by the shepherds and rural Gods to condole his passion. He at length breaks out into the most tender accents, amusing himself with idle wishes, roving fancies, and all the fickle resolutions of despair; but finding no remedy avail him, yields to the power of Love the universal Conqueror.

GEORG. I. After proposing his subject and invoking the rural Gods and with them Augustus: he begins with the Spring: shews how to improve land according to its soil by plowing, fallowing and burning the glebe, and by artificial canals of water: what things defeat man's labour; rise and progress of the arts; the implements of husbandry, Choice and curing of seed; when and what to sow; the five Zones: home-employments in bad weather: days lucky and unlucky: winter's work and diversions: tempests described; piety recommended; Ceres' rites; the Moon's and other prognostics of the weather: sagacity of animals in descrying it accounted for: prognostics of the sun: the prodigies at J. Cæsar's death, and concludes with a prayer for Augustus' life to end the public calamities. Line 32. Libra or the Balance, which is between Virgo and Scorpio. The epithet lingering insinuates that he shou'd as it were quicken the succession of the signs by adding one to their number. 99. As a conqueror lays a tax of money, corn, &c. on a conquer'd country, so does the labouring swain of wheat, barley or pulse at pleasure on his manur'd land. By the way allusions of this kind will often escape such as are not acquainted with the military style. For which reason Cæsar's Commentaries shou'd be read before Virgil's Georgics: and universally the prose writers on the several arts and sciences, and particularly history, which familiarly treats of 'em all occasionally, before the poets in any language. This done: let the metaphorical expressions be preserv'd in construing, for the literal sense will be obvious, and they will be as daring, as majestic and glowing in English as in Latin: nor at all inferior but in sound. For the graces of poetry lie not in the charms of an unintelligible magic. 380. The rainbow being form'd in clouds is therefore represented by the Ancient Poets

as

as sucking up water with its horns out of the lakes and rivers. By not understanding the poetic style we often become ourselves ridiculous in deriding the notions of the ancients.

GEORG. II. Invokes Bacchus, What trees of spontaneous growth. The 6 ways of raising trees by art: and for what trees each soil is fittest. Inoculation. Each species of trees and shrubs have various kinds. What soil favours each. Praises of Italy. Of each Climate's Genius and natural product. How to discover soils. Rules of planting vines. On the Spring and Creation. More Rules and Cautions particularly against the goat. Rites of Bacchus. Origin of theatrical entertainments. Of Olives. Uses of trees and common shrubs: hardly less than the vine's. Panegyric on a Country life. Line 39. In these eight lines which no comment or translation I have seen, clears from flat inconsistency and nonsense; the difficulty lies not in the words; but in that strength of imagination necessary, yet not to be expected by the poets in the readers of their own time, much less when their language shall become a dead one. For want of that they cannot conceive the friendship, by which Virgil was united with Mæcenas in one person, whereof his patron was the soul, himself but the body, and such that without him tho' endued with a hundred tongues, &c. were yet unequal to his task, that long laborious voyage; but with such a pilot fears not to launch, spreads his swelling canvas to the main, has past it, descries a rising shore, and coasting awhile gains upon it, and at length arrives to land. This was the Poet's (carmine ficto, his) fond prelusive dream from which he suddenly awakes, and modestly calling it a circumlocution, tho' in truth the finest of all ancient or modern addresses to a patron, directly pursues his subject. 65. Words cannot be plainer: yet a late Critick finds in this line a 7th artificial way of raising trees, viz. removing 'em full grown; and admires, as well he may, the poetic Climax of his own invention. 499. Is blest in the Platonic equanimity. But according to Dr. Trap, he envies not the poor, because he sees not any poor. Why not add, nor envies the rich, because he sees not any richer than himself.

GEORG. III. Preludes with an imaginary project of bringing over the Muses from Helicon to Mantua, and erecting there a temple in honour of Augustus. Rules for breeding kine and horses, and breaking of colts, with descriptions of each. Fight of Bulls. Force of Love. Management of sheep and goats. Libya's Shepherds. The Scythian Winter-Piece. Of Dogs. The Snake described. Diseases of Flocks, their causes, symptoms and cure. The plague among cattle. Line 3. According to all our english translations, Virgil says, The Ancient Poets sung of things mean and ridiculous, how may I also render my name immortal and excel 'em all? They seem for (vulgata) celebrated, to have read (vulgaria) trivial, and for (deducam) will conduct, to have read (agam et rapiam) will carry captive; and the emphatical particles (jam) already, and (quoque) also, to have consider'd as expletives. As to the word (victor) if a poet shall render his name immortal he may properly call himself conqueror tho' he were the only poet in the world.

world. Far from decrying or setting himself in opposition to those heroes, as Mr. Pope with the multitude imagin'd and therefore dared to impeach Virgil's modesty; he on the contrary clearly does ample justice to their memory, and is fired by their example to scale the crags of Helicon, that he may return to Mantua attended by the Muses and crowned with the palm of immortality, build there a temple to Augustus, adorn it with the works of the ingenious arts and institute the Gymnastic Exercises, theatrical Entertainments, sacrifices and other rites: meaning to transform the tyrant into the mild patron of arts and sciences. 46, 47, 48. These three lines Mr. Hurd having explained away the Poet's imagery into an ænigmatical allegory, finds it necessary to expunge as spurious, tho' he owns himself entirely indebted to 'em for the ingenious reverie: which is like drinking ones fill first, and kicking the Master of the banquet out of his own house. I'll gird myself to sing, when war is the subject a poet is setting about to sing, has the propriety peculiar to Virgil. So too the Author of the Divine Legation finding the 6th *ÆNEID* not to square with his mystic imagination, quarrels with the text; and by reading tempore for crimine line 430 amends it into what any one not initiated wou'd think nonsense. But I forbear. For mysteries being incomprehensible Truths are what I ever deem'd sacred and unquestionable: especially when the Hierophant in his alliance with the state holds over me, as Don Quixot held his drawn and flaming sword over the enamour'd squire, when he had him in his power, and oblige him to swear, that neither his nor any other fair one, was equal in beauty to the adorable, the renown'd and matchless Dulcinea del Toboso. 69, 70, 71. These three lines Dr. Trap wou'd expunge, because he cannot find out the meaning of (sortire): which indeed has escaped all our translators. Because in breeding you'll still have some faulty, I advise to breed a greater number than you want, and out of these to pick out as by lot the best for your stock. 120, 121, 122. Ille, by the sense and as all the commentators allow, means the stallion; and by the grammar must mean the former of those refer'd to in uterque labor: these therefore are first the stallion, and secondly the saddle or chariot horse. Tho' oft the Stallion has [only] blood and the fame of martial exploits: i. e. on account of these the advantages of youth are often dispensed with, in a stallion. For others, read stallions. But by referring the phrase, as they all do, to the two last, overlooking what the poet had mention'd first and chiefly insisted on, quamvis and ille become unintelligible.

GEORG. IV. Of Bees. Their situation described. Their Battles: Kings and twofold Race. The old Corycian and his garden. Their Government, Manners, and divine Instinct. Symptoms of their diseases, with the cure. The Stock lost, how recover'd. Story of Aristæus. Cyrene with the Water-Nymphs. A view of her Palace and the Source of the great Rivers. Porteus described. Orpheus' Descent into hell, and loss of Euridice. Line 230. Taking (ora) for the mouth of the hive, (fove) in the same sense as in *ÆNEID* XII. 420. removes the difficulty that puzzles all the commentators. 241. Literally

rally at least, who would not do thus much. 455. If the Fates interpose not for thy relief, as he foresaw they wou'd.

ÆNEID I. Æneas sailing from Sicily for Italy meets with a storm and with only 7 of his ships gets to a port in Africa: explores the country and learns from an huntress the story of Dido, who reign'd there: goes to Carthage; and on entering the temple finds the picture of the Trojan war and his friends whom he thought lost supplicating Dido's protection: then makes himself known and is well received and entertain'd by the queen who falls in love with him. Line 12. In this sense of, *numine læso*, the poet answers his own question.

ÆNEID II. At the entertainment Æneas relates to the Queen the fall of Troy by the stratagem of the wooden horse and the perfidy of Sinon. Himself in a dream is warn'd by Hector to fly for safety, but takes arms. The palace destroy'd and Priam slain, Æneas returns home, takes his father on his shoulders, and with his son and wife, makes his escape: but having lost her by the way goes back to seek her; her ghost appears to him: he returns to mount Ida, and with his friends prepares to fly by sea.

ÆNEID III. Æneas goes on with his adventures: how with 20 ships he came from Antandros into Thrace to settle, but is deter'd by Polidore: goes to the oracle at Delos; is warn'd to seek his ancient Mother: goes therefore by mistake to Crete: is driven thence by a pestilence: and warn'd in a dream, goes for Italy: is driven by a storm to the isles of the Strophades: and being there infested by Harpies, goes to the cape of Actium: touches at Epirus: finds Andromache now the wife of Helnus king of Chaonia, and thence passing by Tarentum and the coast of Sicily, takes up Achemdes: sees the Cyclops: and doubling the cape Pachinus, touches at Drepanum: where his father Anchises dies: and from whence he had launch'd when the storm rose that drove him on the coast of Africk.

ÆNEID IV. Dido discovers to her sister her passion for Æneas: thinks of marriage: makes a hunting match for his entertainment: in which a storm rising they take shelter both in the same cave. His rival king Iarbas complains to Jove; who sends Mercury to order his departure for Italy. Æneas prepares to go. Dido suspects it, and tries every expedient to detain him. But he in a dream is warn'd again and launches in dead of night; and the Queen dies by her own hand.

ÆNEID V. Æneas sailing from Libya for Italy is driven on the coast of Sicily: is kindly received by Acestes, keeps religiously the anniversary of his father's death, and institutes games with prizes to the conqueror. Meanwhile the Trojan women tired of travelling, set fire to the ships: 4 are burnt. They and the aged are left here: and build'em the city Acesta. Æneas launches for Italy, and loses Palinure his pilot.

ÆNEID VI. Æneas arrives to Cumæ in Sicily: visits the Sibyl's grot: admires the designs wrought in the temple: consults her upon his fortune and descent into hell: raises a funeral pile for Misenus. Sibyl conducts him into hell, shews, and relates to him its various scenes, and passing thro' the Elysian Fields brings him to Anchises, who teaches

teaches him the Pythagorean doctrine and shews him his illustrious line down to Augustus.

ÆNEID VII. King Latinus enters into a league with Æneas, and makes him a promise of his only daughter Lavinia: whose admirer Turnus king of the Rutlians, aided by the Queen Amata, force him to break the league; and is joined by numbers from the neighbouring states, whose catalogue is given.

ÆNEID VIII. Turnus sends to ask Diomed's alliance: Æneas goes in person to ask Evander's; who relates the story of Cacus and Hercules. Pallas Evander's Son joins him with 400 horse. Venus brings Æneas the arms made by Vulcan, who on the shield had wrought the memorable actions of his posterity.

ÆNEID IX. During Æneas' absence Turnus attempts to fire the ships and assaults the camp. They change to Sea-Nymphs. Nise and Euryal are sent to recal Æneas. Turnus renews the siege: and the Trojans having open'd a gate, he enters it; and the rest being shut out, he singly makes great slaughter and at last saves himself by leaping into the Tiber.

ÆNEID X. Jove calls a council of the Gods. The Rutlians renew the siege. Æneas returns with 20 ships, and fights the Rutlians. Pallas is slain by Turnus; and Mezentius with Lausus his son by Æneas. Line 706. Occubat. Who? Clearly one of the two just mentioned at large, and as we learn in the same line not Mimas. Yet the officious Dr. Bentley will mend the text and does it with Dr. Clark's authority, as Pierius does also with Catrou's. Where's the nominative of instant in 713, or of laceffunt 718, I say the words.

ÆNEID XI. Æneas rears a trophy of the spoils of Mezentius: sends home the body of Pallas, and grants a truce for burying the dead. Latinus in council proposes to offer a peace to Æneas, and is seconded by Drances against Turnus. The Trojans invade Laurentum. Camilla dies. Turnus and Æneas pitch before the city.

ÆNEID XII. Turnus resolves to fight Æneas in a single combat. Articles are solemnly agreed on, but broke by the Rutlians. Æneas is wounded, and retires, and in his absence Turnus makes great slaughter: but is cured by Venus, returns, chafes Turnus, leads his army to the walls and fires the works. The queen dies by her own hand. Turnus fights Æneas and is kill'd.

E R R A T A.



Pref. 13 line read at least PAST. VII, 94 or the bay. GEO. II, 496 the false feuds III, 121. Tho' stallions oft ÆN. II, 430 Phœbus' III, 569 f. yet r. we 659 guides IV, 678 hadst VI, 554 the iron tower IX, 98. port. 413 drave X, 417 prescient 550 restraining, all revolves XII 301 f. sweet r. rank

